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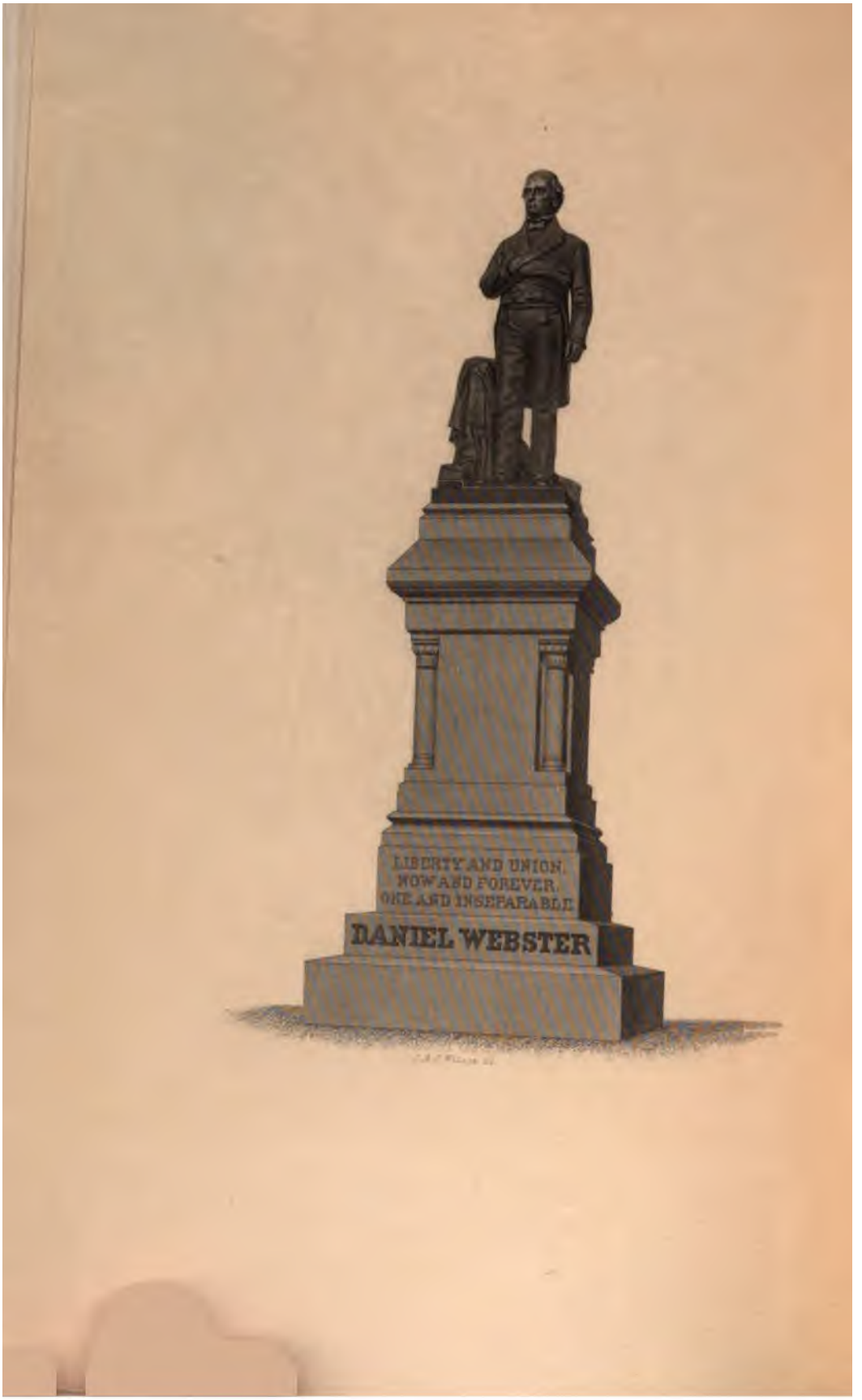
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The Writings and Speeches of

DANIEL WEBSTER

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

Edited by FLETCHER WEBSTER

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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. R. WEBSTER.

Washington, Sunday morning, January, 1834.

DEAR CAROLINE,—I wish we had a little match-making here, too, or something else to keep one alive, for I confess it has become exceedingly dull.

There is nothing of interest in Congress, and as I do not go out at all, and for a month have asked nobody to my rooms, life has become a little too solitary. I have read every thing in the known world, except Doctor's books; botany, geology, chemistry, novels, travels, children's books, Robinson Crusoe, &c., &c., and at last Dr. Sewall offered me his Medical Dictionary: I hesitate at this for the present.

The same old story is to be told about the weather. It is as cold here to-day as the south part of Greenland.

The Chesapeake and the Delaware are, as yet, all solid ice. Sometime between this and dogdays, I hope they will get a sweat.

I answered S's letter, asking my consent to her match. I do not remember what I said *verbatim*, but it was or ought to have been pretty much to this effect; that it was an important matter, that it required a good deal of deliberation, and that, as an immediate decision was not important, there seeming to be no haste or impatience in the case, I would attend to the matter, soon after the rising of Congress, and let her know the result of my reflections, in due season thereafter.

I see from your letters that one I. P. Davis is at my house a good deal. Whenever there is a dinner or a supper, whatever other names are sprinkled round by way of garnishment, there his stands always, at the head, or in the middle of the lists. I want to know what Mrs. I. P. has to say to all this.

Neither Fletcher nor Julia has written me for a month. They must be both very busy.

I do not mean to write another word about ice, weather, boats or roads. I take patience, so must you, in large portions.

Dates will show that Dr. Warren was feeling your pulse, and looking solemn, just about the time that Dr. Sewall was bidding me hold out my tongue, and looking at it, from the nearest point to which his nose would let him approach. This I take as a proof that there exists between us, whether together or apart, the proper degree of matrimonial sympathy.

Good-by. Charles has brought me a little clear cider—by way of inducement.

Give my love to Julia and Sally Jenkins.*

Yours, DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. E. B. LEE.

Washington, March 12, 1834.

MY DEAR MRS. LEE,—I was very happy to receive your letter, and indeed should have written you long ago, but for the impertinent intrusion of divers secular matters. I have persuaded myself that I have been very busy; a point in which indolence is apt to succeed, when it solicits belief. The success of all argument depends much, in my opinion, on three things, 1st, who speaks; 2d, who is spoken to; 3d, what is asked or contended for. Now, when the speaker is one's self; when, secondly, the party spoken to is also one's self; and when, thirdly, the thing to be proved is, that the speaker and the judge has been too busy to do what would otherwise have been his duty, there is very great chance of success in the argument.

I write this in the Senate. Mr. Brown, of North Carolina, is speaking against a distress memorial. He was speaking in the same way the other day when some one answered him rather

* A sobriquet for a young lady, a relative of Mrs. Webster's.

severely. Mr. Porter from Louisiana thought Mr. Brown had been a good deal banged and said, for his part, *he* could not well bear such a beating, "the reason," said one of the Senators (not D. W.) "he is *Brown Stout* and you are only *Porter*."

Mr. Brown is down, and the new senator from Virginia, Mr. Leigh, is speaking. He is an ingenious, fluent, pleasant sort of speaker, a good lawyer, and has very considerable ability of various kinds.

My wife and boys are well. We get along as smoothly as was to have been expected. Mrs. Webster goes a good deal into the gay world, and when I cannot go with her, Daniel is her beau. We hear often from Julia, but I have neglected the poor child dreadfully. I have not written her as I ought.

As to good Dr. Parker's sermons, my dear friend, be sure to put my name down for a half a dozen, or a dozen copies, or just as many as you think so poor a man as I am ought to subscribe for, for the good of so lovely and highly-esteemed friend as Mrs. Parker.

Adieu, my dear Mrs. Lee; I am called into court, and have only time to add my regards and my best wishes, and that I am always most truly, Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I pray my best regards to your husband. Remember me kindly also to Mrs. Emerson.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, April, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—If it does not wear off my fingers further than to the first joint, my speech shall be ready to be printed on Monday. I completed the 54th page this morning.

Like you, I have nothing new from Boston.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, April 26, 1834.

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for your letter of the 23d.

If, in the course of your investigations, the committee should incline to notice my name, I wish you to state, as on my authority, that I never had any particular or unusual accommodation from the bank to the amount of a single dollar; that since I went to Boston, in 1817, I have kept my account and done my necessary banking business at the Boston office; and notes, bills of exchange, &c. &c. with my name on them, have been collected and discounted, &c. as often as occasion required, precisely as would have been done in the case of any other person, and not otherwise. I hear reports of mortgages, standing loans, &c. &c. between the bank and myself, in all which there is not a single word of truth. I never gave the bank any mortgage, and never had any standing loan, or any other accommodation, except in the way of discount of bills and notes, as at other banks.

As to Mr. Connell's notes, &c. they arose in a strictly professional transaction. He obtained the agency of the claims of our Boston merchants and insurance offices, under the French treaty. They made it a condition of the bargain, that he should secure my professional services in all cases; and having the agency for a vast amount of other claims, Mr. Connell engaged my professional aid in the whole, as matter of contract, and the notes were given in pursuance of this contract. That is the whole matter. You may make any use of these facts, public or private, which you deem proper.

I received your former letter at Boston. All things look exceedingly well in New York; they can hardly fail to go right in their further progress. I am glad you propose writing to Col. Perkins. He is now here, and will probably remain a few days longer. If the question is put to me, I shall make something like what you suggest a condition, to any effort on my part.

We now consider Virginia as gone decidedly and strongly against the President. The protest has finished the work. Did you ever see any thing better than the Baltimore resolutions?

It will oblige me much, if you will keep me advised of your proceedings, and let me know of the general temper manifested by the committee. We think something of making a like committee from the Senate.

Yours truly ever,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, Sunday, April 27, 1834.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—My wife and boys ran away last Thursday, and took Mrs. Newbold, her son, and her daughter with them. They are gone up to Harper's Ferry, leaving me "with nobody with me at home but myself." And as there is, therefore, no better correspondent at hand, I feel inclined to push myself forward into that responsible character. "I take the responsibility."

I passed a few days pleasantly in New York, and then was hastened on by the Protest, which seemed a most fearful wild fowl at first, and even now is not quite as gentle as a sucking dove. It meets any thing but a kind reception in the Senate. For my part, as you know, I generally keep cool, so on this occasion I am resolved to restrain and aggravate my voice.

There was a party at Sir Charles Vaughan's last Wednesday evening, at which I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Fay and ladies, and Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Curtis. They have all left the city for home; and there are but a few northern strangers now here. I received your father's letter, three or four days ago. Say to him and to your husband, that in respect to the land (vacant lots) they must exercise their own discretion. I shall be content with whatever they think best. Say also to your husband that I could not see Mr. Tappan in New York; and that Mr. I. P. Davis must get either his brother, the judge, or Mr. Timothy Williams to write to Mr. Tappan.

It is horrid cold here, how is it with you? The ice this morning was as strong as Mrs. Ronckendorf's coffee, that is, it would bear a cat. The wind blows as if old Eolus had just now struck

his spear through his bag in twenty places, or his cave, or whatever else he holds all his winds in. We have no rain, and the dust rises as thick as it falls when one pokes a coal fire. Such are our comforts.

My wife and party will return, I hope, to-morrow. Mrs. Newbold goes soon to New York. Mrs. Edgar is coming to Baltimore to see the young lady that one of her juvenals is making love to, and will probably come here.

Mary Ann Mason was dancing at Sir Charles Vaughan's as gay as a lark, though I think the comparison would have been more germain if I had been speaking of singing instead of dancing. I do not remember that your lark is a great dancer, though I think I have occasionally seen him indulge in a waltz. She went away, I believe, the next day. Her stay was short and we saw little of her.

I must pray particular regards to Miss Paige. The opportunity afforded by my late visit of cultivating the acquaintance of that lady, has led to the adoption of a decidedly high estimate of her excellent qualities. She is an article, as your husband would say, "steadily improving;" I and other sentimental youths would say of her that "she wins fast, and holds all she wins; that like her mother ——" but I may as well stop. There is no knowing where I might bring myself up.

My dear Mrs. Paige, I am quite anxious to hear from you, and hope to learn that you are recovering fast from your lameness. It gives me much pain, whenever it occurs to me that you are so afflicted as not to be able to walk easily. I do fervently hope that a softer season, if we get it, will melt away all the rheumatism yet remaining in your limbs.

Remember me most kindly to your sisters and brother, as well as your father and husband, and believe me, my dear Mrs. Paige, ever your affectionate brother,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

February 20, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I missed you last evening.

We have agreed in committee to put Castle Island into the bill, and it will go in, and will not come out.

We intend also to put the custom-house for Boston into the other bill, and to keep it there.

I want to see you three and a half minutes. Perhaps you may find your way into the Senate about twelve, or when your House is deposited for the day, on the deposit bill.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

Washington, February 23, 1835.

DEAR SIR,—The Bostonians are very sensible on the French question; much more so than some of their acquaintances in Congress. I shall present their memorial this morning, but shall endeavor to avoid discussion at present. There are three parties in Congress on this question. The Jackson party proper, which, like its chief, feels very warlike; the southern anti-Jackson men, who seem to me to be in the other extreme, witness Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Poindexter, who speak of the whole matter only as a debt, and recommend an action of assumpsit instead of war, &c. &c. &c., and then there is the rest of us, who desire to say and do nothing to encourage France in her neglect of our rights, and who are not willing, nevertheless, to hazard the peace of the country without absolute necessity. We wish to show to France, that there is but one sentiment in the United States as to the justice of our side of the question; one sentiment as to the propriety of insisting on the fulfilment of the treaty, but at the same time a great reluctance to come to an open rupture, and, in order to avoid that, a disposition to give France full time to consider well of her course.

No dispatches from Mr. L. are yet received, since the message reached Paris. To-day, unluckily, we have no New

York mail. An extra session of Congress is talked of, and perhaps is not unlikely, either to be provided for by law, or to be called by the President.

I shall depart hence soon after the rising of Congress, but probably shall not be home until the middle of March, or a day or two later. You will do well not to rely on me for any thing in court. I am pretty much worked out of all courts. If it were not for the two bridges, which are still "hanging bridges" here, I might say, I believe, that I no longer kept company with either plaintiff or defendant on the docket of the Supreme Court here. Perhaps there may be one other exception. This state of things has arisen, partly by design and partly through necessity. As I am circumstanced at present, I cannot practise extensively in the Supreme Court, because I cannot leave the Senate long enough to go through an important cause. *Non possumus omnia.* I must leave off saying, "Mr. President," or leave off saying, "May it please your Honors," but, my dear Sir, I shall never leave off saying that I am, with much sincere regard,

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BINGHAM.

Boston, August 24, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 15th, and am quite obliged to yourself and friends for the interest you manifest in what relates to myself.

As to the object of your inquiry, I can only say that it is not possible for me to remember what I wrote to Mr. Chamberlain in 1814, respecting the Hartford Convention, or whether I wrote at all. This pretence that there are letters which if published would shed light on the past conduct of individuals is a stale device; it has been frequently put forth both in regard to myself and others. For my own part, I have steadily refused permission to publish private letters, of which I did not recollect the contents; because if consent were granted in one case, it would be presumed in all others, and thus a man's private letters through the whole course of his life, garbled and mutilated

to suit the occasion, would be made public. I have therefore always thought it wisest, if confidence is betrayed and private letters published, to let the publication take place under the odium of a breach of confidence.

I take it for granted, however, that if there be a letter of mine in such hands as you describe, it would have been published before now, if it had proved any thing. If you recollect dates, my dear Sir, you will remember that I left home for the session of Congress early in the autumn of 1814, before any movement was made for a convention, and there I remained till that convention adjourned.

If it would gratify yourself and friends, I would give you sundry facts and dates, which show, what is strictly true, that I had no hand or part whatever in the Hartford Convention, and it is true that I expressed an opinion to Governor Gilman, that it would not be wise in him to appoint delegates. Further than this I have no recollection of interfering in the matter. At the same time, it is true that I did not regard the proposed convention as seditious or treasonable. I did not suppose that Mr. Cabot, Mr. West, Judge Prescott, and their associates, were a knot of traitors.

I am, dear Sir, with long-continued and sincere regard,

Your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

August 29, 1835.

MR. WESTON,—In regard to the sedge flat, you will ascertain where the old river channel was, and mow to that boundary. Captain Asa Hewitt can best tell you where that channel was. The law is, that gradual changes of the bed of a river, by daily washing away from one side, and adding to the other still leave the river the boundary between the proprietors on both sides; but where, by some storm or other sudden cause, a river at once changes its bed or seeks a new mouth, in such cases the old channel remains the boundary.

You will act on this principle.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO DR. ABBOTT.

September 3, 1835.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 23d of August, informing me of the vote of the trustees of Phillips Exeter Academy, electing me a member of their board. This proof of regard from the guardians of an institution with which I was connected in early life, and my obligations to which I feel bound at all times gratefully to acknowledge, has not failed to awaken in me the sentiments which it is naturally calculated to inspire; and although the distance of my residence and the nature of my present engagements forbid the hope that I shall be a constant attendant on the meetings of the board, I do not feel at liberty to decline the appointment. You will please, therefore, to make known to the board my acceptance of the trust.

I cannot close the letter, my dear Sir, without signifying to you the uncommon pleasure I feel, in having received the communication which I am now answering from your own hand; and I pray you to be assured of the constant and sincere attachment and regard,

Of your affectionate pupil and friend,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO HARMAR DENNY AND OTHERS.

Boston, November 20, 1835.

Gentlemen,—I have the honor to acknowledge your favor of the 11th instant, the receipt of which has been delayed, for a few days, by my absence from home.

Permit me, gentlemen, to express my grateful sense of the respect shown me by my fellow-citizens, the members of the convention of Democratic anti-masons of Alleghany County, in their recent proceedings, as set forth in your communication. The esteem they are pleased to express for my public character, and their confidence in my attachment to the Constitution of the country, demand my profound acknowledgments.

Nor do they do me more than justice in their belief of my en-

tire accordance in their opinions, so far as I understand them, on the subject of secret societies. You express a wish, however, that, for the satisfaction of friends in other parts of the State, I should enable you to make known my sentiments respecting the order of Free masonry. I have no hesitation, gentlemen, in saying that, however unobjectionable may have been the original objects of the institution, or however pure may be the motives and purposes of individual members, and notwithstanding the many great and good men who have from time to time belonged to the order, yet, nevertheless, it is an institution which, in my judgment, is essentially wrong in the principle of its formation; that, from its very nature, it is liable to great abuses; that among the obligations which are found to be imposed on its members, there are such as are entirely incompatible with the duty of good citizens; and that all secret associations, the members of which take upon themselves extraordinary obligations to one another, and are bound together by secret oaths, are, naturally, sources of jealousy and just alarm to others; are especially unfavorable to harmony and mutual confidence among men, living together under popular institutions; and are dangerous to the general cause of civil liberty and good government. Under the influence of this conviction, I heartily approved the law, lately enacted in the State of which I am a citizen, for abolishing all such oaths and obligations.

I express these opinions, gentlemen, with the less reserve on this occasion, inasmuch as they have been often expressed already, not only to some of your own number and many of your friends, but to all others, also, with whom I have at different times conversed on the subject.

Of the political principles and conduct of the anti-masons of Pennsylvania, I have spoken freely in my place in the Senate, and under circumstances which took from the occasion all just suspicion of any indirect purpose. The opinions there expressed, are unaltered. I have ever found the anti-masons of Pennsylvania true to the Constitution, to the Union, and to the great interests of the country. They have adopted the "supremacy of the laws" as their leading sentiment, and I know none more just or more necessary. If there be among us any so high as to be too high for the authority of laws, or so low as to be too low for its regard and protection; or if there be any who

by any means whatever may exempt themselves from its control, then to that extent we have failed to maintain an equal government. The supremacy of the constitution and the laws, is the very foundation-stone of republican institutions; if it be shaken or removed from its place, the whole system must inevitably totter to its fall.

Your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. MEACHAM TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, December 8, 1835.

SIR,—I have the pleasure and the honor to offer for your acceptance, a cheese weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds, the product, together with several others, of equal and superior size, of my dairy in the county of Oswego. These cheeses were made principally as an illustration of the agricultural richness of that part of the State, and to create an impulse among the farmers in favor of this branch of husbandry. One was destined for the President of the United States, another for the Vice-President, a third for the governor of this State, and a fourth for some other distinguished citizen. My own inclinations pointed to you, Sir, as the gentleman whose acceptance of this production would be most gratifying to me, and I was happy to find that my neighbors, who took a warm and friendly interest in my design, accorded with me in feeling.

I have therefore the honor now to solicit your acceptance of this humble offering, by which you will gratify my friends, and confer an obligation upon

Your very humble servant,

THOMAS S. MEACHAM.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. R. WEBSTER.

Washington, January 1, 1836.

MY DEAR WIFE,—I wish you and the whole house a happy New Year. And as I cannot be present to kiss you all myself,

I depute Captain Thomas, if he should be there, or Mr. Blake, or some other friend about my age, to perform the salutations.

It is a bright, clear, rather cold morning. I hope it is a day, pleasant in all respects, in Summer street. I have received a letter from you to-day, dated Sunday and Monday, by which I learn your health and gayety.

It must be admitted that you are a good correspondent. I like to hear whatever is passing among you, but being somewhat of a briefer writer myself, not merely a writer of briefs, I take notice only of such of your paragraphs as seem to require a reply; and fill up the rest of my paper and my time, by telling you of such things hereabouts as may . . .

Two o'clock.—I had written so far in the morning, when company came in, and I was not alone till one, and at one, I went with Commodore Chauncey and daughter to the President's, and have returned. The crowd looked just as usual. A great many faces, whom I did not know, and not many of those I do know. The President was civil, and the Vice-President uncommonly polite. I am going to dine with Dr. Sewall. There were parties last evening at Mr. Cass and Mr. Coxe's; I did not go to either, putting off all my dissipation till you come. As to dinner parties, I have heard of few and been at none. I shall go to the President's, when asked, and be very sparing of my company elsewhere.

I send you the directory, by which you will see where every body lives. I hardly know yet, what gentlemen have their families with them. Mrs. Phillips, and Mrs. Lincoln, and Mrs. Davis are here from Massachusetts. Mrs. Knight is here; Miss Calhoun is here, not Mrs. I believe Mrs. Benton is not here. Mrs. Hubbard of New Hampshire, Mrs. Florida White, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Bell, &c. &c. are here.

As to showing the cheese, I will write you in a day or two. The cheese-maker is now here, and I shall see him.

Make my affectionate regards to all the children, and believe me Ever truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, January 15, 1836.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I am sorry for your disappointment about the aid-ship; but never mind, I believe you are as well without it; if you think not, I will see more about it, when I get home. I believe the military honors of our family terminated with my father. I once tried to be captain, and failed; and I canvassed a whole regiment to make your uncle an adjutant, and failed also. We are predestinated not to be great in the field of battle. We are not the sons of "Bellona's bridegroom;" our battles are forensic; we draw no blood, but the blood of our clients.

Your notions of matters and things are quite right, as applicable to your own condition. You must study practical things. You are in the situation of the *haud facile emergunts*, and must try all you can to get your head above water. Why should you botanize, who have not field enough to bear one flower? Why should you geologize, who have no right in the earth, except a right to tread on it? This is all very well; I thought so, at your age, and therefore studied nothing but law and politics. I wish you to take the same course; yet still save a little time, have a few "*horas subsecivas*" in which to cultivate liberal knowledge; it will turn to account, even practically. If, on a given occasion, a man can, gracefully, and without the air of a pedant, show a little more knowledge than the occasion requires, the world will give him credit for eminent attainments. It is an honest quackery. I have practised it, and sometimes with success. It is something like studying an extempore speech; but even that, done with address, has its effect. There is no doubt at least that the circle of useful knowledge is much broader than it can be proved to be, in relation to any particular subject, *à priori*.

We find connections and coincidences, helps and succors, where we did not expect them. I have never learned any thing which I wish to forget; except how badly some people have behaved; and I every day find, on almost every subject, that I wish I had more knowledge than I possess, seeing that I could produce it, if not for use, yet for effect.

I have a letter from your mother to-day, which I shall try to answer to-morrow. I am troubled and perplexed with a few small cases in court. I cannot bring them on, so as to try them, nor put them off, so as to leave them and go home. They stick, like a half-drawn boot.

We had a debate yesterday in the Senate, pretty warm. I made a speech,[1] rather good. A quarrel between Mr. Goldsborough and Mr. Benton; I hope no fight will grow out of it, though the language was very rough.

I understand there is a man here from Missouri, a Colonel S., who means to have a fight with Mr. Benton, and if Mr. Benton will not have a regular duel, intends to fight him *ex parte*.

D. W.

P. S. Paper out.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, January 26, 1836.

My dear Sir,—I did not write you during the illness of dear little Grace Webster, as the first accounts I received of her being sick spoke of the impossibility of her recovery, and as there seemed nothing due from affection and friendship, in that case, but to wait the events which Providence might order. I assure you, I feel in her death something more than sympathy for you and her mother; indeed, much more. The name she bore, owing to the kindness and friendship of her parents, the recollections which her presence always renewed in my heart, and her own most sweet and lovely temper and manners, made her an object of great interest, peculiar interest, to me. She died at the same age, within a few months, with our little Grace Fletcher Webster. She, too, was a very premature child, though I think not so remarkable as your daughter. We never knew how she learned to read so early, with so little effort had she acquired the faculty.

Your letter was so interesting, I could not forbear sending it for the perusal of Mrs. Webster and Julia. I hope Mrs. Everett's health is good, and beg you to present to her my love and regard.

[1] Speech on the Loss of the Fortification Bill, January 14, 1836.

She is better off at this moment, and under present circumstances, certainly, than if you had not changed your official situation.

If your labors allow you a leisure moment to call at our house, Mrs. Webster will appreciate the kindness.

I recollect, with satisfaction, that a miniature of little Grace Webster was taken here some years ago.

Yours very truly and sincerely,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. R. WEBSTER.

Washington, Sunday evening, 1836.

DEAR CAROLINE,—Since I wrote you last, I have been much perplexed with my court affairs. Owing to the absence of the attorney-general, and other causes, I have not been able to bring on a case from New Orleans which is important, and which must be disposed of before I can leave Washington. We hope to get it up in two or three days. Your last letter was of the 9th, a week yesterday. To-day we have no mail. It has been snowing more or less all day, and still does not clear. I keep house, take care of myself, and am quite well. Mr. Thistle has sent me down my annual present of venison, and Captain Morgan being here, I had a little dinner. Captain Morgan, Lord Selkirk, Mr. Goldsborough, Mr. Florida White, &c. &c. &c. We got through pretty well.

As to my going home for the bridge cause, it means no more than if I should go home, and could do any thing to persuade the legislature to buy the bridge, and settle the dispute, I would.

Now that you have got your furnace, take care not to keep your house too warm. There is much danger of that with these furnaces. I am glad you have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Warren.

You will have seen that some angry words passed in debate between Mr. Goldsborough and Mr. Benton. I presume nothing will come of it.

We are to have the message to-morrow. It may probably be pretty warlike, but you may tell Mr. White that we shall have no war at present.

I have not been out yet to dine, or to an evening party, but understand some check is put on the gayety of the city, by the death of young Mr. Seaton, and the death of Mr. Richard Smith's married daughter, in Louisiana. The health of the city is very good.

I received yesterday the enclosed interesting letter from Mr. Everett, respecting poor little Grace Webster Everett. Please preserve it carefully. The little girl was within a few months of our Grace, who was the same sort of premature child.

Give my love to Mrs. Thomas, or, if she has gone home, send it after her. I am looking for a letter from Sally Ogden.

Yours ever,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, May 7, 1836.

Dear Sir,—I was obliged to you for your letter of the 25th April. The general court appears to have broken up under more favorable circumstances than I feared. I am happy to learn from Mr. Cushing and Mr. Grinnell, who have lately returned from their respective districts, that the general feeling seems to be right and strong. I hope pains will be taken to put many strong men into the next legislature.

We are in a peck of troubles here, and I hardly see our way through. My greatest fear at present, is of a war about Texas. I have no faith in Gaines's prudence, or, indeed, in his purposes; and if Santa Anna does not conduct himself with great caution, there will be collision. This whole subject appears to me to be likely to bring into our politics new causes of embarrassment, and new tendencies to dismemberment.

The land bill has just about an even chance of getting through the House of Representatives, but I presume very little of escaping the veto.

What will be done with our money is quite uncertain. Great diversity of opinion prevails among the friends of the administration. Some are for dividing in some way; others deny that there is any thing to divide.

I fear we shall make a long session of it.

I hear of my wife, as far as New York, and hope she will show herself here a fortnight hence.

With kindest remembrances to your wife and children,

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, June 15, 1836.

MY DEAR SON,—I received yesterday your letter from Constantine, and wished, while reading it, I had been with you on the St. Joseph's. I should certainly have made a dash at some of these water powers. It could hardly fail to do well to buy the land embracing a large waterfall, although now in a wilderness, if it be where population must in time reach it.

I wrote you so much at length, two or three days ago, that I have nothing new to add.

Congress will adjourn on the 4th of July, but I think we shall leave here a few days earlier.

Two members of the House of Representatives tried to fight a duel yesterday; but they could not hit each other. Six rounds of bullets were discharged in *tenues auras.**

Your mother has been a little unwell for a day or two, but is better.

Dr. Warren and a large party leave here to-day, on your track, for Wheeling and Lake Erie.

Yours affectionately,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, June 25, 1836.

MY DEAR SON,—I received last evening your letter from Chicago, of the 13th of June, being your first from that city. I think you did well to buy the 800 acres in the Kalamazoo country, by what I hear of that region.

In former letters I have said all I had to say respecting your future proceedings. Take care of your health. Do not stay in

* Mr. Jenifer and Mr. Bynum.

the Lake country too late, and be sure to be home so as to pass the whole of August, and part of September with me. I approve of your returning in the fall, and, as I have desired in former letters, I hope you will leave some faithful "land-lookers" to explore for you in your absence. You may go back in the fall, with as much capital as you think you can use to advantage.

I shall probably not write you again till I hear further from you, unless it be a short note or so, to Chicago, as I shall not know where to hit you after the middle of July.

We think of going from Washington for home on the 29th. Be home about the 5th or 6th of July.

The deposit and distribution bill has become a law, and money is already getting to be much easier, as the phrase is.

Your mother has not been very well, since her arrival here. I think a journey will do her good. She talks a little of going to the Springs with Dr. Perkins's family. I must go straight home, but shall go to the Springs for her if she shall make the visit there. At last advices, Mr. White's family were at Albany, on their way to Tonnewanda.

Governor Davis will go home on the 4th, the day of the rising of Congress, to the Virginia Springs; thence to Wheeling, Cleveland, and Detroit. Possibly you may meet with him at the latter place. Yours, ever affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. Your mother and Julia send a great deal of love, and one of them will write you before we leave Washington.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Boston, August 12, 1836.

MY DEAR SON,—Your letter of 1st instant has come to hand. I grow quite impatient for your return, and if you shall not have left Tonnewanda at the arrival of this letter, I pray you not longer to defer your departure.

The summer is fast running away, and there will be no great time to see you before we may be called in different directions. I have other reasons also for desiring you to be here on or

about the 20th, and earlier if convenient. As you mentioned the middle of the month, I still expect you at that time.

If you come through New York, be sure to see Mr. Le Roy. But probably you will consult expedition by a direct march over land from Albany to Worcester, through Northampton.

Your mother and Julia are at Marshfield. Mr. Le Roy and H. Newbold are with them, but leave shortly for New York. I am here only for a day or two, to attend to some business.

Mr. and Mrs. Joy arrived two days ago.

Yours affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SILSBEE.

Boston, November 15, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—It appears highly probable that the election of yesterday has terminated in the choice of yourself and the other gentlemen on the same list, as electors of President and Vice-President of the United States in behalf of the State of Massachusetts.

This result, the relation in which I have stood to the people of the commonwealth during the contest, and events which have transpired or are anticipated in other States, have rendered it proper in my judgment that I should address you this letter to be laid before the electors, when they shall assemble.

My purpose is to say that, in the discharge of their high and most interesting trust, it is my earnest wish that they should act with entire freedom from all considerations merely personal to myself; and that they should give the vote of the State in the manner they think most likely to be useful in supporting the constitution and laws of the country, the union of the States, the perpetuity of our republican institutions, and the important interests of the whole country; and in maintaining the character of Massachusetts for integrity, honor, national patriotism, and fidelity to the constitution.

I am, dear Sir, with sentiments of the truest esteem, your friend and obedient servant,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Washington, January 27, 1837.

My dear Sir,—I have received your kind and friendly letter. Considering the position in which Massachusetts stands at home, on this expunging question, I doubt whether it would be well to adopt any proceeding in the legislature respecting what has been done here. Beside, the thing is done. There is no present remedy, and I believe it is better to let the transaction have its natural effect on the public mind, without any extraordinary or unusual interference.

If the good people of the State are satisfied with the course adopted by Mr. Davis and myself, we shall be very well contented.

There is no difficulty with Mr. Lawrence, in regard to the matter which you mention. I think the course adopted was in all respects wise.

On another subject, mentioned in your letter, I shall write you in a very few days.

I feel, as deeply as man can feel, my obligations, high and solemn, to the people of Massachusetts. But I really need an interval, at least, a temporary cessation of my duties here. For fourteen years, I have had no leisure, not enough even to travel through my own country. I want a year or two. If, at the expiration of that period, my services should be required, I certainly should feel bound to render them. But more of this in a day or two.

Mrs. Webster and Julia reciprocate all your kind remembrances, and desire their best regards to your wife and yourself. Will you also make my kindest and best respects to Mrs. Winthrop, and say to Miss Gardner, that I shake her hand, by way of congratulation, on what I understand to be a recent occurrence. But if I congratulate her much, I congratulate Mr. G. more.

Yours, with constant esteem and regard,

D. Webster.

P. S. I will send the Protest to all the members of the legislature, as soon as printed in a decent form.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, January 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some continuance of ill health, after I wrote you last, and very close occupation since I recovered, must be my excuse for leaving so long unanswered an important part of your letter of December.

Your desire to go abroad is very natural, and the probability that such a movement would improve Mrs. Everett's health, seems to raise to the class of duties, what I presume would at all times be to you an agreeable thing. I should feel regret that you should leave your present situation. We might have trouble in filling your place. Still, I am bound by duty and friendship to say, that if professional advice and your own convictions concur that Mrs. Everett's health requires a visit to Europe, in my opinion you ought to make it. Your declining would probably bring up several candidates, and there might, perhaps, be no choice by the people. Still, I am inclined to hope that we might preserve the State, by concerted action and a good spirit.

I have this day written to Mr. Kinsman a letter to be shown to friends, intimating my intention to resign my seat, at the end of this session. He will show it to you, no doubt. I place my resignation on the ground of a strong wish for some respite, some leisure, after a continued service of fourteen years.

My purpose is, for the next two years, to travel, in my own country, and by possibility, to make a trip of six months to Europe. My own affairs, too, require looking after, and I should be glad to be able so to arrange them, as to be able to live, without pursuing much longer my profession.

I would as willingly hold on till the fall, as resign now, but have thought it might be better, or be thought better, that the present legislature should have an opportunity of filling the place.

On the other hand, it is possible our friends may think that the prospect of having a senator to choose, may create a new interest in the fall election, which would be favorable. I hope

that friends, and especially that you, will write me fully and freely in regard to these points.

Your communication at the opening of the session, was exceedingly satisfactory to friends here. I am glad to learn it was so well received at home. I could have wished, certainly, for another distribution of the money, deposited with the State; but am glad you left it to the legislature.

Here we are yet on the land law, which I do not think will get through both Houses, and the bill respecting the payments of revenue, and which will pass, probably, in some shape. As to the tariff, Mr. Wright's bill, with some modifications, may, perhaps, pass; but there is no danger of any thing being done, materially affecting the manufacturing interest. There seems to be a general disposition to leave things, for the present, to the operation of the act of 1833.

We have not one word yet from the court respecting the bridge cause.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Do not fail to give my love to your wife and daughters.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Washington, January 31, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have addressed a letter of this date to Mr. Kinsman, which I pray you to call on him and read. I have a word or two more to say to you and to him, rather more of a confidential nature.

For the two years to come, it is my purpose to occupy myself, in addition to some attention to my own affairs, in visiting some parts of the country, and possibly, though this I hardly think of, and you must not speak of, possibly, a trip of six months to Europe.

In the mean time, Mr. Van Buren's policy will develop itself. We shall see what he will be driving at. I am persuaded nothing will be finally done with the tariff till the session of December, 1839.

If, two years hence, our friends shall be able and willing to send me back, I will not refuse to come; but I could not well say that in a letter intended to be shown to others.

Will you be kind enough to inform me how long the legislature will probably remain in session. I would prefer to stay out the session here; but if it would be more convenient to have a resignation earlier, I will forward it.

We hear nothing yet from the judges in the bridge cause.

Yours truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

Washington, February 3, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have written to gentlemen connected with the legislature, to say that I propose resigning my seat in the Senate, on the 3d of March. I hope Boston friends will not think this a wrong step. I really want some little interval of leisure, at least. If I can do any good hereafter, I will come back if desired. Nothing important will be done with the tariff for the next two years. Nor is there any thing else, likely to make my remaining here important. I want time to go West and South, and to arrange my own affairs, which I think I can do, in such a way as to enable me, together with the sale of my house, to get along with less severe labor in the law. This, however, depends on contingencies.

We shall do very little this session. I am in hopes of seeing Mr. White here, by the middle of this month, and that he will stay till our return North.

Mrs. Paige's dispatches for Detroit were received this morning, with a note for which I am much obliged to her.

All well. Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Washington, February 15, 1837.

My dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your letter. I am sorry that our friends should see any objection to my resignation at the close of this session. It has appeared to me, that that time would be suitable and convenient, considering the character of the present legislature and the uncertainty of all that is future.

I pray you all to be satisfied, that my desire to resign, for the residue of the term, does not spring from disgust, although there is much here to disgust one, nor from despair, although there is enough to discourage us. But my real object is to get some little time for my own affairs. I really do not see how I can attend the next session of Congress.

Of course, I should have no objection to retain my situation till the fall, were it not that it appears to me, and to friends here, that the good of the whole requires that an opportunity should be afforded to the legislature to fill the vacancy at the present session.

As a good deal of time remains, I still incline to think any apparent difficulties, which may now show themselves, will vanish before the termination of your session.

I shall be pleased to hear from you and other friends; and pray you all to believe that I retain my zeal for the good cause undiminished, and my ardent attachment to my friends in no degree cooled.

With great personal regard, Yours,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Washington, February 20, 1837.

My dear Sir,—I write at this moment, merely to say, that my friends in Massachusetts make so much opposition to my resignation at the present moment, that in all probability I must defer the execution of that purpose till the fall. At the very

earliest possible leisure, I shall write you, in answer to your last friendly letter. Yours, with very sincere regard,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Washington, February 22, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—I enclose a letter to the committee. You will perceive I have concluded to let the matter of my resignation go by the present session. When I reach home, I shall ask the favor of a personal interview with the committee. I hardly know whether it is worth while to say any thing in the newspapers, unless it be some such remark as that, "Mr. Webster's friends have strongly solicited him not to leave the Senate at the present moment." I have, indeed, received an overwhelming number of wishes to that effect. Of the propriety of causing any remarks to be made in the papers, however, I leave you to judge.

We are exceedingly busy with the message before us; but what will be done, and what left undone, no mortal can tell.

We have no mail to-day from Boston.

Yours, most truly always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP AND OTHERS.

Washington, February 23, 1837.

GENTLEMEN,—I duly received your letter of the 15th instant, communicating certain resolutions of the Whig members of the legislature.

My desire to relinquish my seat in Congress for the residue of the term for which I was chosen, is sincere and strong; and springs from causes but little connected with the situation of public affairs. Your communication, however, has brought me to a pause. I feel that I ought not to disregard the wishes of friends, so decisively expressed.

Postponing, till I shall have the pleasure of a personal interview with yourselves and others, a part of what I could wish to

say, I will now only observe, that I shall not create the necessity for a new choice at the present session of the legislature, unless, on my arrival in Massachusetts, I should find a change in the opinions and wishes of friends.

I cannot express the gratitude I feel for the confidence and kindness manifested by the Whig members of the legislature and by yourselves. My best and most faithful services are due to the people of Massachusetts, and I regret that I am able to do so little for her honor and interest, and for the good of the whole country.

With much and cordial personal regard, I am your friend and obedient servant, DANIEL WEBSTER.

R. C. WINTHROP, ESQ., CHS. HUDSON, SAML. B. WALCOTT, OSMYN BAKER, Committee.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Washington, Friday morning, February 24, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—The New York mail having failed yesterday, your two letters of the 21st and 22d were received together this morning.

I regret that my note did not reach you a day or two earlier, but we will, nevertheless, endeavor so to manage as to prevent embarrassment. The meeting may go on, under some modification, such as Mr. Ogden suggested in his letter received by me this morning.

If this should reach you before the official communication shall be despatched, it may be modified to meet the case. The case is, that the Whigs in the Massachusetts legislature, have made a decided objection to my resigning, so early as to make it necessary for them to fill the place, at the present session of the legislature. I have told them in reply, that I would not do any thing which should call on them to choose a successor this session. I shall send you by this evening's mail, their communication to me, in order that you may see that I have not changed my purpose lightly.

If on the arrival of this, the official communication should not be despatched, you may, if you judge proper, alter and accommodate the phraseology, so as to read that "understanding it is my intention now or shortly to resign my seat," &c.

If the communication should be sent, I will examine it, and if necessary can answer it, as if it had read as above mentioned, and the necessary modifications can be made afterwards.

I send this by the express mail, to relieve your embarrassment as soon as I can. Yours, truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. I will look over the copy of the resolutions which you have sent, but which I have not had time to read; make any alterations which the case may seem to require. and return it by this evening's mail.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

Boston, April 22, 1837.

MY DEAR SON,—I have received your letter of the 18th instant. We had a pleasant, though short visit from Mr. and Mrs. Haddock. Mr. Haddock observed, that you seemed to be more interested in your studies, and were making quite respectable progress; which I was most happy to learn. You cannot be too deeply impressed with the importance of giving your whole mind to your business. You must think of nothing else. Time unprofitably spent at your age, is a loss which can never be repaired. Let me entreat you, therefore, my dear son, to double your diligence, and to push forward with all your power. You will be obliged, hereafter, to earn your own living, in one of the professions, or by some active business, to which knowledge is indispensable. Your own happiness and reputation for life, therefore, essentially depend on the manner in which you shall improve your advantages, for the next five or six years.

I am sorry to hear you were wounded by a sword; but what had you to do with swords? You would have been safe from the accident, I presume, if you had been about your proper business.

You say you will need some money to pay up your little debts, and to come home with.

I shall furnish you, of course, with what is proper, but you do not say how much you want. You speak of having little debts; what are they? I am willing to allow you small, but reasonable sums for pocket money, but I do not allow you to contract any debt. Your bills for tuition and board, and your bills also for books and stationery, will of course all be paid. I shall pay no bill for anything not necessary to your comfort or respectability. Your clothes you get here, unless it be an occasional garment once in a while. You are to have nothing to do with horses, dogs, or guns. Your expenses are to be limited to such things as are necessary for a close and diligent student, and for enabling you to appear respectable among your associates. The least extravagance or unnecessary expense I shall not tolerate. On the receipt of this letter you will write to me, letting me know how much money you need, what the amount of your little debts is, and what they were contracted for.

I am sorry to be gone from home, at your vacation, but it will be a short one; and a longer one, when we hope to be at home, is near at hand. In the vacation you may come to Boston, and Marshfield, if you please, or you may pass it at Franklin. You will be sure not to exceed the vacation, but to return precisely at the proper day. If you come to Boston, your uncle Paige will give you room in his house; and under his advice, you can get such clothes as you may need made at Mr. Earle's. The vacation is so short that it might be as well, on some accounts, to spend it at Franklin. Still, you may come to Boston if you prefer it. We shall go away some day next week. You must answer this letter as soon as you receive it.

Your affectionate father,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PECK.

Senate Chamber, January 11, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—I can have no possible objection to stating to you, in any manner you may desire, my opinions on the various branches of this great and agitating subject of slavery.

In the first place I concur entirely in the resolution of the House of Representatives, passed as early as March, 1790, at a

calm and dispassionate period in our political history. That resolution is in the following words:—

"*Resolved*, That Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves, or in the treatment of them within any of the States; it remaining with the several States alone to provide any regulations therein which humanity and true policy may require."

In the next place, I entertain no doubt whatever that Congress possessing, by the express grant of the Constitution, a right to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over the District of Columbia, the same having been ceded by the States of Maryland and Virginia, and become the seat of the government of the United States, have full authority to regulate slavery within the said District, or to abolish it altogether, whenever, in their judgment, humanity and true policy may require it; and that they have full authority also to regulate or restrain the purchase and sale of slaves within the said District, in any manner which they may deem just and expedient.

I am also clearly and entirely of opinion, that neither by the acts of cession by the States, nor by the acceptance by Congress, nor in any other way, has the faith of Congress become pledged to refrain from exercising its constitutional authority over slavery and the slave-trade in the said District.

More than all, it is my opinion, "that the citizens of the United States have an unquestionable constitutional right to petition Congress for the restraint or abolition of slavery and the slave-trade within the said District; and that all such petitions being respectfully written, ought to be received, read, referred, and considered in the same manner as petitions on other important subjects are received, read, referred, and considered; and without reproach or rebuke to the authors or signers of such petitions."

The right of petition, free, unqualified, and untrammelled, I hold to be of the very substance and essence of civil liberty. I can have no conception of a free government, where the people, respectfully approaching those who are elected to make laws for them, and offering for their consideration petitions respecting any subject, over which their constitutional power of legislation extends, may be repelled, and their petitions rejected, without consideration and even without hearing.

Wherever there is a constitutional right of petition, it seems to me to be quite clear, that it is the duty of those to whom petitions are addressed, to read and consider them; otherwise the whole right of petition is but a vain illusion and a mockery.

I am, dear Sir, with very true regard,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Washington, January 15, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—My speech on Mr. Clay's resolutions[1] will appear, I hope, in The Intelligencer to-morrow. I venture to say you will be satisfied with it. We are not slumbering here, but wish to act with circumspection as well as decision. I consider the proceeding of the Senate as having drawn a line which can never be obliterated.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun, in my judgment, have attempted, in 1838, what they attempted in 1833, to make a new Constitution.

I am engaged to-day up to the chin in committee on the new sub-treasury, and in court. To-morrow I will write you on the Hartford Convention and on the tariff law of 1833.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, February 2, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked over your accounts with Mr. Henry Thomas, and every thing seems to be correct and right. Where you had left blanks, we have filled them as we thought right. In any cases in which you think we may have committed error, we will correct it.

As proof of much satisfaction with your labor and your care in keeping the accounts, I wish you to consider yourself as not charged with any house rent up to the beginning of this year;

[1] On Slavery in the District of Columbia. See Collected Works.

also to accept the cow, now in your possession, to be kept for your use, free of charge, if you stay among us, and for your cellar in the end.

Your friend, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MESSRS. KELLEY AND OTHERS TO MR. WEBSTER.

Erie, Pennsylvania, April, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—In the absence of more formal authority, permit the undersigned, through the agency of Mr. Royal Freeman of our place, to tender you on behalf of the citizens of Erie, Pa., the accompanying cane as a feeble token of their approbation for your virtues as a man, and simple tribute of respect to your patriotic and invaluable services on behalf of civil and constitutional liberty.

Separated as we are by the boundary lines and subdivisions of States, we nevertheless esteem it the most honorable of our privileges to claim your kindred as an American citizen. Being common recipients of the benefits resulting from the mutual struggle of our ancestors; enjoying equally the blessings of our common institutions; possessing equal rights in the common pathway of human attainment and preferment; and our country being one in intent and feeling as well as constitution and destiny; we also claim it one in intellectual merit, appropriating to ourselves a portion of the honor due to your distinguished character, and denying the right of the ancient Commonwealth to have within her boundary lines the entire credit of your mental achievements.

In a dark and fearful period of our history, when our republic was threatened with disunion on the one hand, by anarchy and corruption on the other, and our liberties suspended as it were by a single thread, it was then we beheld in your composition the true metal of a man. In the memorable session of 1830, we discovered you in possession of a noble, inflexible spirit, worthy our utmost commendation, performing giant feats of mind, unprecedented in these or any other days of intellectual chivalry in this or any other country, and prompted to action by

a spirit of patriotism and love of country worthy of all human reverence.

You will please receive the humble representative of our better feelings, not as a specimen of costly workmanship, but rather as a memento of other times; recalling to mind the name of one, whilst living, high on the list of the valiant, and dead, well worthy of a place in the recollection of his countrymen.

Our earnest desire is, that the remainder of your days may prove as richly fraught with happiness to yourself as the past, from your exertions, have been auspicious to our institutions, and that no event may ensue to hush your voice in our national councils, or deprive you of an opportunity equivalent to your ability and disposition to defend and sustain the Union and Constitution of our country.

With sentiments of the highest respect, we remain your obedient servants,

William Kelley,	J. Niles,
Addison May,	Wm. Truesdail,
Rufus S. Reed,	Robt. S. Hunter,
C. W. Sparren,	Alanson Sherwood,
Thomas H. Sill,	Josiah Kellogg,
A. W. Brewster,	Andrew Scott,
John A. Tracey,	G. Johnston Ball.
Wm. W. Watts,	Robt. Huston.

To the Honorable Daniel Webster, United States Senate.

MR. WEBSTER TO MESSRS. KELLEY AND OTHERS.

Washington, June 4, 1838.

Gentlemen,—The cane made from the timber of the ship, which bore the flag of the gallant Perry on the memorable 10th of September, and intended as a present to me from the citizens of Erie, has been delivered by your townsman, Mr. Freeman; and I have also since had the pleasure of receiving your letter intended to accompany the gift.

To those who have united in this token of confidence and friendship, I beg leave to return my respectful and cordial

thanks. Be kind enough to say this to them, as you may have occasion to see them, and assure them that I highly value their present, because of the associations connected with its material, and especially because it is their present, and because of the inscriptions which they have seen fit it shall bear.

You have been kind enough to say, gentlemen, that you claim kindred with me as an American citizen. I admit and reciprocate this claim with great pleasure and sincerity. I recognize you and your neighbors as fellow-citizens, my own countrymen, embarked on the same political fortunes, enjoying the same liberty, and the same bounties and blessings of Providence as myself.

Your homes are on the shores of one of our great inland seas, mine is on the ocean; but our substantial interests, the great elements of our prosperity, and above all, our stake in that paramount treasure of a free people, a good and wise government, are the same. All these are under the protection and guardianship of that inestimable constitution, which our fathers framed and have delivered to us, as a bond of perpetual union.

It affords me, gentlemen, much gratification to find that my political conduct, on trying occasions, now passed, and I hope passed forever, has met your approbation. The period to which you refer, you justly call a dark hour. I felt it to be my duty in that momentous crisis to disregard party and personal considerations, to act in the true spirit of the constitution, and, without forgetting the propriety of moderation, or the laws of kindness and charity, to proceed, nevertheless, with a firm and inflexible resolution of upholding the authority of the laws and defending the Union. I am happy to know that in all this I appear to you to have discharged the duty of a good citizen.

I am, gentlemen, your friend and obedient servant.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. N. R. THOMAS.

Washington, May 11, 1838.

DEAR RAY,—I have not heard from you since you wrote me that you proposed to visit Chicago, for the purpose of obtaining horse-power, to carry on your farm-work. This was all right,

and your bill will, of course, be duly honored. I went home the early part of April, taking Mrs. Webster as far as New York. On our return, we met the Lasalle party at Philadelphia. They returned with us to Washington, and Fletcher and his wife, and Ellen Fletcher, have since proceeded to Boston. Col. Kinney is now here, and will wait Fletcher's return, and then they will go West together. I presume they may be expected to leave this city about the 20th instant. The Colonel appears to be managing his affairs here very well. Indeed, I believe he finds little difficulty in arranging matters to his satisfaction. We hope here that times begin to look a little better; but still they are bad enough. Money is very hard, all along the coast, from here North. I have made an arrangement with Col. Kinney, respecting enlarging Salisbury. At present we wish nothing said upon the subject, as it will require a little time to put all things in proper order. But it is agreed, all round, that White Hall shall be added to Salisbury; that the section in the southwest of White Hall, along, by, or near Spring Creek, shall also be added, but that there shall be a reservation of the mill privilege on the creek, as the Colonel does not wish to convey that. 'Tis also agreed that he shall convey the tract, or the greater part of it, which lies between Salisbury and White Hall, on one side, and the river on the other. This extension of the lines will cause Salisbury to comprehend a thousand acres, or thereabouts; and this accords with the original plan which I entertained, of making a farm of one thousand acres. When this is accomplished you will have something to do in the farming line.

By arrangements which the Colonel has made, especially with Cornelius, who lives in White Hall, we cannot come into possession of all White Hall until after next year. But there will be enough for you to work on, and still as much left as the good man Cornelius can take care of.

I perceive, and indeed expected from the first, that you can do little this year, but prepare for the future. You will want stock, and tools and supplies, and I shall endeavor to furnish the means of providing these. 1. Stock. I have agreed with Mr. Edward Le Roy for some of his imported stock, if I can find an opportunity to send it on, say half a dozen cows and a bull. Other neat cattle, as it is thought by Mr. Kinney, may

be had from the south part of Illinois, or adjacent regions. 2. Tools. If a list be made of these, they could be sent from Boston, say horse-power, threshing machine, ploughs, harrows, horse-harness, &c. Or you can obtain these partly at Boston and partly at Pittsburg or Cincinnati. 3. Supplies. In the fall, you must have a good supply of necessaries. You will want necessaries for your own house, and if there were not some objections, it might be well that you should have a quantity of such articles as salt, sugar, tea, and coffee for the accommodation of laborers. This we can think of hereafter. When Fletcher reaches home, you will be able to compare notes, and judge what is best. It is difficult to find hands to go on without agreeing to pay enormous wages. Henry is seeing what he can do, and Fletcher will see him. It may, very possibly, be found best for you to come East, after harvest, to hunt up men and things for yourself. This you may think of.

We are all well here. I have not heard from Marshfield later than the date of a letter from Henry, and which I forward to you. We are doing little, and shall do little here. I suppose we shall get away next month. Mrs. Webster and Julia desire remembrance to you, as does Col. Kinney. The Colonel thinks you are a pretty clever fellow. I tell him not to make up his mind too soon.

Yours truly,

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. You will take care to say nothing about White Hall, &c. until Fletcher and Col. Kinney reach home.

MR. DWIGHT TO MR. WEBSTER.

Hartford, June 18, 1838

DEAR SIR,—Although the facts which I am about to communicate to you will probably be of no use in the case of the North-eastern boundary line, it may perhaps be satisfactory to you to be made acquainted with them.

In the year 1804, Mr. Rufus King with his family, passed several days at my house in this city. In conversation with me

respecting his mission to England, and in explanation of the reason which induced him to stay there so long after Mr. Jefferson's election, he said that the President urged him to remain until the negotiation respecting that line was finished, and that he finally consented. Upon entering upon the treaty with Lord Hawkesbury, his lordship remarked to him that it was a very important subject, and required a good deal of deliberation and care. Mr. King immediately said, if your lordship will view the matter in its true light, he thought he would at once perceive that it might be easily adjusted. He then added, that in the nature of things it could not be more than fifty years before the British colonies on our Northeastern and Northwestern border would be detached from the British government, and would probably be joined to the United States; and therefore it was of but little importance where the line should be run. The only question of any moment, in his opinion, was, that it should be fixed, in order to avoid disputes and difficulties. Lord Hawkesbury immediately replied, Mr. King, I believe you are right; draw up a convention, and fix the line where you think it ought to be, and I will sign it. Mr. King accordingly drew up the convention, which Lord Hawkesbury signed without hesitation, and with little examination; it was returned to our government, pronounced by Mr. Jefferson, in his message to Congress, to be satisfactory to both parties; was laid before the Senate, one of the articles rejected, and the whole failed.

Whatever inconvenience or expense the United States have experienced for more than thirty years past, is to be charged to their own account. I have alluded to this subject in the history of the Hartford Convention, but in more general terms; because I did not wish, in a matter of this sort, which, as far as I knew, depended on my own testimony solely, to expose Mr. King's memory to the attacks of political partisans. But for the accuracy of the general statement which I had from Mr. King, I am responsible.

That the true reason for the rejection of the fifth article of the convention is stated in Mr. Madison's letter to Mr. Monroe, it will be difficult to persuade me.

I should think the weather during the last week would bring the sub-treasury to a close, in some form or other, if the members intend ever to revisit their families and their constituents. I

have felt quite uneasy about that measure for two or three weeks past, without being exactly able to say why.

With great regard, I am very sincerely and respectfully yours,

THEODORE DWIGHT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

Franklin, September 14, 1838.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I arrived here to-day. The farm looks well, notwithstanding frost and drought. It now looks like foul weather, and possibly I shall not reach Boston Friday night. In that case, should Saturday be a fine day, let Harriette slide along down to Marshfield, under Fletcher's pilotage. I will creep down Sunday evening. Mr. Kelley is here; reports all well down at the South Road. Well as usual at Boscawen.

I should like to stay here a fortnight, the field looks so beautifully. Taylor has done quite well; clip of wool worth five hundred dollars; crop of oats six hundred dollars; cattle all fat.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

Boston, September 21, 1838.

MY DEAR SON,—I received your letter two days ago, and have made up my mind to put entire trust in your statements, to clear off your embarrassments, and to give you a fair opportunity to retrieve whatever may have been amiss: and to pursue your studies. I now trust, my dear Son, to hear nothing of you hereafter except what may be gratifying. You must see that you, for your living and your character, and happiness hereafter, must rely on yourself. If I can get you through with your education, it will be as much as I shall be able to do. I owe a good deal of money, and am at present receiving but a small income from my profession.

If you intend yourself for the bar, you must begin early to contract a habit of diligent and ambitious study. You must be emulous of excellence. An ordinary lawyer is not an enviable character. I believe, verily, that you have sense and ability enough to make you quite respectable; and I pray you, my

dear son, keep your attention steadily directed to your progress in your studies.

Your mother will be glad of your letter, which I received this morning. It has come back from Marshfield, we both happening to be here. She returns to-morrow, and I go to New York this afternoon. We look for Fletcher shortly. You will have notice of his arrival; and while here, we shall expect you to come and see him. Some of us will write, to fix the time.

I enclose three checks, one for one hundred dollars, and another for one hundred dollars, and one for fifty dollars, being two hundred and fifty in all. You may use these as you have occasion, though I should prefer that you should not use the whole of them before the first or fifth of October.

Your affectionate father,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Washington, January 13, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I have not written to you, nor received letters, yet you have been so conspicuous since you left us, that I seem to have known as much of you as if you had been all the while in Philadelphia. The last I heard of Mrs. Jaudon was that she was snugly seated in the Abbey, on coronation day; and, without waiting according to fashion, to put my respects for her at the end of this letter, allow me thus early to ask you to give my affectionate remembrances and good wishes to her and the children. I delight to hear of their health and happiness.

I am but just now arrived here, having stayed in Boston to attend to some professional affairs, inasmuch as nothing important seemed doing in Congress. Mrs. Webster and Julia are left behind. Edward, who is in college, and who has a long winter vacation, is here with me. We are at Miss Polk's, with Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis.

Judge White and lady arrived here but a few days ago. He is feeble, but his health is improving, as I understand, not having seen him myself, as I have not yet been into the Senate.

Congress has up to this period of the session, done nothing of

consequence, the House amusing itself with debating abolition questions, and listening to threats of impeachment of Mr. Woodbury, and the Senate having been engaged in an angry and protracted debate on the public lands.

The court commences to-morrow. I have two or three old causes to dispose of, but have not received retainers for new causes, for some time past. The business in the court is not now great, nor is the court itself what it has been.

On the 15th instant, the legislature of Massachusetts will elect a Senator. Under all circumstances, I have concluded not to withdraw my name, and I presume I shall be reëlected, but whether I shall ever take a seat under that election, is uncertain. It will depend on circumstances connected with my personal condition. Very likely I may go back to Boston, and make Court street the theatre of all my labors for some time to come.

I saw Mr. B. and Mr. Cowperthwaite on my way hither, and found them in excellent spirits. Your advices by the R. W. had produced quite animating effects.

You would like to hear something of prospects and probabilities, touching the next Presidential election. That subject would require something of a chapter, but you shall have it by the next steamboat. The face of that question is a good deal changed since last year.

With renewed assurances of attachment and regard, I am, dear Sir, Yours, most truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. I send a parcel of documents for you to Mr. Robinson. Whether he will be able to forward them to you without incurring too much expense of postage, I do not know.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, January 17, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is my receipt for 500 dollars.*

I observed you omitted the proposed parts of the message respecting the delivering up of persons charged with offences in other States, and think under the circumstances it was as well.

* Fee as counsel for the Commonwealth.

Our friends here like the message very much, and I have no doubt it will give general satisfaction to the people of the State.

I sincerely hope the license law may be repealed. We are attacked about here from all quarters, and by all sorts of weapons; of which the most annoying are laughter and ridicule.

I should judge, so far as I am acquainted with individuals, that Mr. Speaker's committee on the memorial was a repealing committee.

I took some cold coming on, and have been out of my room very little. I did not so much regret my absence from the Senate at this time, as I did not see that I could do any good, on the land question. You will see a sketch of my remarks on Monday, on the question of indefinite postponement, if you see The Baltimore Patriot.

What should you think of the propriety of our legislature's adopting resolutions on the subject of the public lands, such as should assert the rights of the Old States strongly, and yet express a willingness that the system of sales should be framed and administered in a spirit of kindness to the actual settlers, and to the new States? If you should be in favor of such a suggestion, and should think others would approve it, I would try to furnish something for consideration.

On certain subjects about which we conversed at your room, I have now only time to say, a very great change of opinion has evidently occurred since last session. The tone is entirely altered.

Yours, truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. J. PRESCOTT HALL.

Washington, February 4, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I pray you allow me to offer to yourself and your family my congratulations, on your escape recently, from a condition of very considerable danger. The feeling with which I read the account, taught me how great was the measure of my regard for you, and how deeply I should have lamented that which might have been the result of the accident.

With all good wishes for the future as well as felicitations for the past, I am, dear Sir, yours. truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

Mr. Hall says, "This letter I value exceedingly. It was a spontaneous offering on his part, drawn forth by a newspaper account of an accident which had befallen me on a journey to Albany." Being on his way in an extra coach with four horses, hastening to attend the argument of a cause at Albany, Mr. Hall picked up at Fishkill three gentlemen who were also anxious to go north. It was a stormy day at the end of January, and on attempting at eight P. M. to cross Fishkill Creek, they found the bridge swept away; the horses got beyond their depth and swam down the stream towards the North River. Mr. Hall got out of the window to the top of the coach and drew the others after him. The horses were drowned, but the carriage, after sinking till the top was under water, touched bottom. The tide was rising. Mr. Hall swam through the floating ice to shore, and procured assistance for his companions.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Boston, March 29, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I received to-day your letter of the 12th of February, by The Siddons, for which I am greatly obliged to you. I do not take quite courage enough from what you say to set forth for England; but my desire to visit your side of the water this year is so great and so intense, that if I could see how it was to be done without drawing after it a vast expense, and no pecuniary benefit, I should not hesitate a moment.

The Roscoe is in at New York, and it is possible I may receive letters from you to-morrow, brought by that ship. She has London dates, I understand, to February 27. I shall live in hope, at least for a while longer, and until I hear further from you.

The Maine business is now all quiet. Nothing of a disturbing character will take place in that quarter, until the two governments shall have had ample time and opportunity for bringing the pending negotiation to a close. You have, of course, heard of the proposition of sending a special minister to England, and the various rumors which have been in circulation here as to the person likely to be appointed. For myself, I

doubt whether there will be a mission, rather expecting to hear that, before The Liverpool, steamboat, arrived out, an arrangement may have been made in London, for a joint survey of the disputed line, or perhaps for transferring the negotiation from London to Washington. If neither of these things shall have happened, and if England shall receive kindly the notion of a special mission, it will doubtless be despatched. I know not on whom the appointment would be most likely to fall. Maine and Massachusetts, the two States directly interested, would in all probability be agreed on the man. But party considerations will doubtless have much influence, and I do not allow myself to expect that I shall see England this year in a public capacity, even if a special minister should be sent.

I have transmitted your letter to Mr. Biddle for his perusal. He thinks I ought to cross the water if I can, and I have asked him to peruse your letter, that he might see what chance there is for my being able to succeed in the pecuniary part of my object. His kindness to me is great, and I feel very true regard for him.

Upon certain of our political affairs, I will write you again soon, if I do not come. Our Whig prospects are none of the best, owing to our irreconcilable difference as to men. My opinion at present is, that our only chance is with General Harrison, and that that is not a very good one.

I am about to lose Julia. She is to be married, I know not when, to Mr. S. A. Appleton, a young man of good character and ability, a member of the family of that name here, but born in England, and for the early part of his life at school in that country. He has been a partner of N. Appleton and Mr. Paige.

Give my love to your wife. I think of her much, and like her always. I passed two good hours *tête-a-tête* with her mother at Washington. Judge White has at last come very right.

Adieu! Pray continue to write me, and may God bless you and yours!

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

New York, May 18, 1839.

MY DEAR SON,—I write this to take leave of you, and give you a farewell blessing. We sail to-day. We hope we shall see you some months hence with Mr. Appleton. In the mean time I pray you, my dear son, to improve yourself with all diligence, and to remember how much our hopes are dependent upon you. Julia herewith returns twenty dollars of borrowed money. I pray a gracious Providence to bless and keep you.

Your affectionate father,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Liverpool, June 3, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have really got over, and are now on this side. Captain Fayrer surrendered his ship to the pilot yesterday morning, Sunday, at five o'clock, being then fourteen days and seven hours from New York. There never was so tame a passage. Peterson could have rowed me over in my boat, at least till we got into the Channel. A great part of the way we had an entire calm, and ran through a smooth, glassy surface.

We came to the Adelphi, one of the two principal hotels. The ladies did not walk with remarkable elegance when they came on shore. They had forgotten to leave their sea feet on board, and the streets were not quite wide enough.

I suppose this is a fair specimen of an English tavern, very plain, but very comfortable and clean, and no show. Rooms rather small, but containing every thing you can want, down to a boot-jack, shoe-rack, and shoe-horn. I find, however, my fates pursuing me, for as I drew aside the window curtains this morning, I looked out on a dark brick wall, distant three feet! All the agreeabilities of the Polk concern immediately rushed upon me; but then Mrs. Curtis, with her jovial laugh, came with them and made full compensation.

Liverpool is a place of affairs. It is not distinguished for parks, malls, and public walks and squares. The streets are

narrow, rather, and not straight. The bricks are dark, which circumstance gives a dull appearance to the city. The blocks of high brick warehouses, connected with docks, make an appearance of great solidity and wealth. But the docks themselves are the principal and most striking thing, I think, which I have seen. The natural advantages of Liverpool as a port, are small. The Mersey is a little shallow river, and at its mouth the ocean throws in masses of sand, by way of plea in bar. But the tides are very high; and availing themselves of this circumstance, the good people have constructed these docks or basins, into which ships come at high water, and the gates being closed, there they remain, keep their masts erect, and laugh at the disappointed ebb-tide. The ships thus appear to be, not at the wharf, but in the town itself. Indeed, they look like so many strays which had been taken up and put into pound.

To the north of the town, the Lancashire shore, from the mouth of the river, is low, sandy, and with a wide beach. Along this naked shore are a vast many small and ordinary houses, without trees, court-yards, or shrubbery, whither the families go in summer for pure air and sea-bathing. The immediate country on that side is not interesting. On the other side, the coast of Cheshire is higher, looks better, but yet is not a strikingly fine country. Steam ferry-boats ply across the river to the Cheshire shore constantly, and it is supposed that in its growth Liverpool will extend over to that side, and there make a Brooklyn. The Mersey spreads out quite considerably for some miles above the town, but its waters are too shallow for vessels of any size. There; I have done with Liverpool. What shall I say about the voyage? I believe I have already said all, or nearly all. Conceive of eighty-six passengers, with none too much room, eating and drinking, playing cards, and sleeping; all these operations being contemporaneous; add smoking; put in English, French, German, and Spanish; throw in half a dozen children, uttering quite often the language of nature, and you have the saloon of a steamship; pretty much ditto on deck, bating the cards. The incidents of interest are throwing the log and taking the sun. I studied navigation under the tuition of the first mate, and learned to take an observation, and mark our latitude and longitude tolerably well. By the way, the accuracy by which place is found by the sun

and moon, and chronometer, is astonishing. Off the south end of Ireland, Captain Fayrer put a fisherman right, as to his place, of a thick morning, who had only come out the night before to fish, although we had seen no land since we left New York.

Captain Fayrer is quite a good man. I hope you will see him when next in New York.

To-day we dine with Mr. Humphreys; to-morrow I dine at a hotel, with Mr. Gair, (Baring and Brothers,) to meet several of his friends. His family are just going to their country-house down on the Lancashire coast aforesaid. Hence the dinner at the hotel. Wednesday morning we go to Chester, said to be the oldest town in England, where the Roman walls are still visible; thence to Birmingham and London.

Tuesday, 3 o'clock.—We have been to Knowlesly, the seat of the Earl of Derby. The Earl is unwell, having had something like a paralytic stroke near a year ago. But he had heard we were coming, and gave such orders that we were well treated. It is a magnificent place. The house itself is old and not very elegant. But every thing is on a scale of grandeur which strikes one, acquainted only with more moderate habits of life, with astonishment.

I learn the whole estate may contain fifteen or twenty thousand acres. What I saw of it was cultivated like a garden. His annual income is said to be ninety or one hundred thousand pounds sterling. The rural beauty of England, so far as I have seen, quite exceeds my expectation. I confess my conception had not reached it.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Curtis, and tell Mr. Blatchford I will write him from London.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

London, June 12, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have sent a duplicate of the enclosed to John P. Healy, Esq., Boston, with directions to have it published in all the Whig papers. If it should not make its appearance in due season, please send him this. We have been in London

almost a week; are at the Brunswick House, Hanover Square, and have as much as we can do, to see things and persons. Our heads are rather turned at present, but we hope to get right soon. I have been into all the courts, and both Houses of Parliament; looked at most of the great men, spoken with many of them, and find society more free and easy than I expected. Not that there is not, as I presume there is, a good deal of exclusiveness, but the general manners, when people meet, are void of stiffness, and are plain and simple, in a remarkable degree.

To-day we are to drive to Richmond Hill, as the sun is bright and the day good for prospects.

I find myself kindly remembered by those I have known in America. Sir Charles Bagot, Sir Stratford Canning, Sir Charles Vaughan, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Stanley, and others, have been prompt to find us out, and to tender us all kinds of attention and civility. Denison is in Paris, with his wife's uncle, Lord William Bentinck, who is there ill. On hearing of my arrival, he sent orders for his coach and horses, coachman and postilion, to come to town, and put themselves at my disposal while I remain in London. You are prudent and private in the use of confidential letters, and therefore I may say what I shall say to none but you, that I am already asked whether I will have a conversation with those in high places, on the subjects of common interest to the two countries. More of this another time. As yet, I have delivered no letters of introduction, but have received many calls from persons of consideration. Adieu! I must write a word to Blatchford. Let no packet come without bringing me a letter from you. The ladies are yet all in bed, but in their behalf, as well as my own, I pray kind remembrance to Mrs. Curtis.

I ought not to omit to say that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson have received and treated me with great propriety and kindness.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

London, June 12, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to say, by the return of The Liverpool, which leaves Liverpool to-morrow, that I send a very short letter for publication in Boston, addressed to the people of Massachusetts. Though shorter, it is to the effect suggested by you. Particular circumstances induced me to keep this back till I reached this side the water. Please state this to Mr. Lawrence.

We are just getting into our lodgings at the Brunswick Hotel, but have already met many persons of distinction, divers of whom inquired for you. We have seen Rogers, Wordsworth, Moore, Boz, Sidney Smith, Hallam, Talfourd, and other literary persons, as well as some distinguished political characters. Time has not allowed us yet to return many calls. We find Sir Charles Vaughan here, as well as Sir C. Bagot, Sir S. Canning, Mr. Anthony Baker, &c. &c. Lord Stanley, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Stuart Wortley have also been kind enough to remember us.

You will think it strange, but, truly, I have not had time to read a newspaper since I have been in London. But putting all I hear together, I incline to think that though politics are unsettled, and the ministry acknowledged to be weak, yet no immediate change is likely to take place.

I have so many letters to write by The Liverpool, that you must pardon a very hasty one to yourself, written at an hour when all London is asleep, namely, five o'clock in the morning.

Yours truly,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. I. P. DAVIS

London, June 24, 1839.

My dear Sir,—We have now been in London since the evening of the fifth, and are all quite well, and have been busy enough in seeing things, and meeting persons.

It is the height of what they call "the season;" London is

full, and the hospitalities of friends, the gayeties of the metropolis, and the political interests of the moment, keep every body alive. We have made many acquaintances, and have found those persons whom we have known in the United States, quite overflowing in their attentions. I have been to the courts, made the acquaintance of most of the judges, and attended the debates in both Houses of Parliament. London dinners, however, are a great hindrance to attendance on the debates in Parliament.

I have liked some of the speeches very well. They generally show excellent temper, politeness, and mutual respect among the speakers. Lord Stanley made the best speech which I have heard. I was rather disappointed in Macaulay; but so were his admirers, and I have no doubt the speech I heard was below his ordinary efforts. There is to be a second division to-night, on the government plan of national education. The last division on Lord Stanley's motion resulted in a majority of five only for ministers. It is altogether uncertain how the vote will go to-night; quite as likely against as for the ministers. But if it should go against them, I do not think any great consequences would follow. That the ministry is very weak in numbers is quite plain, and all its members admit it, both publicly and privately. Yet I think they will go along with an uncertain and feeble administration until something shall occur either to give them new strength or deprive them of a part of what they now have, so as to give a decided preponderance one way or the other. If there were now to be a dissolution, it seems generally understood that a majority of conservatives would be returned.

A conservative government, however, would hardly know what to do with Ireland. It was said in the House of Lords the other day, that the constituencies in Ireland were nothing but so many rotten boroughs in the hands of the Catholic priesthood. I believe there is too much truth in this.

Among the great men here, Lord Wellington stands, by universal consent, far the highest. The publication of his dispatches, while it has recalled the recollection of the days of England's glorious achievements, has shown also the unwearied diligence, steadiness, ability, and comprehension with which he conducted the Peninsular campaigns. He is admitted to have no personal motives, to desire no office, and to seek no power. The epithet which all agree to apply to his conduct, is "straightforward."

If he were now to die, he would depart life in the possession of as much of the confidence and veneration of the British people, as any man ever possessed.

We all dined on Saturday with Mr. Bates, by whom, and by Mrs. Bates, we have been treated with the utmost attention and kindness. Julia has gone this morning to Richmond and Hampton Court, on horseback. Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Paige are going into the city with Capt. Stockton to see St. Paul's, and the other city sights. Tell Judge Story that I have not seen a lawyer or a judge who has not spoken of him, and praised his writings. If he were here, he would be one of the greatest professional lions that ever prowled through the metropolis; and tell Mr. Prescott that I have not met with a literary man that has not spoken in terms of admiration of Ferdinand and Isabella. The circles where I go inquire very much and very kindly for Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor, and many remember Governor Everett.

The papers state that The British Queen is to sail from Portsmouth on Monday next; but Mr. Jaudon told me yesterday he believed her departure was postponed to July 12. I send you the papers of this morning; when read, please hand them to Mr. T. W. Ward, or Mr. A. Lawrence.

We all desire particular remembrance to Mrs. Davis. Remember us also to the good judge. Let us hear from you when you can. As soon as Parliament is prorogued, we shall make excursions into the country. The weather is now very fine, warm, with showers, and the fields round London look delightfully. We have no such deep verdure, unless it be Rhode Island.

It is now the commencement or near the middle of the hay harvest. Yours, adieu,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

London, June 24, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for three newspapers, which I have just received, and which came by The Columbus. We have lost Virginia, as I expected we should.

No political change has taken place here, within the last fortnight or three weeks. Some expect a dissolution of Parliament; I do not; a close vote will be had to-night on the education subject. But its result, if against the ministers, will hardly lead to a resignation.

I see much private society among men of all parties, and find abundant tenders of hospitality from many sources. There is no foundation, so far as I know, for the newspaper rumor of an intention by the American merchants here, to give me a dinner. I do not think such a proceeding would be wise. I shall go into the country as soon as Parliament breaks up, and mean to be at Oxford the 15th July, whether Parliament breaks up before that time or not.

Please say to Mr. Blatchford that I met the Duke of Cambridge three days ago, at dinner, at Sir Henry Halford's, and that the Duke inquired kindly after him, and was glad I could give so fresh and so good an account of him.

I have not yet seen many sights, having been too much occupied with seeing men, to find much time for looking after things. I have, however, spent a whole morning in Westminster Abbey, and a morning it was worth crossing the Atlantic to enjoy. Nothing strikes me like this ecclesiastical architecture, its antiquity, its grandeur, and often, as in the case of Westminster Abbey, the interesting monuments which it contains. We have also been to the Tower. The ancient armory is well worth seeing, and the rooms, marked with the initials of many well known prisoners of state, of former ages, excite a strong interest. Mrs. Webster is gone this morning to St. Paul's.

This goes by The Roscoe; probably letters by G. W. will arrive before it. Yours truly,

D. W.

P. S. My love to Mr. Curtis.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. N. R. THOMAS.

London, July 3, 1839.

Dear Ray,—I was truly glad to get your letter by The Great Western, and return this answer by the same ship. Nothing

very material has happened to us since we wrote to our friends, and to Henry among the rest, by The Liverpool. Julia writes by this conveyance to your mother, and will, of course, tell her what we have been doing. We have seen a good deal of London, and are nearly fatigued with the round of social occasions, dinners, parties, &c. which the London world indulges in about this time of the year, which is called "the season." When Parliament breaks up, which will be probably about the 1st of August, many thousands of people will leave London, and the price of lodgings fall one half.

The times, I am sorry to say, are bad here, and I am afraid we shall hear of their being bad in America. Money is scarce. It is thought the Bank may raise the rate of interest to six per cent. to-morrow. I greatly fear we shall have much trouble with our Southern and Western banks.

I notice what you say respecting Col. Webster's drafts. Mr. Healy has also written me on the subject, and I am glad you are like to get along so well. I feel that you are both faithful and zealous friends and agents.

In regard to Jordan's Ferry, I agree with you that it is best to sell, as Mr. Jones proposes, and I shall feel as if it was of great importance for you to be on the spot if your health will allow; but by no means run any risk in that respect. I should rather the whole ferry property should be lost than that you should put your health in jeopardy.

Times have been such here that I have not as yet made a single movement in any affairs of business. I am looking round and inquiring, but as yet have not made an effort. Mr. Jaudon thinks it better to wait.

I shall be writing again in a day or two.

Yours always, very sincerely,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

London, July 4, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I have sent a box to Bristol, to go by The Liverpool, containing the works of a certain author,* for Mrs. Curtis; carriage is paid for to the boat; freight over and duties, you must see to. As the box is small, perhaps your friend J. J. Hoyt will not object to your taking it from the boat, without the formality of going through the custom-house.

As to the times here, they are said to be hard. Money is quite scarce. The Bank talks of raising interest to six per cent. Continental exchanges yesterday were bad, and for all this, nobody seems to find an adequate reason. In my own little matters, I shall not attempt to make any stir at present.

The 15th I am going to Oxford, to attend the national cattle show. Lord Spencer is chairman of the society, and will be present. He has written from the country to invite me to his house at Althorpe. About the 1st of August, I think we shall commence travelling to the North.

I have been here now four weeks, and we have seen very many persons; indeed, London hospitalities have nearly overwhelmed us. Breakfasts, dinners, and evening parties belong pretty much to every day of our lives. The breakfast parties are quite pleasant for persons who have entire leisure. The breakfast is about ten, and lasts till twelve. It is not a breakfast with claret, after the French fashion, but a good breakfast, with tea and coffee, &c., and more free from restraint than a dinner table. I do not follow sight-seeing; what comes in the way I look at, but have not time to hunt after pictures, &c. Westminster Abbey and the Tower are two of the best things; they hold such memorials of by-gone times. I will tell you how we pass this day, and let it be an example. It is now eleven o'clock. We breakfasted at home at nine. Mrs. Paige is not yet out of bed, as we came very late last evening from a party at the Countess Dowager of Cork's, a person now ninety-four years old, sister to General Monckton, who was with Wolfe. I was invited to dine with her ladyship yesterday, to meet Lord Hol-

* Shakespeare.

land, but was engaged; but we all went in the evening. Well, to proceed: Mrs. Webster is writing up her journal, she writes as good a journal as Burch; Julia has gone to take a gallop in the Park and Kensington Gardens with Mr. Senior, with whom we dined yesterday. Mrs. Paige will get up by and by, and at two o'clock we are going to see the club-houses, very expensive and noble structures, the resorts of the rich and the idle; having looked at these, the ladies will go to the National Gallery with Mr. Kenyon; I shall come home, go down to the House of Commons or House of Lords, at four o'clock; stay till six; perhaps hear a speech or two, especially in the Lords; come home at six; dress, and go with Mrs. Webster to dine at Kensington with the Duke of Sussex at seven; leave his house about ten; come home, take up Mrs. Paige and Julia, and go to Mrs. Bates's, to a grand concert, where will be a crowd of people, from royal dukes and duchesses down, and all the singers from the Italian Opera. Here we shall stay, taking in fruit and wine, as well as music, till twelve or one o'clock. To-morrow forenoon I shall shut myself up, to write letters for this conveyance; in the evening we all dine with Mr. Justice Vaughan, and his wife, Lady St. John. There, enough of that. Send over this trashy letter to Ketchum, as I may not find time to write him.

July 5, Friday morning.—There is nothing new, I believe, to-day. The world talks a good deal about Lady Flora Hastings, who was alive last night, but was not expected to survive many hours. The impression is deep and strong that she has been much injured.

Pray make our best regards to Mrs. Curtis. Remember us also to Dr. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins.

Write me when you can.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

London, July 5, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hall seems to have stopped some days at Bristol, or on the way, as it was only the day before yesterday that I received your letter by him. He left it without his own card or address, and I have not yet found out where he is. I hope to learn his place of lodging to-day, and will call to see him.

I have now been here a month, and my mind has been so much occupied with persons and things around me, that I have thought little of matters beyond the Atlantic, either public or private. I have hardly seen an American paper, except what you sent me. What course I shall take hereafter, in regard to political objects, is a thing to be thought of seriously, and about which friends must be consulted. The events which are likely to happen before I return to the United States, will probably throw light on my path.

We have been very kindly treated in London, by persons of different sorts. Hospitalities have been extended to us, quite as freely as we have been able to receive them. I have attended no public meetings. To three or four I have been invited; but on some of these occasions I found myself under previous engagements elsewhere, and in regard to others, they hardly seemed proper, as I thought, for me to attend.

I feel no inclination to make any public appearance in England, unless some opportunity should happen to arise, as I think it will not, in every way quite appropriate. About the 15th we go to Oxford, and soon after that, shall visit the north of England, and perhaps Scotland. Further than this, we have at present no plans.

Parliament, it is thought, will be prorogued about the 1st of August. Not much more debate is expected in the Commons. The archbishop's motion on the government plan of education, comes up to-night in the Lords, and will no doubt bring on a discussion. Ministers will probably be beaten, and the queen addressed not to go further in applying sums of money to purposes of education, without concurrence of both Houses of Parliament.

There is a practice in this government which perhaps you have not adverted to, and which has occasioned this mode of proceeding. When the House of Commons votes sums of money to particular objects, the treasury feels authorized to expend it on that object, without waiting for the forms of a law. And afterwards a general law passes, sanctioning such payments, as matter of course. Sometimes I believe a prospective appropriation bill passes, sanctioning the payment of such sums as the House of Commons may vote during the session.

There are those who think Parliament will be dissolved, should the ministers be found greatly in the minority to-night. But I do not see any reason for that opinion. If there were a new election at this time, it is very generally thought the Tories would have a majority.

The money-market is in a bad state. I fear it will be no better with you.

I am, dear Sir, always yours, with true regard,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

London, July 23, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am quite obliged to you for your letter by The Liverpool, which I received yesterday. I propose to send this by the return of the same ship. I send you a newspaper containing an account of the proceedings of the Oxford agricultural dinner, and enclosed in the paper you will find a memorandum of some corrections in the publication of my remarks. If those remarks should be published in New York, I wish these corrections might be attended to. Some of them are important. I believe I may say my remarks were well received at the time, and have been read with satisfaction. I could not, with decency, extend them. There were, I knew, to be a great many speeches, and I had no right but to a little time. Besides, Lord Spencer's remarks, in proposing the toast, did not make a wider opening.

Some gentlemen here are apparently desirous that I should have an opportunity of saying something publicly in London. Among others, I think Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord Brougham;

but it is difficult to find an occasion in which a foreigner can with propriety do more than return thanks, in a very general manner. I do not mean to transgress on propriety, for the sake of talking.

I must say that the good people have treated me with great kindness. Their hospitality is unbounded, and I find nothing cold or stiff in their manners,—at least not more than is observed among ourselves. There may be exceptions, but I think I may say this as a general truth. The thing in England most prejudiced against the United States, is the press. Its ignorance of us is shocking, and it is increased by such absurdities as the travellers publish, to which stock of absurdities, I am sorry to say, Captain Marryatt is making an abundant addition. In general, the Whigs know more and think better of America than the Tories. This is undeniable. Yet my intercourse, I think, is as much with the Conservatives as the Whigs. I have several invitations to pass time in the country, after Parliament is prorogued. Two or three of these I have agreed to accept. Lord Lansdowne and the Earl of Radnor have invited us, who live in the South, the Duke of Rutland, Sir Henry Halford, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Lonsdale, &c. who live in the North.

I mention names, even in such a way as this, only to you and Curtis, and a few others, for I am dreadfully afraid of something getting into the papers on the other side. This fear of publication is a most despotic restraint upon the freedom of correspondence.

I see very few American newspapers, and therefore learn what is going on only by letters. I follow your good advice, and say nothing in my correspondence upon topics which now agitate people at home. I am more and more content with my own position in regard to these questions.

You will write me, I trust, by every conveyance, and believe me, always, with entire regard,

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MEMORANDUM.

THE following memorandum was made by Mr. Webster, and is curious as exhibiting his observation:—

LONDON PRICES OF MATTERS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

July 30, 1839.

Beef, roasting pieces	8*d.*
Mutton, prime joint	8*d.*
Veal, best, and best cut	8½*d.*
Small chickens, a pair	6*s.*
One good fowl	5*s.*
One good capon	8*s.* to 9*s.*
Ducks, a pair	7*s.*
A good goose	7*s.* to 8*s.*
A calf's head	4*s.* 6*d.* skin on.
Salmon, good	14*d.* Scotch salmon.
Worcester salmon	1*s.* 9*d.*
Lobsters	2*s.* 6*d.* and all very small.
House lamb	9*s.* a quarter.
Best new potatoes	3 half-pence to 2*d.* a lb.
Cauliflowers	3*d.* to 4*d.* a head, very fine.
Ham	10*d.* to 12*d.* per lb.
Bacon, a whole side, including ham and shoulder, smoked by fires made from sawdust, so as not to be black, but slightly browned	6½*d.* per lb.
Best butter	1*s.* 4*d.*
Cheshire cheese	11*d.*
Stilton do.	1*s.* 6*d.*
Bread	10*d.* for 4 lb.
Wine, at Brunswick Hotel:—	
Sherry	6*s.*
Port, old	6*s.*
Madeira, of the year 1816,	8*s.* 6*d.*
Champagne, best	9*s.* 6*d.*
Hock, Steinberg	12*s.* 6*d.*
Claret, best	9*s.* 6*d.*
Moselle	6*s.*
Gooseberries, fit for table	9*d.* a quart.
Best currants	1*s.* a quart.
Peaches	12*s.* to 18*s.* a dozen.
that is, a shilling to	1*s.* 6*d.* a-piece.
Grapes	4*s.* to 6*s.* a lb.

Cherries, gone,—Strawberries do. Grapes and Peaches delicious.

MEMORANDUM. The salmon generally is excellent. I like it far better than the turbot. Beef, mutton, and poultry no better than our own. Cooks not so good as Nancy. London dinners all alike. Extra professed cooks going about as with us.

Turbot sells variously from 5*s.* to 25*s.* a fish, according to season. Cod, from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a slice, of 1 lb. or 1½ lb.

Mrs. Webster holds halibut much better than turbot or sole; she despises the red mullet.

House lamb is a lamb whose mother is kept on dry food, this makes the meat white.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

London, July 31, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a copy of The Times containing my remarks at Oxford; it is, I think, with some corrections which you will find enclosed, rather better than the Oxford report.

We have had fourteen or fifteen rainy days in succession. If the weather should not change soon, there will be danger to the crops.

Business affairs, it is said, look a "shade" brighter. Cotton has risen, and the demand for bullion to go abroad, has ceased. Still, the Bank does not discount, and money is said to be very scarce. I fear we shall have bad accounts from the United States. I am, dear Sir, always truly yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. I. P. DAVIS.

London, July 31, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—Six days ago, an English gentleman read my speech of last year, in which I gave some account of the productive industry of Massachusetts. Two days afterwards, he sold out some other stocks, and invested £40,000 in Massachusetts 5 per. cents, at 103; stocks of other States, bearing the same interest, might have been had at 88. The Bay State forever!

You may show this to the governor, Mr. Lawrence, &c. &c., but do not let it get into print, as it would be ascribed to wrong motives.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Lowther Castle, August 21, 1839.

My dear Sir,—We arrived yesterday at Penrith from the Lake country, and found your letter of the 15th of this month. We had heard of the terrible calamity in Mr. Robinson's family, and were exceedingly shocked. Mrs. Webster could hardly sustain the intelligence. No wonder Mrs. Jaudon was made sick by a blow so sudden, falling on a friend under circumstances which called on her for kind offices and mournful duties.

I hear of the arrival of Mr. Appleton and Mr. Edward Webster, by The British Queen. Edward's destination is to some place on the continent, to study French and other things for a year, but as he cannot go over until I return to London, I have thought he might as well accompany Mr. Appleton in joining us. I propose that they come *via* Liverpool to Glasgow, where we expect to be at the beginning of next week. I write to Edward to your care; his letter said he was at the British Hotel, Jermyn street, but he may have changed his lodgings. You will see him often enough, I dare say, to know where he is to be found.

This is a fine bright day, after ten days of sad cold and wet weather. I pray you give our love to Mrs. Jaudon and the young ladies, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Always most truly yours,

Dan'l Webster.

P. S. This is a magnificent place. As yet, I have hardly seen it, but there is enough about it to make one open both his eyes. What I see or learn of English country life, a topic always interesting to me, I shall have pleasure in talking over with you and Mrs. Jaudon. We have an invitation to the Tournament, but shall not go. The expense would be considerable, of being three or four days in that neighborhood at that time, and I do not think I ought to incur it. Mrs. Webster says she should be particularly glad to have a letter from Mrs. Jaudon by Edward, if she should have leisure and health to write.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. TICKNOR.

Lowther Castle, August 21, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to hear that we have found time to get a snatch at the scenery of the Lakes, with which you are so well acquainted, and which Mrs. Ticknor and yourself have so lately visited. We thought of you often, as we had "Scarboro' Fell," "Helvellyn," or "Skiddaw" before us. We have not run the beauty of this scenery into the details, with the spirit of professed tourists, but have seen enough to convince us that there is much of beauty and something of sublimity in it. Mountain, dale, and lake, altogether, are interesting and striking in a very high degree. They are striking to us, who have seen higher mountains and broader lakes. Mr. Wordsworth, in his description of the lakes, has said, with very great truth, I think, that sublimity, in these things, does not depend entirely either on form or size, but much, also, on the position and relation of objects, and their capability of being strongly influenced by the changes of light and shade. He might have added, I think, that a certain unexpected disproportion, a sudden starting up of these rough and bold mountains, hanging over the sweet and tranquil lakes below, in the forms and with the frowns of giants, produces a considerable part of the effect.

But although we have enjoyed the scene much, some things have been inauspicious. We did not see Wordsworth, as he was not at home, and although not far off, we did not find it convenient to wait his return. We regretted this the more, as we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance in London, where we met him several times, and were quite delighted with him; so that we were better able to estimate the amount of our loss, in missing him at Ambleside. He had been written to, to meet us here, but had a complaint in his eyes, which prevented him from accepting the invitation. You will have noticed, that he has lately received an LL. D. from Oxford. The same honor was conferred at the same time, the Commemoration, on the Earl of Ripon and other distinguished persons, and those persons were cheered with some heartiness, as their names were announced. But when Wordsworth's was proclaimed, the theatre rang with the most tempestuous ap-

plause. Among the Oxonians, genius and poetry carried it, all hollow, over power and politics. Probably, too, there existed, not only high regard for his private worth, and the good tendency of his writings, but a feeling that injury had been done him, long ago, in a certain quarter.

Nor did we see Southey. He was married, as you will have seen, about two months ago, and though low spirits be not, of course, the common consequence of such enterprises, yet if "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*," be good logic, his case is an exception to the general rule. He has been quite sad and melancholy ever since he became the happy bridegroom. Our friends in London advised us not to call on him; but, in fact, he was not at Keswick. I left your letter, hoping it might gladden his heart to hear from you when he returned. Finally, we have had better weather for our visits here. Clouds, mist, and pouring rain have constituted the succession of atmospheric operations. However, we had great amends the afternoon we entered Keswick, when the sun came out in happy moment, and poured a flood of light on the green dale and the smooth lake, and showed us Skiddaw, veiled only, as majesty should be, with a transparent wreath of mist around his brow. So much for the country of the lakes, which we have, truly, very much enjoyed.

We came to this place, on an invitation received in London, and have been most hospitably and kindly entertained. You know all about Lowther Castle. One may say safely of it, what Mr. Mason said of his house in Portsmouth, that it is a comfortable shelter against the weather! We go hence to Scotland, not to the tournament, and expect to see Mr. Lockhart somewhere near the Falls of Clyde. Our route will be from Glasgow to Edinburgh, perhaps with a little intermediate bend northward, and then to London along the north road. We have not time to see any thing as it ought to be seen. Yesterday we heard of the arrival of Edward and Mr. Appleton in London, by The British Queen.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Make my particular remembrances to Mrs. Ticknor, to whom, as well as to yourself, the ladies desire to transmit their regards. Remember me also to Mr. Guild and Mr. Dwight, and their families. Say to Mr. Guild, that I do not forget I am a farmer, and therefore look at cattle and turnip

fields. This is a bright day, and the harvest needs many such. For a fortnight the weather has been shockingly cold and wet.

I am, dear Sir, very truly, yours always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Glasgow, August 29, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your communications by Mr. Miller; the papers I have not had time to look at, as I received them only this morning. If Mr. Goodrich satisfies you, I shall be satisfied. I am now visiting Scotland, and proceed hence to-morrow, a little way into the highlands, if the weather should be fair. But it rains so incessantly, that there is little satisfaction in travelling. Being here day before yesterday morning, we thought we would drive over, and see the "Tournament." The preparation was extensive, but all was spoiled by the rain. From twelve to six the water poured down like a sieve. The jousting was very much impeded, and the dinner, being under a tent or marquee, was overflowed; a like catastrophe happened to the ball-room, so that the company dispersed at six o'clock, without banquet or ball, and provided for themselves as they could. We lodged a few miles off, and went only as spectators for a few hours, not intending to stay to dinner, although we had an invitation, so that we lost nothing but the sight. I quite pitied Lord Eglintoun, who had incurred great expense for a foolish purpose, it is true, and who appeared to suffer much mortification. He appears to be quite a gentleman, and conducted himself as well as possible under the circumstances.

I do not think I shall return until late in the fall. I hear little, and say nothing of American politics. You may manage those things to suit yourselves. I express no opinion to anybody about the pending election. I see enough to convince me that our affairs at home are in a very bad and difficult state, and I do not profess to know who was born to set them right. You are quite correct in your estimate of the importance of the currency question. But what can be done? With the prejudice, the party, the ignorance, and the presumption which pre-

vail, what chance is there of amendment? I have conversed with many of the first men in England on these questions, and think I have learned something, but it will be lost, I suspect, on the followers of —— and ——.

Adieu! I will write Mrs. Lee, but doubt whether I can do it by this conveyance. Yours, ever, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Stirling, September 1, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—We arrived here yesterday from Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine; beautiful objects, which we should have enjoyed more in better weather. After writing you, finding ourselves at Glasgow, Tuesday morning, twenty-five miles from Eglintoun, it was concluded that we would drive over and look on for a little time, but not present ourselves as guests, according to our invitation, for ball and banquet. We did so. You have learned that the whole affair was spoiled by the rain, so that ball and banquet there was none for anybody. We returned immediately to Glasgow, and thence by steamboat into the country of the little lakes above mentioned. I should admire to go far to the North, and see the main fame of the Highland world, but that time and circumstance do not allow. We go to Edinburgh to-morrow, and shall stay there until I hear from you, as I feel anxious about that matter of Mr. Strickland, and as it is possible, too, you may have letters for us from America. Please forward, if any. I will call for your communications at the post-office, Edinburgh, as I do not know at what hotel we shall be.

This Stirling is an interesting spot. The views from the Castle are of the best I have seen. The valley through which The Forth winds, is very rich, and you see the course of the river for many miles. On the north, the highland mountains, on the east Edinburgh Castle, distant thirty-five miles, present themselves.

Remember us all to Mrs. Jaudon. For my part, I confess I begin to be willing to get back to London.

Yours, always truly, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. LINDSLEY.

Stirling, Scotland, September 6, 1839.

DEAR MRS. LINDSLEY,—We have passed rather rapidly through some of the lake scenery in Scotland. Many have seen this, and many have described it. Since Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," all have felt a new interest in this part of Scotland, and now since steamboats are on every lake and river, where there is water enough to float them, crowds follow crowds through the whole travelling season, all along the common track. This takes off much of the romance and much of the interest. All travel together, and everybody is in a prodigious hurry. The inns are all crowded, the carriages all crammed, and the decks of the steamboats covered with a mass of men and women, each with a guide-book in his hand learning what to admire! The scenery in itself is truly beautiful, and I have learned enough to know, I think, how one should travel in order to enjoy it. The great majority of travellers only wish to "get on." Their first inquiry is how soon they can get to a place; the next how soon they can get away from it; they incur the expense of the journey, I believe, more for the sake of having the power of saying afterwards that they have seen sights, than from any other motive. If I could go through this lake region at leisure, and with one friend of discernment, taste, and feeling, I should experience, I am sure, the greatest possible delight.

You leave Glasgow in a steamboat, go down the Clyde fourteen miles, and then come to Dunbarton Castle, a huge rock five or six hundred feet high, not connected with any other high land, and with a fortress at the top. At the base of this is the mouth of the little river, Leven, or Leiven, and on its banks the village of Dunbarton. Here you take a coach and drive northward up this little river five miles, and then arrive at the lower or south end of Loch Lomond. The river is the outlet of the lake, and the valley which it makes from the lake to its mouth in the Clyde, at Dunbarton, is called the vale or dale of Dunbarton, and is uncommonly beautiful. From the south end of the lake you proceed northward up the lake, at first winding about among a great many pretty islands, this being by much the widest part of the lake. When you get up ten or fifteen miles,

the lake contracts, the mountains Ben Lomond on your right, and Ben Ima on your left, press close down to the lake and hang over it in a very striking and picturesque manner. The mountains are not contiguous ridges, but a succession of distinct and irregular hills, rising sometimes 2,500 or 2,800 feet, some of them coming close to the lake, others receding from it; some appearing to stop your way, so that till you get quite to their foot, you do not see how the loch can find its course any further. The whole lake is perhaps about thirty miles long. If you are bound to Loch Katrine you stop on the shore of Loch Lomond on its eastern side, five miles before you reach its head. The head of Loch Katrine then lies due east from you, five miles distant, a high mountain ridge of moor lands intervening; over this ridge, there being no carriage road, you pass on a pony, and some highlander carries your luggage. The passage is noway difficult to those accustomed to ride, but the great rush of tourists sometimes renders it uncertain whether you will find ponies ready. This is another reason against travelling in a crowd. If I were here with any one companion, you know we could walk over the mountain and moralize by the way. Arrived at the upper or west end of Loch Katrine, you are received into a row boat and taken down the lake. This lake is narrow, is ten miles long, and I need not say exquisitely beautiful. The brightness of the water, the infinite variety in the slopes and in the surface of the surrounding mountains, cliffs, crags, and the ten thousand hues of light and shade produced by the shining of an evening sun on such a various and grotesque an assemblage of objects, give to the whole scene an effect not perhaps anywhere to be surpassed.

Half-way down the lake or thereabouts, you enter the "Trosacks," or "bristled" passage, that is, a passage made rough by pointed, high-rising, and projecting rocks. It is the natural passage from the highlands to the lowlands in this part of Scotland. Here the lake narrows very much. On the north is Ben An, on the south Ben Venue; I take it Ben, in Gælic, means mountain; and many others under other names, not so high, but yet bold, steep, and sharp-pointed, stand up as if to guard the pass, a duty which Sir Walter has assigned them. Here is Ellen's Island, and here the Silver Strand, that is, some twenty rods of white New England pond-beach, the only speci-

men of that sort of shore which I noticed on either lake. In short, Sir Walter's description of this part of the lake, put into the mouth of Fitz-James when he first discovered it, is very true and exact, and hardly exaggerated. From the foot of the lake its outlet, called the Teith, continues for a mile amidst a thick wood, and with similar mountains on each side, and then runs into a little lake, one and a half mile long, called Achray, and from this to a large lake, Loch Vennachar, and so into the Forth and down by Stirling to the sea. The waters of Loch Lomond, thus running into the Frith of Clyde, those of Loch Katrine into that of the Forth. So much for Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine.

P. S.

London, September 20, 1839.

My dear Cousin,—I wrote the enclosed in Scotland; it is of little value, but may serve to prove my remembrance. We returned from our northern tour yesterday, all well. Julia is to be married on Tuesday, the 24th instant, and will then, I suppose, go to the continent. Edward will go either to St. Omer's or to Geneva. We have seen a great many things which I hope to talk with you about hereafter, but as the steamship leaves Liverpool to-morrow, I have no time to write to-day. Give my love to your husband and children, and Dr. Sewall. Send for Charles Brown, and tell him we are all well. We have taken our passage for November.

Yours, affectionately always,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

London, September 20, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I returned to London last evening, after an absence of six weeks, in which period we have seen much of England, and something of the south of Scotland, and as far north as to the commencement of the highlands. While on the journey, I received your several letters and the newspaper sent by Mr. Miller. But to tell the truth, I have found little time since I have been in England, to read American newspapers.

My object has been to learn something of England and the English people, and my time has been quite devoted to this, I hope to some little purpose. But I have looked far enough into American political accounts, to see how badly things have gone in Tennessee and Indiana. The latter State has disappointed my expectations. Following your good advice, I write nothing to America concerning American politics, and for good reasons express no opinion here on that subject. Forbearing thus to speak of American politics, and forbearing of course to speak of English politics, my conversation, in my intercourse with English people, is necessarily very general. And for the same reason, as well as for others, those opportunities for saying something in public, which you so much wish that I should improve, but very seldom occur. I heed your good counsel on that subject, and shall be alive to it, but I cannot promise any great results. Nor do I see what I could write upon with a view to publication, which would form an interesting topic. On this point, however, I shall try hard to send you something. What I write, you know, if published in the United States, and known to be mine, would come back here, and for this reason I must be the more careful.

You will see what has happened in Paris in respect to United States bank bills, drawn on Hottinguer. It has caused great concern, almost amounting to consternation here. Mr. Jaudon is now in Paris. I hope we shall hear from him to-day, so that better news may go by The Liverpool to-morrow. I fear the event in business matters in America, if nothing favorable should be in season for this opportunity. In other respects, I am told that money matters are improved in this city.

P. S. 5 o'clock.—Mr. Jaudon has arranged matters in Paris. Rothschild accepts the bills *pro honore*. You will doubtless see it all in the commercial letters.

I have written Mrs. Lee. Mr. Goodwin may call on her.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

London, October 16, 1839.

My dear Sir,—I have this moment received your letter by The British Queen, for which I thank you. I am on the wing for Paris, where I expect to meet my family. They have been to Switzerland, and have left Edward at Geneva. It is my expectation to embark next month, but by what conveyance, I cannot yet quite say. If any thing should occur to change this purpose, I will give you timely notice. It gives me great pain to hear of Mrs. Everett's accident. I pray you to offer to her and the children my love and good wishes.

I have passed my time very agreeably in England, have run over a good deal of the country; seen a good many people, and enjoyed much. But I now feel a strong wish to get home. I feel that my place is not here; and that I ought not to stay longer than to gratify a reasonable curiosity, and desire to see an interesting part of the world, but not my part. Nevertheless, if I could with propriety, I should like to spend the winter in Europe. Things have not favored that desire. Every thing connected with American affairs here has been bad as possible. I do not suppose any thing American could have been sold. At present, we hope the crisis or the pinch is passed. Mr. Jaudon has fought manfully, and we all have done what we could for him, and he has weathered the storm.

I have a word to say quite in confidence about the troubles on the northern frontier last winter. I have heard it said, and believe it, that Lord Palmerston has told Mr. Stevenson that if the American government does not repress or punish these outrages, the British government will, and reads us a lecture on the right of pursuing such marauders into their own country, out of Mr. Monroe's message, General Jackson's Florida Campaign, &c.!

Adieu, my good friend! I long to see you and to talk with you. I am glad you saw Marshfield even at a distance; poor old, barren, sea-beaten Marshfield! Lowther Castle, or Belvoir or Windsor, neither of these is Marshfield. And so, I am sure, their owners and occupants would think, if they were to see it.

Yours, D. Webster.

MR. WHITE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Beachwater, N. Y., January 26, 1840.—10 o'clock, P. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some days since, and when I "took pen in hand" after my recent sickness, I wrote you a line to Washington, where I concluded you would repair immediately, after you had fixed up matters in Boston. Since that time, I have been slowly recovering, and though very weak, feel more ability to use my pen than when I last wrote you.

My situation here is rather a queer one, and a little more romantic than comfortable. For some weeks previous to my late attack, business caused me to reside in Buffalo at the hotel, but the noise of a large public house annoyed me, and I came here just as this most savage winter set in, since which snows, blows, and storms have been the order of the day, and the island forests have been heavily taxed to supply the fuel necessary to keep up a due degree of vitality. In one thing, however, I take comfort, which is, that the doctors say, had not my constitution been originally of the strongest, I must have yielded up the struggle against their administration of emetics, cathartics, pills, potions, and abstinence. As soon, however, as we get a tolerably warm day, I propose to wrap up warm and go to Buffalo, and from thence, I hope, in a week or two, bating relapses, to Boston; where, Heaven knows, my presence is sufficiently needed. The sad state of the times prevented me from performing my intended journey to visit Fletcher and Caroline, and the South Bend, as I had warmly hoped to do.

. . . This is truly a rambling epistle, but you must pardon my incoherence for it is written under the following circumstances. My liver having been much affected, the physicians, without the aid of mercury, which my queer constitution will not bear, left for me a phial containing a wash, to be applied to my side, of muriatic acid, aqua fortis, I believe, nitric acid, and sundry other poisonous ingredients. During the accidental absence of my good wife, I took a very considerable dose of it instead of another tonic preparation of iron, left by them at the same time. I was directed to take it in weak brandy and water. I mean the iron mixture. It made wonderfully good punch, and on telling my wife what an agreeable beverage the doctors had pre-

scribed, she was horrified, and sent off express to Buffalo for my physician. Meantime my appetite, of which I had not the slightest experience for six weeks, revisited me, the vomiting which had constantly followed the taking of food, had left me, and here I am waiting the event, and employing myself in my nightgown, writing to you, my dear Sir, perhaps the last scrawl I shall ever indite. It would be queer, and not much to the credit of medical science, if I should have found a specific instead of a poison, by making this awkward blunder.

If it be otherwise, this may be the last epistle from, my dear Sir, your faithful and affectionate friend,

STEPHEN WHITE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, February 2, 1840.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—Herewith you have a letter from La Salle. I received and have forwarded your letter to Caroline, and have written your father, from whom I have received two letters. He thinks he is going fast in health, and I have urged him strongly to quit that horrid place, Tonawanda, and live on the sea-coast, where alone will he ever enjoy any really good health.

I have become snugly settled here, in a room as big as a closet, a good wood fire, Charles, my French books, my law books, &c. &c. Nobody else here, saving Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and Mr. Evans. I am glad to be where I am to remain two months, with a chance of being warm, although I have a good deal of hard work to do.

I had a bad time from your house to New York. The travelling by land was dreadful from the cold. All circumstances recalled quite too painfully the remembrance of the last journey I made with Julia's mother.

I regret exceedingly to hear of Mr. Davis's illness; pray keep me informed how he is.

Do you go often enough to see Mr. Blake? You should remember those who are in prison.*

* Mr. Blake was confined to his room.

Make my love to Ellen, husband, and daughter, and to another husband, daughter, and son, nearer at hand.

Yours, affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. I write Julia and her husband by this post.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SAMUEL ROGERS, LONDON.

Washington, February 10, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—If what Dr. Johnson says be true, I am somewhat advanced in the dignity of a thinking being; as the past and the distant at this moment predominate in my mind, strongly over the present. From amid the labors of law and the strife of politics, I transport myself to London. No sooner am I in London, than I go off to find you, to grasp your hand, to assure myself of your health, and then sit down and hear you talk. I enjoy all this, my dear Sir, most highly, and mean to enjoy it so long as you and myself remain on this little bit of a globe. The pleasure of your acquaintance is not with me the felicity of a few months only. I fund it, and intend to get a very nice annuity out of it; as long as I live I shall be receiving a dividend, whenever I think of you; and if I can persuade myself into the belief that you sometimes remember me and mine, the treasure will be so much the more valuable.

To that end, my dear Sir, as well as for other purposes, for which one writes a friendly letter, I transmit you this. You will learn from it that we are all alive, and safely landed on our side of the ocean. Our passage was of thirty-five days with the alternations of head winds and calms; and our approach to the shore a little dangerous, perhaps, from the season of the year, and the state of the weather. But no accident happened to us. One of the greatest annoyances in such a voyage, at such a time of the year, is the shocking length of the nights. When you come over, look out for short nights and long days.

My wife is at New York, passing a few weeks with her father, an aged gentleman, who has been a good deal out of health. Mrs. Paige is in Boston, entertaining the circles around

her with the wonders of London and Paris. Julia is also in Boston, and if she knew I was writing, would be eager to put on my sheet her warm recollections. You have many older admirers, but none more ardent or enthusiastic. If it were proposed to her to visit Europe again, the pleasure of seeing you, I am sure, would be a very powerful inducement. Having visited Boston, I came hither a fortnight ago. Congress is in session and will remain so, not probably quite so late as Parliament will sit, but until June or July. Our affairs are bad enough. The currency is terribly deranged, and the important and delicate questions which always belong to such a subject, are sadly handled, when they become topics for heated and violent parties.

I see, too, that the money crisis is not over in England. Our concerns are indeed much connected, and the same causes affect them all. I am coming to the opinion fast, that new modes of regulation must be adopted in both countries, or else these frequent contractions and expansions of the paper circulation will compel us to give it up, and go back to gold or iron, or the Lord knows what. But I will not bore you with politics.

Let me rather say, that I have answered a hundred questions about you, made many persons happy by speaking of you, and that I made it a point to boast perpetually of your kindness to us. I wish I had something to send you worthy of your perusal. If I should be so fortunate as to see any thing, shortly, which I may think possesses that character, it will furnish me with an apology for writing to you again. I pray you, when at Holland House, you will do me the honor to tender my best respects to Lord and Lady Holland.

I am, my dear Sir, with the most sincere attachment and regard,

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 16, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—It gave me pleasure to receive your letter last evening.

If you should conclude to take the Whig nomination, I will take the field for you, from Marshfield to Berkshire, but I confess I cannot wonder that you should incline to dispose of yourself in another manner for some time to come. If I had the means I would take my wife along the same track. As far as I am a judge, I think a residence for some time in a warmer climate is quite important to your wife. I have thought so for some time, and was speaking upon the same subject within a few days to a friend. I will come and see you before you go. If I find I can afford it, I will send Edward to you from Geneva for a few months.

We shall choose General Harrison, if no untoward event occurs between this time and November. But we are to have bad times, whoever may be in or whoever out. The people have been cajoled and humbugged. All parties have played off so many poor popular contrivances against each other, that I am afraid the public mind has become in a lamentable degree warped from correct principles, and turned away to the contemplation merely of momentary expedients, not only in regard to men, but to things also.

I pray you remember me most kindly to Mrs. Everett, and believe me always, most truly and sincerely,

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 5, 1840.

MY DEAR SON,—I am almost afraid to give you joy on the birth of a son, such little things being in their first days so delicate and fragile. I hope, however, that this may reach you finding mother and child well, and the boy a promising little chap. Give my best love to Caroline. So soon as she is well, I suppose she will be writing to some of us. And now for a name. As he has black head and eyes, you may give him mine if you please; or you can name him for his uncle, poor little Charles.

I believe we are all indebted to my father's mother, for a large portion of the little sense and character which belongs to

us. Her name was Susannah Bachelder; she was the daughter of a clergyman, and a woman of uncommon strength of understanding. If I had had many boys, I should have called one of them "Bachelder." Your grandfather's name, Ebenezer, and your uncle's name Ezekiel, are not good names; if either of them was, I should like to have it perpetuated. Mothers generally name sons, and I dare say Caroline has a name by this time.

Poor Ray has been sick again. He was taken a week ago with a very violent bilious attack. Dr. Sewall has attended him, and he is relieved and better, but entirely taken down and exhausted. I begin to think again it is not worth while for him to go to the West. His constitution does not seem to be suited to any climate but that of New England. He will write for himself in a day or two, as I hope, and if he concludes not to go, he will put you in possession of all things necessary to be known, in regard to my affairs, and you must attend to them.

I must see you some time in the course of the spring, summer, or fall, the earlier the better; that is to say, the earliest time will be best, which suits you. What can you do with Caroline, and when can you come?

Your mother is not yet here. She has preferred thus far to stay at New York, but I am now looking for her every day; all well at Boston at last dates. The packets are all kept out. We are without European news, and have not heard lately from Edward. Remember me kindly to Miss Fettyplace, and kiss Grace and the baby. Indeed, you may as well give a kiss to each of the family in my behalf, by way of congratulation at the birth of a son and heir.

Yours, affectionately,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, March 18, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter, and your kind offers in regard to Edward, if he should go to Italy. How that may be I do not yet know, but he will find a great temptation

in the pleasure and advantage which the prospect of the society of your family will hold out to him.

You are so well known in Europe, it would seem superfluous that I should offer you letters; the more especially as my acquaintance is mostly confined to England. But if I can do you the least service, in the way of letters or in any other way, I assure you it would give me most sincere pleasure. I presume I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before your departure.

Your letter to the Whig committee is praised by everybody. It must do extensive good, especially in Massachusetts. I believe a strong majority of the people of the State regret that they have not now the power of testifying towards you their unabated regard and confidence.

A misfortune, almost a domestic one, has fallen on me here, in the illness, and in all probability, the approaching death of young Mr. Thomas of Marshfield; a young man who came here on his way to the West, on affairs of mine. He lies hopelessly ill at Brown's Hotel.

I am, dear Sir, with faithful regard,

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. R. WEBSTER.

Washington, March 19, 1840.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Poor Ray breathed his last, last night, at half-past eleven. Mr. Evans had just left him, and Mr. Curtis had not reached his room. I had gone to bed at ten, exhausted with sorrow and fatigue. He died without much change, except that he had become easier. I do not think he had been sensible for many hours. Henry has not yet arrived. I have engaged Mr. Haight to do all that is proper, on the presumption that, when Henry arrives, he will wish to take the body home. If he should not come to-night, or in the cars at eleven o'clock to-morrow, other disposition must be made. It has been a most depressing and sad scene for ten days.

It seemed to be my duty under the circumstances to pay him particular attention, and I have endeavored to discharge that duty as well as I could. Mr. Evans and Mr. Curtis have

been exceedingly kind. Poor Charles, like myself, is almost worn out. He has been for four or five days without any regular sleep. I shall not go to the Senate to-day; but as some disposition of the corpse will be made to-morrow, I must after that attend to my duties. For a day or two I need rest. I think it about twelve years since I took Ray out of his father's house, and found a place for him with a merchant in Boston. From that time he has always seemed like a near connection of the family.

As I have so many letters to write, I wish you would write to Julia. It is now the third day since I had a letter from you. I hope to get one this evening.

Yours, always truly, D. WEBSTER.

Mr. Lawrence's family continue to get better.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Washington, March 29, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am going to New York in a day or two to bring my wife to Washington, but lest I should not get there before The Queen sails, I must write you from this place.

The mercantile and financial state of things, other friends will be able to communicate with more accuracy; I will say a few words upon other topics. And first and foremost, we have more than an even chance of accomplishing a thorough revolution in the administration. General Harrison's nomination runs through the country most astonishingly. Our friends feel confident of the centre, the Northwest, and the North and East. Kentucky and Louisiana will doubtless be with us; very probably Tennessee, and there are even hopes of Virginia. The first sharply-contested election will be in Connecticut, on the 5th April. It will be a sign, to show how the feeling is in New England. This hopeful state of things gives quite a new aspect to our politics.

The administration and its friends are busy; The Globe furious and rabid, but we trust they will not be able to check the current. You see what a sweep the Whigs have made, in and about Philadelphia. If the legislature at Harrisburg will only adjourn,

without doing any thing violent towards the bank, I believe the State will go clear for Harrison.

You see warm words between Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth. Yet we do not apprehend any serious mischief. It is, however, unpardonable in both governments, to leave this controversy unsettled. There is no disposition here to have war, and I am sure quite as little on your side. The infirmity of the case, in my opinion is, that neither administration feels strong enough to take decisive measures to terminate the dispute. Lord Palmerston is afraid of the Tories, Mr. Van Buren is afraid of Maine and the Whigs.

I had the pleasure to see Mrs. White after my arrival here, but the judge had gone to Alexandria, and I did not see him. They reached home safely, and received, as you will have seen, a sort of triumph. His health is feeble, but if he shall be able to show himself to the people, he will make a great impression, and in all probability carry the State.

Please say to Mr. Alsop, that a melancholy occurrence has prevented me from being ready to write him on my own business. N. R. Thomas, my agent in regard to western lands, came here five weeks ago at my request; was here taken sick and died at Brown's on the 17th. A good deal worn down by taking care of him, and much affected by his death, for he was almost as near and dear to me as a son, I have not been able to examine the necessary papers to make the statement I promised Mr. Alsop to send. It shall go by the next steamer. Thus far I have got along without your brother. But I shall be obliged to call on him this week in my way to New York. As affairs look rather easier in England, perhaps he will find less difficulty in complying with my wishes. I pray you, make my most respectful and kind remembrances to Mr. Morison. I shall not forget the kind interest he took in our American affairs. I liked Mr. Wright also very well, and hope you gave him the hint I desired.

We are passing a bill for the issue of five millions Treasury notes, and shall need another five before July. The subject will be up in the Senate to-morrow, and I shall take occasion to make a short speech, setting forth the state of the revenue, expenditure, &c. Perhaps some extracts from it may get to New York in season for this conveyance

I pray you give my love to Mrs. Jaudon and the daughters. We talk about you much, and remember all your kindness with grateful hearts. Julia has gone to housekeeping. I may run down from New York and make her a call.

Pray let me hear from you, by return of The Queen, unless she brings you out, so that instead of hearing from you we can look upon you.

Yours, always faithfully,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, May 24, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sit down to answer your very kind letter of the 9th instant.

Your offer in regard to Edward is so very kind and advantageous, that I have written to him, that unless he shall have made definite arrangements for his return home, he may accept it, and join your family at Florence, or elsewhere, as he may be advised by you. I need not say I feel sensibly your great friendship, as manifested in this matter. I am sure Edward will be most grateful, and know not how else he can pass some time with more chance of improvement. He is amiable, I hope tolerably well mannered, and I think has rather a strong purpose of making something of himself. I write to him that as soon as you land in Europe, you will write him. His address is, "Mr. Edward Webster, M. de Boit, Rue Beauregard, No. 66, Geneva." I could wish also that, on your arrival, you would write to him to the care of "John Watson, Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Square, London," to be kept for him there. By one or the other of these means, he will be nearly certain to hear from you early.

In all matters relating to his studies, I must ask your friendly and parental directions to him. I believe he destines himself to the law; but while with you he will of course attend to literature and general knowledge, and I hope make progress in modern languages, especially the French. Whether he would like to study Italian, I do not know.

Let me know if there be any thing I can do for you. I shall

be strongly tempted to go to New York to say good-by to your wife and children, and to give you a parting shake by the hand.

With all possible good wishes, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SAMUEL ROGERS.

Washington, May 25, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Some time in August, I hope this letter will be put into your hand by my personal and particular friend, Mr. Everett. Twenty years ago, Mr. Everett was in England, and made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Stowell, and others who have since joined the great congregation of the dead. He remembered you, and he has therefore a great pleasure to come.

Mr. Everett is a scholar, if we may be thought to have reared one in America. For some years past, he has been engaged in political life, as a member of Congress, and Governor of Massachusetts. He now goes abroad with the intention of passing some years in France and Italy. His family is with him, but he has informed me that he thinks of leaving them in Paris, and of making a short visit to London, before he goes into winter quarters on the continent. As he is my fast friend, I commend him to you, my dear Mr. Rogers, as a sort of "Alter Ego;" but he is a much more learned, a more wise, and a better "Ego," than he who writes this. Have the kindness to make him known at Holland House.

A thousand blessings attend you, my dear Sir, and many happy years yet be yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. COFFIN.

Washington, June 11, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the first of this month was duly received, and if I were not kept at my post, by the pendency of particular public measures of great importance, I would cheer-

fully make a journey to New Hampshire, for the sake of meeting the Whigs of my native State, assembled in Convention. But it is impossible for me to leave my seat, at this time, consistently with duty. Although I cannot be with you, my dear Sir, you will have my earnest and sincere fellow-feeling and good wishes.

The moment is propitious, and I hope it will be well improved, for an appeal to the good sense and patriotism of the people of our State. They have the same interests as their neighbors, and the same necessity for good laws and wise administration. And the causes which have created such an agitation all over the country, cannot but have awakened their attention also. A revolution is in progress, which sooner or later, must and will reach them, and the sooner the better. I believe that the election in November will show the greatest change of public opinion ever manifested in the United States. Nothing is likely to check the current of that opinion, now running so strongly and swelling so fast, because nothing will be done here to remove the evils under which the country suffers, and which have set it in motion. The first step taken by this administration was a decisive and fatal one. The President, in his first message to Congress in September, 1837, announced his policy to be, to provide a medium for the payment of taxes and debts to government, but to take no measure for the maintenance of a sound currency among the people. This policy was wholly new. Down to the very last hour of his administration, General Jackson acknowledged it to be the solemn duty of the general government to take care of the currency of the country, and to maintain it in a sound and convenient state for the whole people. He insisted that he had fully performed that duty, and that he had furnished to the country a good system. These things were among the very last of his official acts and official sayings. But soon after his own hand was withdrawn from it, his system failed, totally failed. The currency of the country was thrown into confusion; and then it was that the successor of General Jackson renounced, altogether, what he had thought a solemn duty of the government, and avowed the strange policy of providing for government, and of letting the people provide for themselves. I heard this declaration with astonishment; and what I then thought of it, and

what I thought it would lead to, may be seen by reference to my remarks made on the subject at that session. I have called this a strange policy. It was a rash dereliction of duty, a sort of headstrong refusal to execute plain constitutional obligations. It was a bold throwing off of duty, from consciousness of the difficulty of discharging it, without recanting former opinions. The administration cannot retrace this extraordinary, this fatal step; and its consequences on the country are not consequences for a month only, or for a year; they will last, and must last, as long as the policy itself is persisted in. It is for these reasons that I believe that nothing but a change of administration, a change of men, will restore to the country its accustomed prosperity. The men at present in power cannot change their measures; and those measures cannot bring us relief.

The friends of the administration expect the public excitement to pass away; but this is a vain hope. They look for relaxation of efforts among their opponents, and reaction among the people. But what is to allay the existing excitement, or what is to cause reaction? Is the currency of the country in the process of being bettered? Are the southern and western banks about to resume specie payments? Depend upon it, there will never be continued and regular specie payments by all the banks, through all the States, until the government takes the care of the currency into its own hands. Are prices rising? Is produce higher? Is exchange more favorable? Are the farmers, the graziers, and the wool-growers getting rich again? Do the hat-makers, shoemakers, carriage-makers, the furniture-makers, and other mechanics of New England, begin to collect their southern and western debts? Do they begin to get in their old dues, and to receive fresh orders? Unfortunately, in all these respects the country is in just as bad a condition as it has been. And the first thing to change this condition for the better, will be a general belief that there is to be a change of administration; because men will look to a change of administration and nothing else, for a change of measures. They expect relief from no other quarter. All that keeps things now from growing still worse, is the hope that a change of administration is approaching. If the country were to hear, this day, of the death of General Harrison, or of any other event greatly

increasing the probability that the present course of measures would be continued for another four years, the instantaneous effect would be a still further depression of business, further fall in prices, and further discouragement to labor. There is no confidence among men of business in the country. This is what is needed. Men wish to see a ground for hope of better times. General Harrison's election will bring this confidence and this hope of better times. It will inspire disheartened industry with new life, and light up a smile of cheerfulness on the desponding face of labor. And his election is certain, in my opinion, if an all-wise Providence shall spare his life. The excitement, therefore, which now moves the great mass of the people of the country, will not cease, since the cause is permanent; nor will reaction take place among the people; nor will there, I trust, be any relaxation, not the least, of efforts of the friends of reform. When a new administration shall come into power, and a new Congress, and when both shall manifest a hearty disposition to abandon schemes, projects, and senseless experiments, and to conduct the government on well-approved principles of public policy, then, and not till then, will excitement cease, or efforts be relaxed. Till then, the movement is steady, onward, and with increasing speed and force.

Although I do not doubt that General Harrison will be elected, by a very large majority, it would be peculiarly gratifying to me, I confess, if I might indulge the hope that New Hampshire would be found among his supporters; that, not ashamed of the name in which their fathers gloried, her citizens would join the great body of their fellow-countrymen, now in full and successful march, towards the accomplishment of objects of the highest importance to the general prosperity. Would that I could see the flag of my native State waving in its proper place, at the head of this long national procession! Would that I could hear her name called first, and hear her answer promptly to the call! as it was her proud preëminence in old times, to be called first on the roll of the States, and her answers were ever affirmative and prompt, for whatever of sacrifice or of effort the common cause required.

But however this may be, and whether I may enjoy this good fortune or not, I have great pleasure in seeing that, at least, the Whigs of my native State are coming into line, with alacrity

and spirit. Whether successful or unsuccessful at home, they will be acknowledged by their fellow-countrymen as patriotic and well deserving. But who shall say that they will be unsuccessful, or how long they will be unsuccessful? No doubt there are difficulties and obstacles before them. There is ignorance to be enlightened in some cases, and prejudices to be overcome in many more. But their brethren of the State are honest, well-meaning, and cannot desire bad government. They are enchained by the spirit of party, and the spirit of party, it is true, is strong; but it is not always unconquerable. Sometimes it yields to candid conviction, sometimes to woful experience, sometimes to new light and better knowledge. Let us hope that our native State, not accustomed, of old times, to be found lagging in the cause of the country, will now see the path of patriotism and duty, broad and plain before her, and be ready to follow it. For my part, I shall continue to love her white-topped hills, her clear running streams, her beautiful lakes, and her deep shady forests, as long as I live, whatever part she may act in public affairs. I find myself arrived at a period of life when these scenes begin to return, bringing with them the fresh remembrance of juvenile years. I shall not renounce my parent, nor be ashamed of her, however long she may continue in what I think political errors. Still, I cannot deny that I have great pleasure in the hope that an hour is coming when I may be united in sentiment with a majority of her people, on the great questions which affect the interest of our common country. She may be slow to give up particular partialities, or particular opinions; but give them up she must, and give them up she will; and she will be as slow to take them back again.

The last time I ever saw General Stark, he was at a public house in Goffstown. Toward the close of the evening, it was proposed that the company should go home. He said: "Not yet. It is my fashion, when I come late, to make it up by staying." Perhaps this may be the fashion of the State; I trust it is. Allow me, therefore, to conclude this letter by expressing the hope, that if New Hampshire come rather late into the log cabin, she will stay when she does come.

I am, dear Sir, with much personal regard, your friend and obedient servant,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON TO MR. WEBSTER.

June 11, 1840.

My dear Sir,—Your speech was splendid. I thank you for your magnanimity and kindness towards me. It is above the times.[1]

R. M. Johnson.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Washington, June 23, 1840.

My dear Sir,—I duly received your kind letter of the 15th May, by The Unicorn, and I write you now mainly to say a few words of our political affairs.

The prospect is now very strong that General Harrison will be elected. Indeed, we have no doubt of it. We are more deceived than ever men were before, if there be not a state of feeling which will bring him in by a large majority. We have had no elections since that in Virginia, of which you know the result. Louisiana has an election in July, and several important States in August, and others as you know, in October. So that before the actual voting for President in November, we shall see probably what result may be expected. My own confidence is great and entire. No pains will be spared on either side, and we shall have a busy summer of it.

And now, my dear Sir, let me say that if this event shall take place, it will change my condition, though I cannot say exactly how. Indeed, some changes, or a change will take place, let the election go either way. If Mr. Van Buren should be reëlected, I shall go back to the bar, leaving the Senate, and go to work with all my might. If General Harrison should be chosen, I shall equally leave the Senate, and you can judge as well as I, perhaps, whether I shall thenceforward have any thing to do with the government, or not. But I have made these remarks, and introduced this subject, for the purpose of expressing to you

[1] Speech on a Uniform System of Bankruptcy, delivered in the United States Senate, May 18, 1840. Mr. Johnson was Vice-President at the time. The tribute referred to will be found on page 23 of the ninth volume of Mr. Webster's Collected Works.

a hope, that you will return to your own country, and connect yourself with its affairs. You have capacity to be highly useful to the government, in either of various situations. All you need is residence for a year or two among us, a reintegration, so to say, of your national character, and some acquaintance with public men, who as yet may not have seen or known you. I wish to say that my regard for you is unabated, and my disposition to serve you perfect. I have thought it not impossible, looking to the future, that we might be mutually useful to each other.

If you come over soon, as I earnestly wish you may, we can converse on all these things more at length. In the mean time, I pray you meditate upon them.

Perhaps I ought to add that I have no present expectation of going abroad.

I write you this letter confidentially, of course, and only for the purpose of calling your attention to a probable state of things, if General Harrison should be elected.

I expect to leave Washington in a few days, on a visit to Massachusetts. July 4, I am to meet the people in Worcester county. July 7, I expect to be in Vermont, and July 15, on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Great conventions of the people, as you see, are all the rage. Thus far they have had powerful effect, and there is yet no abatement of spirit and zeal. We make a business of political addresses, &c. and I shall do little else till fall. If, under the present circumstances of the country, and with the advantages we now have, we cannot change the administration, it will be useless to renew the attempt hereafter. But we shall change it.

Mrs. Webster is in New York. Give my best regards and affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Jaudon and the young ladies, and believe me always, truly your friend,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CURTIS.

Washington, Saturday morning, October 3, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you cannot come, for which I am greatly sorry, I shall keep Fletcher along, and take Charles also. You

see what a stir my visit is likely to produce. I wish I had something to say to the Virginians, when I get there. All is spirit and life here. They are sticking up a log cabin right on the Avenue, near the market. It was all I could do to keep from being dragged into it last night.

We had a good time at Wilmington. The meeting was an excellent one. We shall carry the whole three counties of Delaware clean, and no mistake. You will see how true this prophecy is, by a preliminary election, which they call the "little election," and which takes place on Tuesday next.

All is safe in Maryland. I think the Whigs will carry the city, but if they do not, they will carry counties enough to give a handsome majority in the legislature. If the Locofocos get Baltimore County, Harford, and Alleghany, it is all they are entitled to. But they may get Cecil, and the city of Baltimore. Letters from Ohio and from Georgia, are full of confidence.

I wish you could send me two or three copies of my speech, in pamphlet form, to Richmond. Please also send one to G. and S.

Adieu! I am off at twelve o'clock.

Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Send the letter to Mr. Legaré, which accompanies this, wherever he may be. I want him to get it at least as soon as he gets to Hudson for the 12th.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CURTIS.

Washington, Saturday, 5 P. M., October 10, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am. I had neither time nor health to go to Raleigh. Three days' speaking in Richmond, day and night, did me up. Thursday and Friday I rested and tried to sleep, and left Richmond this morning. I have been too much excited, as I find I cannot, by night or by day, get speeches &c., out of my head. Dr. Sewall will try to put me to sleep to-night.

By passengers arriving from Richmond this morning early, we get more favorable general tidings from Georgia. One man

says, that out of fourteen counties heard from, the Whigs had carried twelve by large majorities.

I find yours here, and thank you, as well as the chancellor.

Your friend was excessively kind to me. He is one of the very best of all good fellows. And as far as depended on kindness, hospitality, respect, &c., by thousands of good people, the occasion was every thing which could be desired.

Julia has a daughter, as I learn here.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CURTIS.

Marshfield, Saturday morning, eight o'clock, October 17, 1840.

DEAR SIR,—I found my wife here yesterday at four o'clock, and all well. To-day and to-morrow I stay here, and devour the good things. Monday to Boston, to be in Francistown Tuesday, 20th, and then along by Claremont, &c., to Oxford, the 23d, then down to Franklin, stay a day at my farm, and then to Boston.

The Van Buren men in this State are making extraordinary efforts. I hardly understand their object, but I suppose it is the general conviction of the necessity of showing fight.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

GENERAL HARRISON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Frankfort, Ky., December 1, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter of the 11th instant, at this place, on this day week, just as I was about to set out for Lexington to dine with Mr. Clay, who had waited on me here and invited me up to dine with some of my old friends. I expected to be absent but three days, and left yours and other letters to be answered on my return, but found it impossible to get away or evade the hospitalities of my friends in and about Lexington until this morning, and I avail myself of the first moment of being alone to write to you.

Since I was first a candidate for the Presidency, I had determined, if successful, to solicit your able assistance in conducting the administration, and I now ask you to accept the State or Treasury Department. I have myself no preference of either for you, but it may perhaps be more difficult to fill the latter than the former if you should decline it. It was the post designed for you in the supposition that you had given more attention to the subject of the finances than Mr. Clay, to whom I intended to have offered the State Department. This, as well as any other post in the cabinet, I understood before my arrival here, from an intimate friend of that gentleman, he would decline. This he has since done personally to me. If you should think it advisable to pursue the same course, will you do me the favor to name some one of your eastern friends for the treasury or some other department. Would you recommend your governor elect for the Treasury, if you should determine to decline it? I shall set out to-morrow for Louisville, and shall be at home as soon as your answer can reach Cleves. Do not believe, my dear Sir, that I mean, by what I have said above, to restrict your choice as to the formation of the cabinet to a single individual; give me your advice freely and fully upon that and every other subject, whether you occupy a place in the cabinet or not, and it will be at all times thankfully received by your friend,

W. H. Harrison.

MRS. APPLETON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, Friday, December 11, 1840.

I THANK you, dear father, for your kind letter from Philadelphia, which I received to-day, and still more for the verses enclosed in it. I think them beautiful, dear father, and thank you for associating me in remembrance with my dearest mother. I have never thought of her so often as since I have had a child of my own, and could I be but half as good a mother as she was, I might hope to fulfil my duty to my little girl; but hers, I fear, was a goodness which I cannot attain.

We are all quite well here. My strength increases gradually, and I hope before long to be quite myself again. I wish you

could see my baby. She has improved very much since you left, and begins to show some signs of intelligence. Every body says she is a very bright child, but of course every body would tell its mother so, and she of course believes it.

We cannot have had as much snow here as there has been further South, for I have not heard of our railroads being impeded. We have had enough indeed to make poor sleighing and intolerable walking. You are now, I suppose, immersed once more in the cares and excitements of public life. Do not let it interfere with your health, dear father. Pray let that be your greatest consideration. Surely you have done enough for your country, did you never utter another word in its behalf, to be considered the best and noblest among the noble sons of America. Has not the fame of your greatness extended to the uttermost parts of the earth? It cannot be increased; and do not, dearest father, wear yourself out for the good of a country ungrateful at best. What is the whole country to your family when weighed in the balance with one hour of sickness or anxiety which it causes you? I am no great patriot; I do not love Rome better than Cæsar; the advancement of party better than my own dear father. I delight to think that you have never held an office, a fact which can be pointed to as proof, if proof were wanting, of the perfect disinterestedness of your patriotism. Don't you think you would be happy to live once more at home with your old friends? Do come back to us, dear father, and do not be persuaded to stay in Washington, by persons who may not be altogether disinterested in their motives, who may look to you to advance them further than their own unassisted efforts could ever do. Do not be angry with me, dear father, for saying all this; my pen I fear has outrun my discretion, but I have thought so much on the subject lately, that I have said more than I intended. I am not naturally suspicious, but I do mistrust some of your friends. I hope I am wrong. You must not think that my husband has influenced me at all, as he does not know of my writing you, and perhaps would think me quite wrong in doing so. You must forgive me if I have said more than a daughter ought.

I hear from mother frequently; she seems to be having a gay time in New York. Every thing goes on in our quiet town as when you were here. The ladies are more interested in the

prospect of assemblies than any thing else. Caroline and her children are well. Mr. Joy is shooting deer on the Cape. He sent home a noble one yesterday. I believe they have killed two of the poor things. Mr. White and his wife are at the Maverick House.

I hope you will succeed in getting comfortable lodgings in Washington. Pray remember me to Mrs. Lindsay and Harriet. Caroline Appleton desires her best love to you, and I am ever, dear father, your affectionate daughter,

JULIA.

MR. WEBSTER TO GENERAL HARRISON.

Washington, December 11, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been detained on my way by the late storm, I did not reach this city until the evening of the 9th, and yesterday morning, the 10th, your letter of the 1st instant was delivered to me by Col. Bond.

It becomes me, in the first place, to acknowledge my grateful sense of the confidence evinced by your communication, and to assure you how highly I value this proof of your friendship and regard.

The question of accepting a seat in your cabinet, should it be tendered to me, has naturally been the subject of my reflections and of consultation with friends. The result of these reflections and consultations has been that I should accept the office of Secretary of State, should it be offered to me, under circumstances such as now exist.

I am willing, therefore, to undertake the duties of the office, prepared to give to their faithful discharge my best ability and all my efforts.

You are kind enough to suggest that my acquaintance with the subjects of currency and finance, might render me useful as head of the treasury. On that subject my view has been this: I think all important questions of revenue, finance, and currency properly belonging to the executive, should be cabinet questions; that every member of the cabinet should give them his best consideration; and especially that the results of these deliberations should receive the sanction of the President.

This seems necessary to union and efficiency of action. If to these counsels I may be supposed able to contribute any thing useful, I shall withhold myself from no degree of labor, and no just responsibility.

For the daily details of the treasury, the matters of account, and the supervision of subordinate officers employed in the collection and disbursement of the public moneys, I do not think myself to be particularly well qualified. I take this occasion to say I entirely concur in the opinion which has been expressed by you, that on these subjects of finance and revenue, as on other grave subjects, the duty of originating important measures properly belongs to Congress.

By accepting now the offer of the department of state, however, I do not wish to preclude you from again suggesting the treasury department to me, if you should find it more easy to fill the former than the latter office satisfactorily with another person.

You are pleased to ask my opinions in regard to the manner of filling the other departments.

On this important and delicate subject I will write to you within two days. I now only assure you that in what I may say, my object will be only to make suggestions for your consideration; as I have confidence in your judgment, and no motive but to see you surrounded by a strong, comprehensive, and popular cabinet, such as shall satisfy the expectation of the country, and promise success and honor to your administration.

Yours very truly,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, December 13, 1840.

Dear Mrs. Paige,—I give to you the fresh thoughts of the morning, as I write this by candlelight, at six o'clock, A. M. I have already written to Mr. Paige on matters of business, and it is indeed rather a matter of business that I wish to speak to you about in this letter. You must know that Mr. Curtis and myself left our beloved wives in New York, there to remain until we should be able to provide suitable lodgings for them. We

have obtained some rooms, and while accommodating our own families, we have got a snug place or two for friends who may happen this way in February or March. At dinner yesterday, Mr. Curtis and I being present, it was voted unanimously that the best of these extra accommodations should be at once tendered to you and Mr. Paige, and I was appointed secretary to make the communication. So you see that really this is a matter of business.

And now, my dear lady, if you will signify to us that we may hope for your company, we will keep a good room for you, and defend it meanwhile against all comers. Be pleased to say you will come, children being well, and nothing happening. It will be your last chance to see me in the Senate, as I mean to resign at the end of the session.

I did not reach Washington till Wednesday, the 9th. During the storm, I lay at anchor in Philadelphia, without sea-sickness, and without the fear of splitting our topsails, or getting ashore on the coast of North Carolina.*

We have had a great rain here, following a most unusually deep snow. I have hardly been out of the house yet, and am rather glad of an opportunity of staying in and doing nothing. We shall look for our spouses about Saturday the 19th. Let my two daughters and Mrs. Joy know that I am well, and kiss all the children, namely, two Paiges, two Websters, one Appleton, and one Joy, six in all, and let me hear from you soon.

Yours always, truly and affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Washington, December 18, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 15th last evening. It had already been intimated to me, that a high judicial office was expected to be tendered to you, in the course of the spring, and I have often reflected upon the subject.

* Alluding to the tempestuous voyage from Europe, the same month of the preceding year.

In my opinion, you should decide this matter according to your liking. If you think you should be pleased with the performance of judicial duties, why here is an office, high in dignity, and respectable in emolument, and ought not to be refused. For my own part, I could never be a judge. Somehow I have always shrunk from the idea of judicial employment. There never was a time when I would have taken the office of Chief Justice of the United States, or any other judicial station. But this is matter of taste or feeling. I believe the truth may be, that I have mixed up so much study of politics with my study of the law, that though I may have some respect for myself as advocate, and some estimate of my own knowledge of general principles, yet am not confident of possessing all the accuracy and precision of knowledge which the bench requires. But I am clear that if you like the business, you should not refuse this offer. Such opportunities do not occur every day.

I am aware, my dear Sir, quite well aware, that as a friend of mine, you could do me much more good, off the bench, than on it; and when the probability of your appointment was first mentioned to me, I felt unwilling that it should take place. But even while on the bench, we may hope for the benefit of your friendly advice, which I shall always most highly value, if not for your active efforts. As a question as to what is best for you, I can only repeat the opinion, that if you like the duties of the place, take it; there is nothing equally certain in the strife of politics.

You will have heard all that is known here; and I presume little else will be heard until the General comes over the mountains. Mr. Clay is going to New York, and will probably be there when you receive this letter. I know not whether it be business or pleasure which takes him there.

I am, dear Sir, very truly your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

GENERAL HARRISON TO MR. WEBSTER.

North Bend, December 27, 1840.

My dear Sir,—I duly received your favor announcing your having acceded to my wish in taking a place in the new cabinet, and I entirely approve of your choice of the two tendered to you.

Your subsequent letter, making suggestions as to the filling the other departments, has also been received, and I thank you for them. I will come to no definite conclusion as to the treasury, war, and navy, until I reach Washington, which will be about the last of January.

I tell you, however, in confidence, that I have positively determined against S——; there is no consideration which would induce me to bring him into the cabinet. We should have no peace with his intriguing, restless disposition.

We will have nobody of that character; and if we do not, and can secure men of competent talents and moral worth, we can insure to ourselves a quiet and successful administration. Depend upon it, we have the people with us, and if we do not depart from our professions, they will stick to us. I am glad to say, that, as far as I can learn, your call to the State department has given universal satisfaction to our political friends.

From the number of visitors which I have here, I have less leisure than when I am in Cincinnati.

I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

W. H. Harrison.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Washington, January 7, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I write for the purpose of repeating, with as much earnestness as may be proper, the wish which I expressed to you in Philadelphia personally, that instead of establishing yourself in England, you would return to us, and place yourself again in the midst of your countrymen. I notice that you have been elected a director of the bank, and have some reason to suppose that there is a disposition to place you at the head of

the institution. I think this would be highly useful to the bank itself, in consequence of your reputation abroad, as well as at home, and useful to the country.

It is possible we may have a national bank in a year or two, and it is possible we may not.

The country, at any rate, has a great present interest in restoring the Philadelphia Bank to its proper standing and usefulness. My dear Sir, you belong to us, but if you stay longer in England, and enter into commercial connections, I am afraid we shall lose you. Life is running away, and all that remains even of yours, and I hope it may be much, is no more than I desire you to pass among your own friends and countrymen. If report is to be credited, you are rich enough for our Republican society. If you do not like one place, you will readily find another. I can say with the utmost sincerity that if you had been in the country for the last four years, I should now press General Harrison to make you Secretary of the Treasury. With your talents and character, you can never fail of commanding a proper situation, and of ranking among the first of your countrymen.

I pray you consider these things maturely before you enter into connections which may very probably separate you for life from your native land.

General Harrison has not yet come over the mountains, nor are his cabinet arrangements as yet all known. You will have understood that his purpose has been made public as to the department of state, and the post of attorney-general. I suspect his present intention is to make Mr. Ewing postmaster-general, but the great difficulty is to find a secretary of the treasury, and I should not be surprised if in the end that place should be assigned to Mr. Ewing, and a postmaster-general found somewhere else.

I pray you to remember me affectionately to your wife and daughters, and to Mrs. White.

I am, dear Sir, with the truest regard, your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 2, 1841.

My dear Sir,—Other correspondents, more faithful than myself, kept you acquainted with the course of political events, from the time of your departure from this country. We are now on the eve of a new administration. General Harrison was at Pittsburg at the latest dates, and is expected here in a week. Most things of importance must, of course, remain unsettled until his inauguration. As to his cabinet, you will have heard in what manner he proposes to fill the department of state, and the office of attorney-general. Beyond these, his purpose, if formed, is not known. It may be that he has made up his mind to place Mr. Ewing at the head of the post-office, but I have reason to believe that he postpones his decision respecting the persons to be secretaries of the treasury, war, and navy departments, until after his arrival at the seat of government. Mr. Bell, Mr. Granger, Governor Owen of North Carolina, and Mr. T. B. King of Georgia, are mentioned most frequently as those from among whom the places still vacant are likely to be filled. I should have included in the list Mr. John M. Clayton. Mr. Sargeant is sometimes spoken of, but I think not very much recently.

I have no idea at present of what may be the course which the President will be inclined to pursue, in relation to our public agents abroad. Mr. Stevenson has desired to be recalled, and provision will probably be made in the appropriation bill for an outfit for his successor. But how soon he may return, or how soon after his return the President may think fit to fill the office, remains to be known. I suppose the party at present in power, will not so far oblige their successors as to provide outfits, except in cases of voluntary retirement, like Mr. Stevenson's.

It is arranged between the two governments that the negotiation with England for the settlement of the boundary question, shall be conducted here. It has made no progress, that I can learn, since the date of the President's message. It is now a mere business of settling the terms of a convention, for a joint commission of survey, and with an ultimate arbitration, in case of disagreement. I will say to you in confidence, that if the

business had remained for adjustment in London, I think I should have accepted the mission to that court, if the President had offered it; and if any thing should occur to break off the present negotiation, or change its basis, and new discussions were to arise in London, I might incline to cross the water once more. The successes which have recently attended the English arms in the Levant and in China, and the manner in which she has sustained herself against France, on the business of the Treaty of the 15th July, have their influence here, in awakening the attention of the country to new fears, respecting her disposition to settle our question, amicably or speedily.

As to officers out of the cabinet, little or nothing is yet known. The richer collectorships and attorneyships are subjects of much competition; so are the post-offices in the great cities. I intend to exert my influence to get a snug little place for I. P. Davis, and that is all the purpose, relative to such matters, that I have as yet expressed. This, you will say, is modest, and you will agree that I. P. ought to be made comfortable. Judge Davis, it is understood, will resign his seat soon after the 4th of March, when he will have filled it forty years. Mr. Sprague, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. C. H. Warren are all spoken of, as his successor. Mr. Sprague is much out of health, and has gone to St. Augustine for the winter. I fear there is no prospect of immediate restoration.

There is great reason to think it will be necessary to hold a called session of Congress. The treasury is very low, we live by the temporary issues of treasury notes, and the power, even for that, created at the present session, will be a slender reliance, or rather a scant one, for the service of the year. If Congress be convoked, they will assemble probably in June, and the four following measures are likely to draw their attention:—

1. A tax or duty on wines, silks, worsteds, &c.
2. Distribution of the proceeds of the public lands.
3. A bankrupt bill.
4. A bill creating a Bank of the United States.

The first three of these measures will doubtless pass, and probably the fourth. The Whig majority in the Senate will be four, five, or six, and in the House, as is expected, at least thirty.

Mr. Bates, you will see, is elected to the Senate in place of

Mr. Davis; and Mr. Choate is likely to fill the place which I now occupy, and which it is my purpose to vacate about the middle of this month. So much for public affairs.

We hear of you occasionally, through various channels, and always with pleasure. A good deal too ignorant to enjoy all that Italy tenders to the taste of the cultivated, and a trifle too old to learn, I yet feel that it would be pleasant to see, for once, the skies, the mountains, the lakes, the cities and the monuments of art, which form so great a part of what literary men and lovers of scenery have talked about, and written about, for so long a time. To you, so full and fresh with history and the classics, the pleasure must be particularly great. The accounts which have come to us of your family, from Edward and others, have been very agreeable. I hope Florence will not disappoint Mrs. Everett in the great matter of climate, though all climates, nowadays, have got a new character for fickleness.

I think it will be best for Edward to come home in the spring. He has not yet received his college degree, which seems necessary before he begins to study a profession. If he shall arrive in his own country in May or June, he may probably join the class about to graduate at Hanover. As he must prepare himself to live by his own earnings, it is probably wise for him not longer to withhold his attention from those studies which fit him for business.

Fletcher is at this moment with us. He thinks of trying his fortune in the practice in New York, if he shall be able to form some connection which promises to be useful.

Mrs. Webster begs you to accept her kindest remembrance, and we both join in love to Mrs. Everett and the daughters.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. F. C. GRAY.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Boston, May 11, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you from New York, on the 3d inst., the day of your departure from Boston, expressing the wish that you would not leave London, until you should hear from me again.

I avail myself of the opportunity of the return of The Britannia to inform you of the purposes of that request.

You are well acquainted with the history and the merits of the question respecting our Northeastern boundary, and advised, probably, of the state of the pending negotiation between the United States and England on that subject. In this last respect, nothing important has occurred since Mr. Van Buren's message to Congress, of last December.

It is much to be desired that this negotiation should be so hastened, as that the convention, in which it is expected to result, may be laid before the Senate, at the ensuing session of Congress. My purpose is, on my return to Washington, to address Mr. Fox officially, on this part of the subject.

But supposing this to be accomplished, and a joint exploration and survey provided for, with power in the commissioners to decide the question, and establish the line, or, in case of disagreement, an umpire to be resorted to, whose decision shall be final, it is obvious that much time must be consumed, and great expense incurred by such a proceeding, with perhaps a doubtful result at last.

It is therefore perhaps worth inquiry whether a shorter way to an amicable and satisfactory adjustment may not be found. Before suggesting my notions on this point, I wish to say that I write now, not only unofficially, but, if I may so express myself, merely experimentally, not intending to bind even myself by any thing I may suggest, and much less others. Indeed, I could not bind others, if I would. The substance of what I wish to say is this: You will, of course, be more or less in the court circles of London, and no doubt this question of the boundary will often be brought into conversation; and I should like that you should lead these conversations, if you can, so as to bring out suggestions from the gentlemen connected with the government.

I have some reason to think Lord Palmerston would be glad if this matter could be settled without the delay and expense of exploration, &c. &c. Possibly there may be some idea of an exchange of territory suggested. If you find it convenient, lead those you may meet with to this idea. You know we always thought the monument does not stand on the line of the St. Croix. How would England like to let us go down to the Madawaska, and in return, let them have the Dutch line, further up? Or, what perhaps is still more practicable, let us run from the monument to Eel River, and by that river to the St. John's, and let England go by the Madawaska, and the lakes at its head, and so reach the St. Lawrence at the mouth of the Trois Pistolles?

You know, also, we think Grand Menan should have been assigned to us. Does England attach great value to that island, or Campo Bello?

In these conversations you will, of course, not mention my name, or intimate any thing as being a proposition from this side of the water, official or unofficial; but get what suggestions you can from them.

If they wish nothing but a proper connection between their two provinces, it is obvious that the line of the Madawaska gives them that.

You will see Mr. Senior, doubtless, and he is a man of intelligence and life. He will readily create accidents, which shall bring you and Mr. Backhouse together, and perhaps throw you in the way of Lord Palmerston. You will doubtless also see Mr. Francis T. Baring and Mr. Labouchere, and though they hold very high official stations, they are very likely to talk freely upon this subject of the boundary. If you find Mr. Jaudon still in London, I wish you to show him this letter. He will understand the reason of this request, and explain it to you. But I apprehend he will have sailed for the United States.

I shall hope to hear from you so soon as you may have any thing to communicate.

Yours, with much true regard,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

New York, May 16, 1841.

My dear Son,—You will have learned from my letter to your mother, that I arrived in this city on Friday. I attended the religious services on that day, and have seldom seen stronger marks of serious and devout grief. Dr. Spring, of the Presbyterian church, preached a very able discourse, and spoke of the President's recommendation in terms of the highest approbation, to which the whole audience evidently and almost audibly gave cordial response. Nothing of the kind, I think, ever gave greater or more general satisfaction.

Yesterday, I was busy with the affair of Mr. Le Roy's will, which was presented for probate.

I had intended to go to Philadelphia in the evening, but in the course of the day saw a copy of Governor Seward's letter of the 10th, to the President. He had caused the copy to be sent to Mr. Spencer, who showed it to me.

From this letter of the governor, I readily perceive that the President's letter to him was what you described it, "an excellent letter," and must have placed the whole matter on precisely the right ground. And there, I presume, the President will leave it. But I wait another mail.

McLeod's case is expected to come on to-morrow. I take no interest about it, of course, further than to see that his counsel have the evidence which the case requires. Mr. Spencer will state, at the outset, that he appears simply as counsel for McLeod, on a retainer of long standing, and not officially as attorney of the United States.

In the next place, he will say that he asks, at least for the present, for no transfer of the prisoner, or the cause, to the custody, or the courts of the United States; but that, in the Supreme Court of the State, he moves for his discharge, upon grounds of law, as applicable to that court, as to the courts of the Union; and on the other hand, that if the case were pending in the Circuit Court of the United States, he should move his discharge, if of counsel for him, exactly on the grounds on which he now moves.

This will show that nothing is intended in any degree derogatory to State authority or State rights.

He will then go into the general argument. The general opinion here is, that the court will be of opinion that McLeod ought to be discharged, either on this motion or some other proceeding.

I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow, and, having nothing to detain me there, push to Washington as fast as possible.

Yours, affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, July 24, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that you are nominated to the Senate, as Minister to England; an announcement which you will not doubt it gives me great pleasure to make. I am in hopes the nomination will be confirmed, so as that I may notify it to you by the same conveyance which takes this, but the Senate is much engaged to-day, Saturday, and will probably be so on Monday, so that it may not before Tuesday go into executive session, which would be too late, I fear, for this opportunity. No kind of opposition, however, is expected. So far as I hear, the nomination satisfies everybody but a few violent partisans, like the conductors of The Globe.

Mr. Stevenson will leave London about the 1st of September, with Mr. Rush. As nobody but the consul will be left in London, it will be desirable that you repair to your post, if you accept it, as soon as may be; although it is hardly to be expected that you should be in England by the time of Mr. Stevenson's departure. I trust Mrs. Everett will not be afraid of this march to the North on account of her health. If I could have afforded it, I should have put myself in competition with you for this place; but as I wrote to Mr. Brooks the other day, I am too poor even to stay here, and much less am I able to go abroad. You may hear of me soon, for aught I know, at Marshfield, with my friend Peterson.

We are in the midst of the session, and I may say in the

A. W. Elson & Co. Boston

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. R. WEBSTER.

Sunday morning, August 8, 1841.

DEAR CAROLINE,—I received your first letter yesterday, though Mr. Curtis had the preceding mail announced your safe arrival in New York. I am happy that you got along so well.

And now as to the history of things here. First, as to domestics in this house. We get along as usual, except that we are lonely, and wander about almost lost in so many rooms. Our evening calls are few since your departure, and I can generally indulge myself in going to bed as early as possible. Yesterday we had Mr. Winthrop and some other Massachusetts members to dine. We expected the President to drop in, but a number of Virginia friends came in upon him in the evening, and detained him. This morning the weather is cool, and in general it has not been very hot since you went away.

Second, as to the new house. Things go on there very well. The painter has finished the upper stories and is getting down fast. The cellar and kitchen are all in nice order, and the big table, &c. all in place. All outside is done, except repairing the steps and taking up the pavements round about the front door. On the whole all looks well, but Mr. Wilson thinks it better to put on the paper when the paint is on. He is to take care of the house and see that no harm happens to it till we move in. Please speak your mind about the papers.

Third, as to matters personal. I was a good deal unwell the day after I returned from Baltimore, which was Wednesday; but was well again next day. Friday, John undertook to drive me out in a wagon with our coach-horse; the harness broke, and the horse ran away with us. We were in no small danger. He went round three sides of the Capitol Square, at full speed. Finally, the wagon ran against a post, broke the axle-tree, and we were thrown out. I came upon my feet and escaped with only some slight bruises; but I do not wish such another drive. I feel a little stiff yet, but am going out to Mr. Agg's this morning.

Lastly, as to things political. The bank bill passed the House by a majority of thirty-two on Friday, and was yesterday sent to the President.

He keeps his own counsel as to approving or disapproving. Opinions differ very much as to what he will do. A great commotion will doubtless follow, if he should veto the bill. By agreement, I say nothing to him on the subject, and have therefore no better means of judging than others. But the inclination of my opinion is that he will sign the bill.

P. S. 8 o'clock. Mr. Blatchford arrived to-day and has dined with me. I take him and his friend, Mr. Bowen, to the President's this evening. Fletcher and I send love to Grace and to all Wm. Morris's family.

Yours always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Sunday morning, August 22, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I must, even at a late hour, write you to congratulate you on your restoration to health, and to assure you that I am well myself, and to mingle sympathies with your immediate circle on account of the dangerous illness of Mr. Joy's little boy. Fletcher and I are here in a state of solitude. We wander about sundry large and half-furnished rooms, like disturbed spirits; but we keep as quiet as we can.

The death of your father affected me much. It seemed sudden, notwithstanding his long continuance of feeble health. He is a loss to me, or rather his going to that miserable Tonewanda, was a loss to me. I hardly expect to find others more agreeable for their extent of information, softness of manners, and pleasant conversation. We have passed much happy time together.

I can say nothing of the state of things here good, and therefore will not speak of politics. I keep cool amid this war of elements! It will be no bad result of things that shall send me to Boston and Marshfield again. Oh, Marshfield! and the Sea, the Sea!

I hope your husband and children are well. Give them my love, and remember me most affectionately to Ellen.

Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. [illegible]

[illegible] Sunday morning

My dear Sir,—I believe the last letter you saw [illegible] Senate [illegible] the House [illegible] Congress [illegible] Bank bill. The President [illegible] veto. Mr. Clay's speech and Mr. Ewing's most extraordinary letter have much altered him. [illegible] Cabinet [illegible] Whig members [illegible]

Another week will enable us to see what we shall [illegible] I try to keep cool, and to keep my courage, as the agony will soon be over. We are in the point of crossing, whether the Whig party and the President shall remain together; and at this critical moment some of our friends think it very opportune to beset him with satire and ridicule. I am tired to death of the folly of friends. Newspapers, supposed to be friendly to me, are, for that reason, sent to the President every day containing articles derogatory to him.

I must do Colonel L. the justice to say he shows sense and prudence.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. C. L. B. WEBSTER.

Saturday evening, eight o'clock, 1841.

My dear Wife,—We have passed three or four more very anxious and excited days. Congress is in a state of great fermentation, and the President appears to be a good deal worried. I know not what it is all to come to. Another bank bill is brought into Congress, and is likely to pass both Houses. If that also should receive the veto, I cannot speculate on the consequences. I am with the President a good deal. He seems quite kind, but is evidently much agitated. I am nearly worn down with labor and care, and shall be most happy when things shall be settled, one way or the other. There is now a breach between the President and Mr. Clay, which it is not probable

can ever be healed. You will see a strange letter also from Mr. Botts, which makes a great deal of talk.

For my part, I keep cool; discharge my daily duties as well as I can, and say nothing, or, at most, but little. I go to the house but seldom, as little is doing now but finishing off the inside painting. What is done looks well, and the whole, I think will be quite handsome. Mr. Stubbs means to be at the Astor House, Wednesday morning. The chimney pieces are all up, and the grates in.

I have not seen Mrs. Lindsley yet, and hardly any one else. Fletcher and I eat our solitary dinner, every day. I pray give my love to all the family where you are. I want to see you very much, and am most anxious to get out of this present state of perplexity.

My health continues good. Your shower-bath does wonders. I use it every morning, and think how you used to make the water spatter. Chs. Brown sends his love to you and Grace. F. is gone to walk with Mr. Fessenden.

Yours ever, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

September 10, 1841. Friday, three o'clock.

My dear Sir,—Ewing, Bell, Badger, and Crittenden will resign to-morrow. They settled that last evening, at a meeting at which I was not present, and announced it to me to-day. I told them I thought they had acted rashly, and that I should consider of my own course. I shall not act suddenly; it will look too much like a combination between a Whig cabinet and a Whig Senate to bother the President. It will not be expected from me to countenance such a proceeding.

Then, again, I will not throw the great foreign concerns of the country into disorder or danger, by any abrupt party proceeding.

How long I may stay, I know not, but I mean to take time to consider.

Yours, D. W.

[The following letter is without date, but is supposed to relate to the anonymous defence of Mr. Webster published by Professor Stuart during Mr. Tyler's administration. That defence was submitted to Mr. Webster in manuscript before its publication.]

MR. WEBSTER TO PROFESSOR STUART.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the reading of No. one, and cannot roll it up again, without the expression of warm thanks for the kind feeling which it manifests. I see nothing in it to change, unless the whole be changed. Its general tone I must think too commendatory; but beyond that, I have found nothing which I could advise you to alter.

Let me tell the truth. You have described my speeches, not as they are, but as I have studied to make them. You have fairly stated the object of my efforts, in all that relates to public speaking. And this has not been done before, by any one. I have been praised, as others are praised, for eloquence; but such general and undistinguishing eulogy never gave me the least gratification.

But I confess I am gratified, greatly gratified, by seeing that a gentleman of taste and erudition comprehends perfectly my opinion of what oratory should be, and the purpose by which I am governed in making public addresses. True oratory, and true poetry, are alike in essential elements. I speak of oratory and poetry in the general; not of Pindar's in the one, or Demosthenes's character in the other. The course of both should be, as in Denham's beautiful comparison.

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> "Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, January 5, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Ice, Kelp, Cattle. These are things I wish to hear about, as well as to learn that you are all well. You must

write once a week. I suppose you must have some leisure, as the evenings are long, and you have probably done husking.

This is the right time of the moon to put up beef and pork. Give me particulars of the weight of the cattle, and pigs, and the amount put up. I expect that the ox and cow were found to be good beef.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. We are all well. The young Daniel eats so much milk, we have been obliged to buy a cow. Does Mr. Seth Peterson catch any fish? Is the ditching all done? Do the Buck's county chickens prosper? Has John Taylor sent down the cattle? Has he sent the turkeys?

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BERRIEN.

Washington, January 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I send you the draft of a bill, such as appears to me calculated to answer the intended purposes. You will, of course, consider this as a private and wholly unofficial act, intended merely to facilitate your own labors, if it may have that effect, and not as being proposed or recommended by the executive government. Neither the President nor the attorney-general has seen it, nor, indeed, any other head of department. The executive government deems some measure quite necessary, but what that measure ought to be, it leaves entirely to the wisdom of Congress.

In making this draft of a bill, I have conformed as far as practicable to the provisions of previous and existing laws, with the exception, that a provision for proceeding by way of Habeas Corpus is added, as suggested by yourself.

I hope the bill may be put into such shape as that the committee may cordially recommend, and Congress pass it, as I think the object important to the peace of the country.

The constitutional authority for such a measure I suppose rests on the truth of these propositions, namely, 1. That the judicial power of the United States extends to all cases arising under the constitution, laws, and treaties thereof. 2. That ques-

tions under the law of nations, affecting the relations of the United States with foreign states or sovereignties, and connected with the power of war and peace, and which respect asserted rights, or claims of foreign states, or sovereignties, or those things in regard to which one nation is answerable to another, belong to the proper jurisdiction of the government of the United States, and that cases arising upon these, are cases arising under the constitution of the United States.

I am, dear Sir, with regard, your obedient servant,

D. W.

MR. WESTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Marshfield, January 16, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few lines to let you know how we are getting along at Marshfield.

1. The weather has been fine for the last week; we have got out seventy-five loads of mud and twelve loads of manure; we intend to finish the mud business this week, should the weather continue good.

We have also made a beginning on the stone for the barn cellar. This can be done when the weather will not permit us to work on mud and manure.

Cattle and other stock all doing well. Daniel Wright has been very prudent of the corn and hay, so far; we shall have a plenty of hay for the stock, and some to sell. I do not remember that you said any thing about filling the ice-house this winter, but presume you intend to have it filled.

Please to advise me about this.

Yours truly,

SETH WESTON.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, January 29, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your two despatches and your private letter by The Britannia were duly received. The despatches were

read in cabinet council, and I showed your private letter to the President. Every thing done by you thus far, is approved. The special mission was a surprise to us; but the country receives it very well. For my own part, no selection of a minister could be more agreeable to me than that of Lord Ashburton, as I entertain towards him sentiments of great kindness and regard. You are at liberty to signify this, so far as may be proper, to Lord Aberdeen.

I infer on the whole, that the mission will be single. Mr. Fox, doubtless, will be expected to assist, with counsel and advice; but I rather suppose that the authority and official signatures will be sole. It gives me promise of work enough, overwhelmed as I already am, by affairs growing out of the very unhappy state of things among us, and out of the calls and proceedings of Congress. But my health is good—never better—and if I can so far repress anxiety as to be able to sleep, I hope to get through.

I write you to-day quite a hurried dispatch, the greater part of which relates to a new Nassau case, of which you will probably have heard. You will notice that Mr. Calhoun made a call for information on this case three weeks ago; and although I had not time for great preparation, I felt obliged to write. You will make the substance known to Lord Aberdeen, by relating it to him, or in any other way. He will at once see what excitement these occurrences occasion in the South, and I doubt not will take proper steps to prevent their recurrence. The colonial authorities should be directed not to interfere in such cases, to set slaves at liberty, nor to withhold assistance from any vessel, brought in by mutiny, or driven in by stress of weather.

At present, I entertain more fears on this subject than on that of the African seizures.

The other subjects mentioned in your communications will be attended to as soon as possible.

Mrs. Webster joins me in kind remembrances to your family.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

February 18, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of the 12th. You are becoming quite a regular correspondent, which I like.

I hope Daniel Wright has got well. These inflammations in the throat are bad things.

I believe you are right about cutting the bushes. As to the letting out of the field near Mr. Wright, for corn, I have no objection if you think best, on proper terms. It will be so enriched that it will afford a fine chance.

We must have some corn; and we must also have turnips and potatoes.

If you get the ashes, how do you mean to use them? They should not, I think, be ploughed in.

I am glad you have a good calf from one of the Worcester heifers. That high-horned heifer will make a valuable cow.

Davis seems to be coming on well.

As to ice, I fancy you have filled the icehouse before this time.

I hope to see you next month, perhaps before the middle. Keep writing. One letter about farming is worth ten upon politics.

Your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

February 26, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have received yours of the 21st. Do as well as you can with the island farm; but let it go to none but an honest man, with a small and good family. I had rather the house should be shut up than occupied by such as would injure it.

You and Porter seem to be doing well, in the manure way. We have a northeast rain storm here; and you will have to-morrow and next day, (Sunday and Monday) a northeaster, with high winds, and a foot of snow, high tides, &c. Now mark this, and see how near I guess.

The ground is not frozen here. I have known the trees further advanced at this season than they are now, in some years when there have been a few very warm days; but I have never known a February so mild, on the whole.

Your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PLUMER.

Washington, March 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am quite obliged to you for your little book of poems, which I intend to keep on my table till I can run the volume through. I am glad you improve your leisure, and cultivate your taste, by such pursuits. They must be better than mine are at present, at least they must be more agreeable. The worst verses cannot hobble so badly as our politics, and none of the muses gives such inspirations as that fury, party madness.

As I am out of the way of making speeches, I can make no return for your remembrance, of any thing of my own; but if there be any thing here, in the way of political or public documents, which you would like to possess, it will give me pleasure to transmit it.

Yours with very true regard,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. I will thank you to make my respects to Governor Plumer.

MR. PAINE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Williamstown, March 9, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—It has been my intention, for a year past, to resign the office I now hold as judge of the Vermont District, on the first day of the approaching April. Indeed, I should have resigned before April, but I found there would be a great rush for my place, and I determined to give time for the fever to abate, as it has done.

It is now generally thought and hoped, in this State, that Mr.

Prentiss, of the Senate, will be my successor. In view of that event I shall regulate my resignation.

It is desirable that Mr. Prentiss should continue in the Senate until some time in May, in order to prevent the necessity of an executive appointment to fill his place in the Senate. And on account of the business under the bankrupt law, it is desirable that as short a time should elapse between my resignation and the appointment of my successor, as may be. I have, therefore, thought of sending my resignation on the first day of April, to take effect on the first day of next May.

I will thank you to inform me, as soon as convenient, if resigning in such a form is deemed proper.

You may be surprised that a man of my age should write on the subject of politics; but I feel as deep an interest in the subject as I did in my earlier days, and feel disposed to say a few words on the subject.

I have noticed with deep interest, the passing events for ten months past. I noticed with regret, the abuse the President received from some of the violent Whig papers in anticipation of the course he would pursue in relation to the Bank question, and the violent denunciations heaped upon him in consequence of his two vetoes. Although I much regretted the course he thought it his duty to pursue, yet I never censured him. I never wish to see a President of the United States the President of a party. It has been the curse of the country under more than one administration.

There was nothing I regretted more than to see the denunciations against you, in some of the Whig papers, for remaining in the cabinet. I feared they might make you waver in your course. I saw nothing which could save the Whig party and keep them together, but your remaining in the cabinet, and I believe many think with me now who thought otherwise at first.

I hope you will pardon the loquacity of age.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

ELIJAH PAINE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAINE.

Washington, March 23, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 9th instant was duly received, in which you intimate the purpose of resigning your office at an early day.

If increasing years have led to the necessity of your retirement from official cares and duties, the time and manner of retiring proposed by yourself are quite convenient to the government. Considering the circumstances alluded to in your letter, the first of May, perhaps, may be regarded as a suitable period for vacating your seat.

Allow me to congratulate you, my dear Sir, upon the long and useful career which Providence has enabled you to run in the judicial service of the country. I make you a sincere and hearty tender of my best personal regards, and beseech the Divine goodness to give you health and prosperity for the remainder of your life.

Yours, very truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. ADAMS.

Washington, April 13, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Governor Letcher has communicated to me your letter to him of the 1st of April, respecting your two sons, supposed to be in Mexico, among the prisoners taken in the Texas expedition to Santa Fé. I assure you no pains shall be spared to effect an interference for them, if their objects were as pacific as you represent.

A letter to the American minister at Mexico, in their behalf, will be despatched to-day from this department.

It is not wonderful, my dear Sir, that, as a father, you feel anxious for the fate of these young men. I cannot think that any serious harm will eventually happen to them. At any rate, you

may rely on this government and this department to make every just effort for their release and return to their friends.

I am, with respect, &c.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JOHN DAVIS.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, April 16, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is strange, that I never saw your resolves of the 3d of March until I received them from you this evening. I noticed that certain resolves had been reported, but could not learn what they were, or whether they had been passed.

They appear to me to be quite sufficient to authorize you, with advice of the council, to appoint commissioners, and I have no doubt that course will be preferable to reassembling the legislature. I write you an official letter upon the subject of these resolves, which you can publish, or not, as you see fit. If the first be published, probably the second may as well go with it.

I cannot say what Maine will do, but I rather expect the governor will convene the legislature. If the legislature assemble the first of June, it will be seasonably enough for this object, and there is reason to hope the apportionment bill may pass early in that month; but that is uncertain. I am quite clear that, as far as Massachusetts is concerned, your powers are ample, and no meeting of the legislature is necessary.

My own opinion, expressed to you in entire confidence, is, that of all the topics in discussion, that of the boundary is infinitely the most difficult. I must have a conference with you upon the matter when I visit Boston.

Mr. G.'s affair is unfortunate. I have very little respect for his conduct, but the manner in which the House treated it, made a bad matter worse. Our position, in relation to the Creole, has been misrepresented by some, and misunderstood by many, but it is defensible and safe.

The debate, which you probably noticed as having taken

place in the House of Lords, was altogether beside the true question. I apprehend no controversy with England upon the principles stated in my letter to Mr. Everett. There may be different views of the facts of that case.

Yours truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SEARS.

Washington, April 16, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your very sensible letter of the 12th instant, respecting the affairs of Rhode Island. Before this reaches your hand, you will have seen the letter of the President to Governor King, which I hope you will approve.

It gives me pleasure, my dear Sir, to hear from you, and to see the interest which you take in public affairs. My early acquaintance with your father, and the steady friendship always evinced toward me by yourself, give me an abiding interest in you and yours, and the oftener I hear from you the more shall I be gratified.

Yours very sincerely,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, April 25, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Lord Ashburton has been received here with much kindness by the government and the public. His personal demeanor makes friends, and we all think he has come with an honest and sincere intent of removing all causes of jealousy, disquietude, or difference between the two countries; and certainly do not suppose a better selection could have been made. On most of the points in difference, I verily believe we could come to a satisfactory adjustment; but I confess my fears stick deep in the boundary business. There are several reasons for this, some of which I will shortly state.

First, it is impossible to make the people of the United States believe there is any serious doubt about the intention of the treaty,* or serious difficulty in executing that intention.

The common argument here, when stated in its shortest form, stands upon these propositions:—

1. The northwest angle of Nova Scotia is the thing to be found.

2. That angle is to be ascertained by running a line due north from the source of the St. Croix River, till that line reach the highlands, and then along the said highlands, which said highlands divide the rivers entering into the St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic.

3. Suppose it a matter of doubt whether the St. John's and the Restigouche fall into the Atlantic, then the rule of just interpretation is, that if one element in the description be uncertain, it is to be explained by others which are certain.

4. And it is certain, that, by the treaty, our eastern boundary is to be a north and south line.

5. And it is equally certain that this line is to run north till it reaches the highlands, from whose northern water-shed the rivers flow into the St. Lawrence.

6. These two things being, one mathematically, and the other physically certain, control the uncertainty in the other element of description.

7. The British argument, assuming that the Bay of Fundy, and more especially the Bay of Chaleurs, are not the Atlantic ocean, within the meaning of the treaty, insists that the rivers flowing into these bays, are not therefore, in the sense of the treaty, rivers falling into the Atlantic; and, therefore, the highlands to which we claim have not that southern or eastern water-shed which the treaty calls for; and as it is agreed nevertheless that we must somewhere find highlands, and go to them, whose northern waters run into the St. Lawrence, the conclusion is, that the different parts of the description in the treaty do not cohere, and that therefore the treaty cannot be executed.

Our answer to this is twofold.

1. What may be doubtful in itself may be made certain by other things which are certain; and inasmuch as the treaty

* Of 1783.

does certainly demand a due north line, and does certainly demand highlands from whose northern sides the rivers flow into the St. Lawrence, these two certain things make it clear that the parties to the treaty considered the rivers flowing from the south or east of the said highlands to be rivers falling into the Atlantic.

2. But, secondly, if all the parts of the description in the treaty do not cohere, it by no means follows that all must be set aside. If there be certainty enough in some parts of a description to enable us to arrive at a just knowledge of the thing, other parts, not conformable, may and must be rejected.

It is true that in matters of bargain, where mutual considerations are stated, if those on one side be found impracticable, those on the other ought not in justice to stand. But the reason for this by no means applies to cases of mere description. In all cases of the purchase and sale of lands, it is a rule universally received, that one part of the description may be corrected and controlled by other parts; and if in this case, the line is to run due north, and is to run to highlands which from their northern slopes send rivers into the St. Lawrence, then it is irresistibly clear that the northwest angle of Nova Scotia can be found, and that the treaty, therefore, may be executed. With this view of the real merits of the question, the idea of concession and compromise is not very palatable, although considerate men think it is high time the question was settled. But concession and compromise become more difficult from the interference of State claims. There are certain equivalents, connected with boundaries in other parts of the frontier which might be available, but then they do not affect Maine. The object must be to find equivalents in Maine; and this is not easy, unless a liberal spirit pervade the British government.

No doubt the great object of England is to retain her old and convenient communication between her two provinces. I deem this reasonable, and am prepared to recommend it. I am prepared to allow England to hold the Madawasca settlements on both sides the St. John's, coming, in this respect, on our side of the line recommended by the King of the Netherlands; but this upon equivalents, namely,

1. The right of conveying lumber and produce from all the tributaries of the St. John's down that river to its mouth, with

no other tax or toll than shall attach to British timber. I can conceive no objection to this, as I suppose the result would favor all the objects of the present wise policy of England.

2. That from some point in the north and south line, not a great way north of the monument, the line of division should turn at right angles due east to the river, and then run up the river; thus giving us the narrow part of that little strip of land lying on the west of the St. John's, and east of the north and south line. There is not, I suppose, any great value in this. There are few settlers on it, and a majority of them, as I learn, would as willingly belong to us, as to England. But its great value in the negotiation would be that it would be a clear concession, it would be a grant of something plainly belonging to England; and this would enable us to press upon Maine the propriety of conceding to England, whatever a large and liberal view of her necessity may require, in regard to a communication between her own provinces.

I can think of nothing so likely as these two arrangements, to bring us together and give us all peace and good feeling.

The great body of the intelligent people of the United States desire, I have no doubt, a firm and settled peace. But there are here, as in some European states, agitators, uneasy and restless spirits, who desire change, disturbance, and a new state of things. But a little more powerful class among us is made up of men of some consideration also, who although they hardly desire war, yet as little desire a permanent and settled peace. They rejoice in instances of collision, in all incidents which ruffle the waters, and in whatever makes probable war a subject of speculation and conversation. I quite regret to say that our public councils are not always free from feelings of this kind, and these feelings easily spread and kindle under the fanning of patriotic professions, and an apparent readiness to offer conflicts to the greatest powers in the world.

You will appreciate properly the weight of these considerations, and see the difficulties which lie in our path; difficulties which I nevertheless am most anxious to overcome, as I fervently desire the continuance and confirmation of national peace.

The present ministry receives a bequest of troubles from its predecessors, China, India, American questions, &c. &c. I

certainly wish the Queen's government well through all these difficulties. I hope Lord Aberdeen will duly estimate the importance of settling matters with us in such a manner as to perpetuate good feeling between the two countries; and that he will regard such a result as an achievement worthy to distinguish his management of her Majesty's foreign affairs. Be pleased to make to his lordship the tender of my personal regards.

I am, dear Sir, always yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, April 26, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—General Cass and Mr. Wheaton have nearly overwhelmed us with their letters and pamphlets on the subject of visit and search. I must say between ourselves, that General Cass' pamphlet, however distinguished for ardent American feeling, is nevertheless, as a piece of law logic, quite inconclusive. I think, as it might be said of other compositions on the same subject, that it contains passages which yield all that is contended for on the other side. Quite a breeze seems to have been excited in Paris and on the continent, generally, in regard to the quintuple treaty, and the probability of our accession to it. Here we are calm, and intend to fulfil our duties, without entering into any of these questions. Our position in respect to these maritime questions is peculiar. Hitherto, we have been on the side of the neutral, and the minor naval powers; powers always most forward in contending for the freedom of the seas, in the utmost latitude of that freedom. But we are in the process of change. We are no longer a minor commercial power, nor do we know that we have any particular exemption from war, if war should again break out. We see no necessity, then, of being in haste to do that which our political men sometimes call "defining our position." To avoid all this, and to escape the necessity of mingling ourselves, at present, in the discussions now so rife in Europe, I have proposed to Lord Ashburton, to come to an agreement, that England and the United States shall maintain for a limited time, each an independent squadron on the coast of Africa, comprising such a number of vessels and of such

force as may be agreed on, with instructions to their commanders respectively to act in concert, so far as may be necessary, in order that no slave-ship, under whatever flag she may sail, shall be free from visitation and search. This is our project. Lord Ashburton, so far, appears to think well of it, and probably will write to Lord Aberdeen, in regard to it, by this conveyance.

I should like to know your opinion of it; but have most particularly to request, that you will keep it to yourself, except so far as Lord Aberdeen may wish to speak of it, with you. I do not desire that this purpose should be known across the Channel, at present. I have thought it a more manly and elevated proceeding, on our part, to make provision in this way to execute our laws, than to ask another power to do that for us, and to that end to make visits of American vessels, or vessels appearing to be such, necessary. An arrangement of this kind, will I think be acceptable here, and I trust will prove effectual. If it should so prove, we shall not only have fulfilled our duty, as created by the treaty of Ghent, towards England, but shall also have accomplished an object greatly desired by the government and people of this country.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. CURTIS.

(PRIVATE. ☞ BE PARTICULAR.)

Washington, May 4, 1842.

MY DEAR LADY,—I must tell you, as one of the secrets of diplomacy, but a secret which all the world I believe already knows, that I am to be your way two or three days hence, on a flying visit to Massachusetts. The "candid public" suppose, doubtless, that I am going to confer with Governor Davis and others on the boundary question; to consult the shipping interest of the North about the right of search, &c., whereas I am really going for the change; to get away from my table for a

few days, see a few friends in New York, as many in Boston, and as the great object of all, see Seth Peterson, and catch one trout. I shall probably arrive in New York late in the evening, and shall go to the Astor House. The Boston boat not going till evening of the next day, I shall have a long morning. My purpose is to avoid seeing people; and so I shall set out to go to Morrisania, but shall be very likely, nevertheless, to stop at your house, and if you can keep your husband at home, we can have a little talk. I will give him notice, if possible, one day previous to my departure. In truth, I am waiting principally for news from Rhode Island.

I have a number of things to talk over with Mr. Curtis. I believe he will live a thousand years, and triumph over all his enemies.

My wife is well. The two boys are well. Edward is going to be somebody, if one of the Miss Bayards does not deprive him of intellect. They are beautiful girls; but still, the mother is like the mother of mankind,

"The fairest of her daughters, Eve;"

see Milton, not Shakspeare. They have all gone to ——, but to return in June.

But, to resume the thread of my discourse, by the way, threads often become long yarns, Caroline is well; her babies are well; and Master Dan is another Judge Story. Miss Fletcher is well; the nurse is well; we are all well, down even to my noble collection of cacklers in the poultry yard. But the season advances; summer is coming, according to the almanac, and yet our only warmth is before a good fire. But still, as May is here and June in sight, we all begin to think of flight!! It is merciful in Providence to change the seasons, so that men, and even women too, may find some excuse for change also.

Mrs. Webster talks of New York and Boston; Julia, of Marshfield; Caroline, of Nahant, Newport, Watertown; Fletcher, of staying where he is; Edward of Marshfield. Adieu; I must close this letter in two and a half minutes or lose the mail. Read Poindexter; such men as "Curtis and Webster."

Yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JOHN WHIPPLE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Washington, May 9, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will see the President's letter to Governor King, transmitted through Messrs. Randolph and Potter.

If there could be any doubt before, there can certainly be none now that the government of the United States pledges itself to maintain the existing constitution and laws, till regularly changed. This clear and unequivocal manifestation places Governor King and the legislature on such commanding ground, that they may now, I think, with great propriety, commence the agreeable duty of conciliation; especially as I do not understand that any one of the functionaries of the new constitution is actually exercising the powers of office, that any force threatens the lawful government, or that assemblies of men, with hostile purposes, anywhere exist.

My opinion therefore is very clear that no more arrests should be made; that perhaps existing prosecutions had better be discontinued, and that the assembly, at its June session, should call a convention to amend the constitution. Thus far the law has been asserted, and all must now see that resistance is vain and useless, while there are a good many proud spirits who might be driven to extremities, by measures calculated to degrade and dishonor them, but who would nevertheless be glad of a fair chance of honorable retreat.

Many misguided men are, after all, doubtless of such respectable character, and possess such respectable connections, that it would be painful to see them subjected to unnecessary mortification, since parties on both sides are made up of neighbors, family friends, and those who maintain kind social relations with one another.

This recommendation proceeds, of course, upon the ground that the officers elected under the new constitution entirely abstain from exercising any authority by virtue of their supposed offices; but if they do so abstain, I am quite anxious that conciliation and peace should be sought by the measures above recommended.

I am, dear Sir, yours with regard,

D. WEBSTER.

N. B. I shall arrive in New York on Thursday evening, and be in that city Friday forenoon; if any friends choose to meet me there, I shall be able to state more fully what we think here. I shall see the President both to-day and to-morrow.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, Saturday morning, May 21, 1842, half-past 4.

MY DEAR SON,—I had a note from you last evening, and am glad all are well at the department. I am recruiting in health and strength very fast, and find it most delightful to be here. Julia and her husband are with me. The weather has been cold, and we had a frost last night. The grass is white on the lawn this moment; I fear injury to the fruit.

Marshfield never looked so well. Peterson and I have talked over politics. He says the fault is in Congress; that Mr. Tyler is not to blame for being President, and that they ought to take right hold, man fashion, and do up the public business.

I am going out this morning to wet a line. My chief concern is about your mother's health. Julia wrote her last night, and I shall write to-morrow.

Show her this. I wish most earnestly she was here; she would soon be well. You mention that she has had recourse to the physicians. I shall be hastening back, if I do not hear of her being better soon.

Pray show these letters to the President; they prove that Maine is doing well. I have attended to that business thoroughly.

Yours,

D. W.

P. S. I care nothing for such fellows as Garret Davis.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. CURTIS.

(Two Sheets of Confidential Matter.)

Marshfield, May 26, 1812.

Dear Mrs. Curtis,—You are one of those unfortunate persons who have not seen Marshfield. It would be cruel to speak of its beauties, if your fate, in this respect, were irreversible. But as you may, and I trust do, cherish the hope of one day beholding it, I must prepare you for something like an ecstasy. And yet a single sight would hardly produce that effect. Superficial observers see nothing at Marshfield but rocks, and sands, and desolation; as one uninitiated runs his eye over the pictures of an old master, and wonders what folks can see that is pleasing in such a grim and melancholy looking thing. Marshfield is to be studied. Do not come, therefore, without weeks before you. Some may tell you that its excellence is like transcendentalism, so refined and invisible as to hang on the very verge of nonsense or nonentity. But these are malignant persons, and not to be believed.

And now, from generalities to facts. An old-fashioned two-story house, with a piazza [stoop?] all round it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road, which runs in front. Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression, or break, exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us, of an afternoon. I feel them now coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth bay, fresh, if not fragrant. A carriage way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. Two other houses are in sight, one a farm-house, cottage built, at the end of the avenue, so covered up in an orchard as to be hardly visible; the other a little further off in the same direction, that is to the left on the road, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side. Opposite the east window of the east front room, stands a noble spreading

elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that is the garden, sloping to the east, and running down till the tide washes its lower wall. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns; and on the other side, that is to the north and northwest, is a fresh water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin, and a good walk all round it one side, the walk passing through a thick belt of trees, planted by the same hand that now indites this eloquent description. This pond is separated on the east by a causeway, from the marshes and the salt water; and over this causeway is the common passage to the northern parts of the farm. I say nothing of orchards, and copses, and clumps, interspersed over the lawn, because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and still better from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, a mile off, reposing in calm, or terrific in storm, as the case may be. There, you have now Marshfield; and let us recapitulate. 1. The ocean; as to that, when it is mentioned, enough is said. 2. A dry and pure air; not a bog, nor a ditch, nor an infernal gutter, in five miles; not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean, and a running New England stream. 3. A walk of a mile, always fit for ladies' feet, when not too wet, through the orchard and the belt. 4. Five miles of excellent hard beach driving, on the sea-shore, commencing a mile and a half from the house. 5. A region of pine forest, three miles back, dark and piny in appearance and in smell, as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior.

But I must pause, or I shall diminish too much the list of things, which you will see, when you come, and which you had not heard of.

I have been here, dear Mrs. Curtis, eight days, with tolerable weather and enjoying good health. But my family is not here; my wife has been a good deal ill since I left Washington, though I believe she is now quite recovered. I have done fishing and trout-catching; have taken leave of Seth Peterson; the household is pretty much dispersed, except Charles and me, and go to Boston in the morning, and I have written you this letter, partly that Mr. Curtis might have something to laugh at, and partly to show how good an account may be written of rather a poor subject.

Say to Mr. Curtis, that I believe I shall get through with the Maine affair, which has given me no little trouble, and hope to leave Boston early next week for the South.

27th. P. S.—at Mr. Paige's.

I came up this morning, and found all well at Mr. Paige's, and Julia's, and have a very good letter from my wife. So I feel rather well. I have not told you that Mrs. Paige and her son Willie, and Julia and her two babies, made me a visit at Marshfield. Julia's children are full of ancestral beauty, and she is as handsome as a picture. She is rather thin, which makes her eyes look as large as Juno's, while her complexion indicates perfect health.

So no more at present.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

(PRIVATE.)

Boston, May 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having left Washington on the 12th, your communications by The Acadia were received here. Such parts as require attention will be answered by the next conveyance. By The Acadia, which departs again to-morrow, I only write you this private letter.

I find your judgment of Lord Aberdeen's letter to you, on the Creole case, coincides with the opinion expressed in my last private letter. I trust and believe that Lord Aberdeen's sentiments on that whole branch of our difficulties are just and liberal.

Maine and Massachusetts have appointed commissioners on the boundary subject. That business brought me here, and the result, even so far, has not been accomplished without considerable difficulty. I am not sanguine in the hope of a favorable termination of the general question. As to this, much will depend on the nature of Lord Ashburton's instructions. Unless his authority is ample, and his discretion be left very free, this

tedious matter must go again to arbitration. On my return to Washington, we shall do without delay whatever is to be done with the English special mission.

I wish I could say a cheering word in relation to the general state of our political affairs. But nothing can be worse. I cannot trust myself to speak of men and things, even in a private letter, as I think of them. Our system of self-government is now undergoing an experiment, which amounts to torture. Party and personal rancor, recklessness, and animosity, seem to be making havoc of all just principles, all practical expediency, and all really patriotic feeling. I hope for better times; but the present darkness is thick and palpable.

I pray to be remembered to your family, and am always truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, June 16, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 12th. I regret the loss of the cow, as she was a valuable animal, but nobody seems to have been in fault. We must take it patiently, as accidents will happen to stock.

I am glad you have arranged for twenty Ayrshire calves. That is right. You have done well to buy a pair of working oxen; especially if you have made so good a bargain as you think. "Ashes on the field north of the belt, and fence put up." All right, wait and see how that will look in September. "Turnip field ploughed, and to be sowed by the 20th;" that is right, the sowing should not be later. I doubt whether it might not have been better to put off the ploughing till the time to sow, and then sow on the fresh furrow, so that the turnips might get the start of the weeds.

I am glad to hear the poultry yard fence is in progress, and hope the wall will be up soon.

For the present, I am most desirous to hear a good account of fish. I have laid away the money, for some hundreds of loads. I hope your longboat will have employment.

We must do something with the land enclosed down at the "New House." It must come up. If we could calculate on kelp, we would keep it to plant next year. If you think we cannot, I do not know that we can do better than to put it into winter rye, sowing as early at least as August 15. We might plough it now; plough it again the middle of August; sow it with rye; being very careful to get good seed, and give it a load of ashes, early next spring.

The corn, I am sure, must be backward; as the last month has been so cold. But if the weather should soon turn warm, and continue so ten weeks, we may have a crop.

Look out for the right time to cut the English grass. There is always one opportunity. Do not miss it. Let me know the whole product of wool, and what you have done with it, and how the lambs grow.

The weather here is wet, and is becoming warm. In my garden, the corn reaches higher than my head, potatoes are quite large and good, and pease and beans abundant. My garden here, cultivated for vegetables, is about as large as that part of Marshfield garden north of the main walk. It is a thin soil, on a clay foundation, and does very well for most things, with a good deal of manure; but is stiff and cloggy in the spring. Its best yield is potatoes, though it does pretty well for garden plants.

I notice with pleasure your promise to write again soon.

Yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. I. P. DAVIS.

June 26, 1842.

IN the Washington market this morning at five o'clock, I saw for the first time the bonita. He is a long, slender, round fish, a little resembling those good-for-nothing gaunt cod, which we sometimes catch in our waters; or more perhaps that species of cod, which in the north of Europe is called ling. He has a large head, and a very wide mouth. There is a great deal of

fin along the lower part of his back. I should think he was a great fellow for chasing and seizing. This specimen was four and a half feet long, and must have weighed sixty-five or seventy pounds.

His flesh is said to be quite good; I have never tasted it; it looked firm and white.

And there was the black drum. He is made something after the fashion of a hog, short, thick, deep. His neck is short, and his head not large. He is an urchin-looking fellow, with thick, stiff scales, each as big as a ninepence. His color is a dark, dull brown. This specimen would weigh thirty pounds.

Then there was his more comely cousin, the red drum, smaller and of brighter appearance, and regarded, I believe, as the better fish. Both, I believe, are rather coarse in their texture, and not the very best in their flavor. Yet they are much used for food, and give sport to the lovers of heavy fishing. They are taken in the lower Potomac. And then there was a sheep's head. I looked at it and thought of the cholera, and passed by, not without some emotion.

I brought along with me white tinned hooks from England, lines boiled in gum from Rio Janeiro, and other craft from Boston and New York, not to mention some beautiful little reels, and some elegant artificial bass and blue fish bait, manufactured at Marshfield.

But all remain dry. There is good angling of a morning for rock fish, weighing from three to five pounds, up at the little falls of the Potomac. But I am afraid of the sun.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, June 30, 1842.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter. I hope Mr. Doane will get his fish. He shall be paid punctually every fifty load. Go to the bank, and see how my account stands; and let me know by next mail, if money be wanted. You know you have authority to draw whatever may be in bank.

I would rather place the fish near home, than on the new house lot; unless you should get a world of them. The English meadow, the fields north of the belt, some parts of the old orchard, &c., are the first objects. I want all made rich round and near the house. As this is the fourth warm day without rain, I am thinking you are probably cutting the clover near the house. Keep the wet off from it but do not burn it.

I am glad to hear so good account of the season, the stock, and the progress of work, the brick wall, &c. I hope all things will continue favorable. I want to be with you these warm days, and should be glad to keep a fish-market for the neighbors.

I hope to drop a line to the inhabitants of the waters, about August.

Write me soon, and often.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, Sunday morning, July 3, 1842.

MY DEAR SON,—I received yours of the 1st last evening, and am rejoiced that Caroline is getting along. Be careful not to leave New York too soon. We will get along here as well as we can without you.

The waistcoats were nice, and came safe. But another pair is wanted. Pray go to the same place, and buy a pair for ladies' use, and send them in the same manner. I hope this letter will not be so long on the road. Short sleeves and low necks are desired. If you get this Monday morning, please execute order by return of post.

I have nothing to say of public affairs, only that we seem not out of the woods on the boundary business.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WADDY THOMPSON.

(CONFIDENTIAL.)

July 9, 1842.

SIR,—This unexpected outbreak of complaint and remonstrance on the part of Mexico, denouncing so angrily the conduct of those, who from the United States connect themselves with Texas, and threatening to regard the recognizance of this emigration by the government of the United States as a positive act of hostility, leads to a suspicion that there may be motives, not avowed, if not influences, the operation of which is concealed. You express your conviction that the English representative in Mexico has acted properly, and has had no hand in exciting this Mexican feeling. Nevertheless, it will be your duty to keep a watchful eye on the conduct of all the diplomatic corps at Mexico, and to bear in mind that if any thing exists, which you wish to discover, it will be exactly what they will be most anxious to conceal.

Suppose that no foreign influence has been at work in this matter, I have still a suspicion that an unacknowledged motive lurks at the bottom of Santa Anna's movement. You are aware, generally, of the state of things between the two countries, respecting the proceedings under the late Treaty of Indemnity, and respecting other claims, not provided for under that treaty, held by citizens of the United States against the Mexican government. The proceedings of the Mexican commissioners, appointed under the treaty, have caused great dissatisfaction here, and were in some respects certainly very extraordinary. Of the time allowed for the duration of the commission, a very undue portion was consumed in discussing questions of very unimportant and even idle formalities. Spanish punctilio was run out to its extremest length, and when, finally, cases came on to be considered, the Mexican commissioners refused compensation or indemnity in nearly every case, as a matter of course. Consequently, most of them went to the umpire. Many he decided, but the time limited for the exercise of his authority expired, leaving a considerable number of very important cases undecided. Those occurrences have caused much

complaint. Congress has called for the report of the American commissioners, which is just now published, and the House of Representatives has also required from this department a report upon the state of other claims. Mr. Valasquez de Leon was one of the commissioners. It was reported here three months ago, that he had received the appointment of chargé d'affaires; but we were not informed of that fact by himself until receipt of his letter.

By the provisions of the treaty, the sums awarded to claimants under it, are to be paid in treasury notes, and these notes are to be made receivable for duties at the Mexican custom-house. It is understood, however, that since the date of the treaty, large masses of paper of a similar description have been issued by the government, so that it is almost without value. Awards under the treaty are esteemed in the United States to be worth not more than twenty or twenty-five per cent.; and so far as we can learn, it would not be kept even at this price, but from an idea current among the holders that the government of the United States will insist on substantial payment, in some form, or at some time, and will not leave the claimants to be mocked by payment in paper of little or no value. Mr. Valasquez de Leon has doubtless acquainted the government of Mexico with the condition of things, and the state of opinions prevailing here, on the subject of Mexican claims; and it is possible that he has communicated with his government on this subject. He may be looking to the expression of great dissatisfaction by Congress as well as by the Executive, and it does not exceed the bounds of probability to imagine that in this state of things the President of Mexico deems it good policy to be the first to complain.

It is very much my opinion, that he is preparing to defend himself against a demand for a reasonable satisfaction of American claims. We cannot allow Mexico thus to escape from her treaty obligations, nor shuffle us into the discussion of another subject, to the neglect of a just enforcement of these claims. As soon as it is possible to obtain the proper papers from the treasury department, I shall make a special communication to you on this subject. In the mean time you will be attentive to what passes, and fathom, as well as you may, the policy of Mexico in these recent demonstrations, and see

whether there be not at the bottom a motive connected with these claims.

It is understood that English merchants, or other persons, have made advances to the government upon treasury notes, and it has been suggested that these treasury notes are to have a preference over all others. If this be so, it would be a great outrage upon our treaty. Let me know what you can learn on this subject.

Mexico must understand that, having consented to very moderate compensation for the injuries of citizens of the United States, we shall insist upon the payment of that compensation in some straightforward and satisfactory manner.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

6 o'clock, P. M., Friday, July 15, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter some days ago, and a later one from Henry, in which he speaks of a great show of haycocks on Monday, the 11th.

I trust the hay was well housed. I think of you morning, noon, and night. It is high time to hear of the fish. Lest you should want a dollar for fish, or to pay the haymakers, I send a check for one hundred dollars, on a bank in New York, for which Mr. Simmes, at Duxbury, will give you his bills.

Go ahead! Get in the hay; scrape the sea for fish; as soon as I can come along, I will look out for a cod or two.

We are well. Fletcher has been with his wife to Boston, but could not reach Marshfield. Edward has been to Niagara Falls. I have been here, and here shall stay, till I set out for Green Harbor.

Go ahead! D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, July 16, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a short letter yesterday, and this morning received yours of the 12th, with your full account of the one thousand one hundred and fifty-three haycocks. Excellent! So much hay, got dry and nice, is of great importance. I hope the good weather will hold out, and that you will all enjoy your health. Keep the hands in good temper. Pay them all promptly, and employ the most deserving and industrious.

You know I always like to give employment to Mr. Seth Peterson, when he needs it, as he has many mouths to feed.

It is best to cut the clover in the field north of the belt, if you have not grass enough for the cattle without it.

I am glad to hear of the fish, and hope Mr. Doane will go ahead.

Please write me when you can, and give me an account of each hay-field. Tell me how the corn comes on, on the hill.

We are all well, and the weather has turned cool.

Don't work too hard.

If the hands will work at night, hauling fish, they must be paid extra. Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, July 23, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 20th. You appear to be going on well. You are right in getting a new net. We must follow the fish. Look round and see our produce this year, and remember what the same land produced when I went first to Marshfield. It is fish, kelp, and barn manure which has done it. Look at Captain Hewitt's crops. How superior to what they were ten years ago! There is good land enough, if people would but work it well, and manure it.

You do not say where you place the fish, but keep moving.

Don't work too hard, nor expose yourself. You have much on your hands, so have I. I keep cool, and hope you will.

Give us an account of Porter's hay crop.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I hear from John Taylor. He goes forward upon the jump!

MR. WEBSTER TO LORD ASHBURTON.

Washington, July 25, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,—I find I must ask of you, for our navigation at the mouth of the Detroit River, the same privilege which you need for yours, at the Saut Islands and in the St. Clair.

It appears that the main ship channel from Lake Erie up the Detroit River lies between Bois Blanc, an Island belonging to you, and the Canadian shore. This channel is used, I understand, without objections, by all American sailing vessels; but there would be just ground of complaint if, in cases of this kind, the desired privilege were made matter of right on one side, and remained matter of sufferance merely on the other. I see no objection in these cases of giving and taking freely.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. JOHN MILLS TO MR. WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, July 28, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I am sensible that there is nothing in our acquaintance, or in our past or present political relations that authorizes me to address to you this letter; but I offer no apology for doing so, because the subject is one in which every person may be presumed to feel an interest.

In the course of the last few weeks I have heard it frequently remarked, by those who I doubt not are your friends, that when the pending negotiation with England is closed, you must

consult your own fame, and immediately retire from the office of Secretary of State.

One gentleman remarked that the pen with which you placed your name to the treaty, should, before it was again dipped in ink, write the note of resignation. Were I to presume to give advice, on this important subject, it would be the reverse of that which these friends seem disposed to tender.

That the treaty you are making will augment even your own reputation as a statesman, is highly probable; but to resign your office on the consummation of that act in the present posture of public affairs, without strong and urgent necessity, will not, I apprehend, meet either the general approbation or the expectation of the public. The whole country, men of all parties, know full well that you mainly sustain the present administration, and although politicians may wish to weaken that administration, the people generally have no such desire. I express no opinion of the executive; but, admitting him to be all that his most bitter enemies have represented, his administration must be sustained. And who will the people regard as their friend, the men who seek to degrade the President, and to disgrace and weaken his administration, or the man who, in aiding the President, sustains the honor and interest of the country? I am not the political friend of the President, but hesitate not to say that the opposition in Congress and from the Whig press, is producing sympathy for him, which, under ordinary circumstances, would not be excited. Will that sympathy be lessened if the "Atlantean shoulders" on which he leans for support, are suddenly, and without good and sufficient cause, withdrawn? I think not.

Heretofore, I have not hesitated to declare, either to political friends or foes, that, in my opinion, your conduct was honorable and patriotic, in retaining office, when the other members of the cabinet retired. The reasons for remaining in the cabinet may not, hereafter, be equally urgent, but they are, and will continue to be powerful, and such as you will find it difficult, I think, to overlook or disregard.

In conclusion, I will repeat that I make no apology for writing, as I know that I am influenced in this matter by motives free from every taint of interest, personal or political. Indeed, if I were not conscious of acting from considerations far above those

of a mere partisan character, I should have been spared the labor of writing, and you, Sir, the trouble of reading this letter.

I am, Sir, very respectfully yours, &c.

JOHN MILLS.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, August 2, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I have been looking for a letter for four days. It came this morning. All well. I will write to Boston to get an insurance on the barn and contents, unless you can do it at Duxbury. Let me know. Go ahead with the fish. Never mind the ladies.*

I am glad you have had such good weather, good men, and good health. If any two good men want a little more employment, you know this is the very season for cutting the bushes in the lower pastures.

How many tons of good English hay do you think the farm yields, this year? I cannot tell by the number of cocks—nor can I guess of the grain, by the sheaves. How does the corn get along, and the turnips? Have you sold any lambs?

Go ahead with the fish. Enclosed is a check for one hundred dollars. Keep the men paid, but agree with them for produce, where you can. Money is scarce.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. CURTIS.

(☞ FOR MRS. CURTIS; AND POSITIVELY CONFIDENTIAL AND OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.)

Washington, August 10, 1842.

DEAR MRS. CURTIS,—I have to communicate to you a matter of considerable importance, and of a public nature, though private interests and wishes are connected with it. It is not that

* The ladies complained of the disagreeable odor arising from the fish spread over the land.

"a couple of treaties" were signed, as report says, yesterday, in my department—you know I always like "a couple" of things, —nor that the President sent, on the same day, a greater or less number of vetoes to Congress; the President likes a good many vetoes.

The matter I have to communicate, though of a public nature, is yet a profound secret. My wife does not know a word about it, or rather I have not told her a word; but I dare say she knows all about it. Strong sympathies, a sort of matrimonial magnetism, enables her to find out what I know without the use of speech. By the way, she is very well, and bright. If you, who always thought her a great beauty, were to see her now, you would agree that she had still further improved. She will be going north in ten days, and if you shall be in the New York regions, she will be most glad to see you. But I stray from my subject.

What I have to say does not respect any pending negotiation, but is the result of a long, dilatory, tedious negotiation, spun out like a Spanish war; but which, unlike a Spanish war, at last came to an end. But I must hasten to announce the news; and it is time I should, for I hate all useless preliminary flourishing of words. *In medias res;* to hasten into the middle of the matter is the true rule in poetry, oratory, history, and other things.

Well, then, here it comes. I may as well begin to state it now, or else I shall be driven to a second sheet, and paper is scarce. I am already near the bottom of the second page. I will tell the whole at once. Two days before the late anniversary of American Independence, (being the sixty-sixth, I believe,) that is to say, on the 2d day of July last, there was regularly passed, perfected, and expedited, a document, through all the forms of office, by which document —— C. H——, of Vermont, was made a Middy!!!!! Rather a small beginning. But "great trees from little acorns grow." The little Middy will, ere long, grow up into a stout captain, and forty years hence the stout captain may become a great admiral! I shall not hear the guns of his seventy-four gun ship; but he will remember that I patted his head, even before he became a Middy. There is a great deal in timing things. If I had not got this warrant when I did, I should not have got it at all. I promised to keep it snug till C. rises. Here it is in my drawer locked up, but probably I shall

soon send it to Mr. Curtis. There! my secret is out; so an end to nonsense.

I have been a good deal afflicted latterly, with a turn of lumbago, perhaps owing to very great and sudden changes of the weather; in other respects my health has been quite good. Public affairs are in a dreadful state, and I know not when they will mend. Of one thing I am glad, and that is, that I am out of Congress. I liked Congress very much, formerly; very much; but men and things, habits, tempers, principles, all have changed. My present situation would be pleasant enough, if all things were right. But I do not mean to turn grumbler.

The moment Congress rises, I go north, and presume I shall find you at New York with Mr. Curtis. Your father was kind enough to call upon us, and we were quite glad to see him.

Yours, with tenderest regard,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, August 18, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I am now preparing to go north, and hope to get away in a week, though I keep the matter rather still, as Congress has not yet adjourned.

I wish every thing to be in readiness at Marshfield by the 1st day of September.

1. See to the house, and do all the little necessary things. Mend the broken plastering in the piazza, put on a little paint, if there is a particularly bad spot, &c.

2. The summer-house looks dull, and wants paint; the bath-house must be whitewashed, and that lost door looked up, &c., and the boat-house down below needs whitewashing.

3. The three boats must be put in first-rate order, painted where necessary.

If the lost rudder of the little boat is not found, get a regular one made, not such a looking shark as you made out of a piece of pine. Let Peterson examine all the sails and rigging, and have every thing trim and nice.

4. As the yellow legs have come by this time, tell Daniel

Wright to be particularly careful to keep all gunners away from the pond.

5. See to the gate at the end of the avenue, it got damaged; let it be repaired, and perhaps repainted, and let the gardener have the avenue and all the grounds nice.

6. I send you a check for one hundred dollars, and you must not mention the name of money to me again till next ploughing time, always excepting enough to pay for fish.

You may sell lambs and steers, but must not look as if you wished to say money.

7. Do not say much about my coming along, but keep at work, as if in secret session.

8. Write me on receiving this, and then wait till you see me.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

August 20, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I am against filling the floor of the great barn with salt hay. It spoils the looks of things, besides being in the way. You will do better to make a third cap large, and place it in a convenient spot, perhaps near the piggery, as I am not at all certain but what you and I shall make a barn the last two weeks in September, and the first two in October. What do you think? Shall we have a better time? Can you get suitable lumber? If it strikes your fancy agreeably, you may set about the wall, whenever you please. Perhaps Captain Peleg would lend a hand.

I shall write Henry, stating what time to look out for me.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JEREMIAH MASON.

Washington, August 21, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I cannot forego the pleasure of saying to an old and constant friend, who, I know, takes a personal as well as a public interest in the matter, that the treaty was ratified last evening by a vote of thirty-nine to nine. I did not look for a majority quite so large. I am truly thankful that the thing is done. Yours, ever faithfully,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

August 23, 1842.

Dear Mrs. Paige,—I enclose a note of introduction for your husband to Lord Ashburton; please have it sealed, and presented on his arrival. He will be glad to see Mr. Paige and yourself, I am quite sure.

You will hear that the treaty is done! and I am almost done too.

The only question of magnitude about which I did not negotiate with Lord Ashburton, is the question respecting the fisheries. That question I propose to take up with Mr. Seth Peterson, on Tuesday the 6th day of September next, at six o'clock, A. M. In the mean time I may find a leisure hour to drop a line on the same subject at Nahant.

I have to thank you for five beautiful handkerchiefs. Nothing was ever nicer.

Yours affectionately,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PRESIDENT TYLER.

August 24, 1842.

My dear Sir,—I greatly thank you for your kind and obliging letter of this morning.

I showed it to my wife, now on the eve of her departure for the North, and she immediately sequestered it, saying that she should keep it and treasure it up.

I shall never speak of this negotiation, my dear Sir, which I believe is destined to make some figure in the history of the

country, without doing you justice. Your steady support and confidence, your anxious and intelligent attention to what was in progress, and your exceedingly obliging and pleasant intercourse, both with the British minister and the commissioners of the States, have given every possible facility to my agency in this important transaction. Nor ought I to forget the cordial coöperation of my colleagues in the cabinet, to every one of whom I am indebted for valuable assistance.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great sincerity and esteem, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HURD AND OTHERS.

Washington, August 25, 1842.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the fourth of this month.

When twenty years old, I found myself, at the suggestion of a valued friend, now of long standing, in your pleasant village, engaged in an attempt at instructing youth. I was there, I think, about nine months, and however successful or unsuccessful I may have been in teaching others, it was not lost time in regard to my own progress. I found in Fryeburg, even at that early day, most of the elements of a happy New England village, which Dr. Belknap has described; a learned, amiable, and excellent minister of the gospel, a pattern of devout feeling and affectionate intercourse with his people, seeking always to strengthen the persuasions of the pulpit by the influence of his own example, and who thus "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

Educated and respectable gentlemen of the other professions, one of them near enough to my own age for daily companionship, never to be forgotten, and engaged in that pursuit of life to which I have since been devoted; a small but well-selected circulating library, with which I cultivated a useful acquaintance, and a general circle of friendly and agreeable neighbors.

To the recollection of such things, and such scenes, it is impossible to revert without feelings both of gratitude and pleasure. Long may your Institution flourish in usefulness,

and long may health and peace, prosperity and happiness, be the lot of the village.

To all who may remember me, I pray you to give my cordial salutations; and if there be among you any of those who sought to learn Latin or Greek, or to read, write, or cipher under my veteran tuition, please say to them that I trust their children have had better instruction than their fathers.

I am, gentlemen, with regard, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

To CARLTON HURD, AMOS RICHARDSON, ASA CHARLES. Fryeburg, Maine.

MR. MASON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, August 28, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are entirely right in the belief that I feel deeply interested in the matter of your treaty, as well for public as personal reasons. In my opinion it is of more importance to the welfare of the country, than any thing that has taken place since the Treaty of Ghent.

Such I believe to be the public opinion. Your merits in this negotiation are universally admitted to as great an extent as can be desired.

What affects you so essentially cannot fail to excite a strong personal interest with me. For be assured, my dear Sir, that there has never been a moment during our long-continued friendship when I felt more deeply interested in your welfare than I do at the present time.

While I most cordially congratulate you on your present success, and the increase of your reputation as a statesman therefrom, I cannot forbear suggesting my fears and anxiety for the future.

When the late cabinet so hastily resigned their places, under the supposed influence of Mr. Clay, I certainly thought you acted rightly in not going out at his dictation. The eminent services you have since performed will satisfy all whose opinions are of any value that you judged rightly in remaining in office to enable you to do what you have done. This important affair is now brought to a happy conclusion, and your best friends here think that there is an insuperable

difficulty in your continuing any longer in President Tyler's Cabinet. Having no knowledge of your standing, or personal relations with him, or of your views, I do not feel authorized to volunteer any opinion or advice. I suppose you are aware of the estimation in which the President is held in this region. By the Whigs he is almost universally detested. This detestation is as deep and thorough as their contempt for his weakness and folly will permit it to be. I use strong language but not stronger than the truth justifies. Your friends doubt whether you can, with safety to your own character and honor, act under, or with such a man.

It is generally understood that Mr. Choate will resign at the end of the session. In that event your old seat in the Senate will be open to you; on some accounts that would not seem altogether desirable. I have heard it suggested that you might have Mr. Everett's place in England and let him go over to France.

I repeat that for the reasons already intimated, I give no opinion or advice as to what is best and most expedient. I hope and trust you will judge and determine rightly.

Lord Ashburton has been received here in a manner, I presume, quite satisfactory to himself. He lauded you publicly, and also in private conversation, in terms as strong as your best friends could desire.

I am, my dear Sir, as ever, faithfully yours,

J. MASON.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Boston, September 28, 1842.

DEAR FLETCHER,—Mr. Morgan went to Marshfield to see me the day before yesterday, and I returned with him to this city yesterday. Travelling against a strong wind has brought on my cold badly, and to-day I am not well.

Caroline and the children are in perfect health, but we are all much grieved to hear of your ague. We hope this morning's mail will bring better tidings.

I think I shall meet the people here, on Friday, the 30th. Things are in so wretched a state, I shall hardly know what to say.

I have considered what you write of the President's conversation, and of the case of Mr. Forward. I have heard also from Mr. Cushing, through Mr. Curtis. You know I came home with a resolution to remain quiet till the treaty should come back, restore my health, and then return to Washington, and there decide what should remain to be decided.

It is, therefore, a little unexpectedly, that I am called on at once, not only to dispose of my own case, but to interfere also with that of Mr. Forward. This last I cannot do. It is not proper for me to give him any advice.

As to my own case, I shall write to the President soon, unless I should find it necessary to go to Washington earlier than I have expected. I heard last night that the new Mexican minister was in this city, but hardly suppose it can be true.

I send you Mr. Everett's last despatches. They appear not very important. I shall return to Marshfield to-morrow if I should be well enough.

Mr. Morgan was fitted off this morning for Lowell.

Yours affectionately, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, October 2, 1842.

MY DEAR SON,—I returned yesterday from Boston. The meeting went off quite as well as I expected. It will cause some ripples upon the waters, but not strong enough to upset any of us.

I had an opportunity to do the President justice, which I endeavored to improve. The feeling of the people, after all, is undoubtedly kind towards the President, many of them thinking he has been most unjustly treated, and all Whigs remembering that he came into power by their own choice, and their own votes.

If it had not been for the vetoes of the last session, and an apparent disposition to make changes in office, which probably the President thinks necessary, he would have been exceedingly popular at this moment all over New England. All agree, that in every thing not connected with their disputes with Congress, his administration has thus far been able and fortunate.

Mr. Cushing has been well received, and I doubt not of his

election, if he should be a candidate. This week I go to New Hampshire, to return about the 15th. By the 17th or 18th, I look out for Derrick and the treaty, and shall then immediately proceed to Washington and give you a holiday.

My cold is wearing off. It happened to be a good day for me Friday. Julia is yet with us, but goes to town this week.

Your mother sends much love.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Marshfield, October 5, 1842. Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I arrived here yesterday, at three o'clock, notwithstanding the storm; found Mrs. Webster and Edward well, and Marshfield looking as well as usual, what little there is left of it. My great elm has furnished wood for the winter, and the garden fences are gone over to Duxbury. We have had a non-such of a blow, for thirty-six hours. Two vessels are ashore close by us. One, a lumberman, came on the beach Sunday night, lost two men; Edward and the neighbors saved the rest. The other got ashore last night, a large schooner. I see her across the meadows this morning, but she seems high and dry, and I hope no lives are lost. Edward has gone to see. I believe there is not an apple or pear on any tree, this side Boston, but then there are plenty on the ground, which are so much handier. The storm is breaking, we shall have fine weather, and shall be all ready for you Saturday, according to contract.

You will see that the Whig committee of Massachusetts are on the right tack. Seth Peterson goes for the President, notwithstanding the vetoes. He says, there is sometimes an odd fish that won't take clams; you must try him with another bait.

Remember Saturday, three o'clock. Mrs. Curtis may expect a salute. Mrs. Webster is delighted you are coming, and is already meditating murderous deeds in the poultry yard. Don't let any of the party fail.

Yours, truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

New York, Monday morning, November 8, 1842.

My dear Son,—I received several letters from you this morning, which appear to have been waiting for me here, as some of them are of old date. I hope you have recovered from your bilious attack. We also had hot weather, a week ago, in Boston, but of course it caused no miasma.

To-day we have a violent rain, and I cannot go out. This may prevent me from going south to-morrow, as I wish to see to a few things here. I am glad there is no great necessity for my presence. Our furniture and other articles will be coming along fast.

I look forward to the future, my dear son, with great anxiety. The recent elections show that the Whig party is broken up, and perhaps can never be reunited. I intend, however, to do my duty to the country and to the President, so long as I can be useful, without departing from my own principles, or acting against my own judgment.

Every thing must be done to make the ensuing session go off well. I am anxious to be at my post, as soon as I can.

Yours always,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

(Private.)

Washington, November 18, 1842.

Dear Mrs. Paige,—I write a line to keep myself in remembrance, and to assure you all of my health and well-being at this present moment. Mr. Curtis is here, or I should be absolutely alone. He goes to-morrow. A few days will decide whether I shall stay here till spring, or, differing from migratory birds, take an autumnal flight to the north.

The reasons for staying, and those for going, are so nearly balanced, and the difference in time is so short, I care not which way shall ultimately be thought best.

You may show this to Fletcher and Caroline, and to Mr. Appleton and Julia, as well as your husband, and no further.

Yours affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

November 24, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Remember the icehouse. Ice made at this season, you know, is better than ice made later; and if your weather corresponds with ours, now is your time.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, November 28, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,—I believe I have nothing which needs to be made the subject of a public despatch, by this conveyance. Some topics, however, in your recent private letters, require attention.

1. The first of these subjects is the Oregon Territory. The President quite agrees with Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, that both governments should avail themselves of the present opportunity to settle, if they can settle, all disputes respecting this territory. Mr. Fox has made us a communication relative to the subject; but before this was received, the President had prepared a notice of it, to be inserted in his message to Congress next week. The question is how, or upon what basis, is a negotiation to be opened? The title is disputed between the parties; shall this question of title be referred to a third power? Or, if a compromise be attempted, in what form or on what principle? A division of this territory might naturally be suggested, and at first blush the Columbia River might seem to present itself as a convenient line of division. But there are great peculiarities about this river. It affords very small accommodations to commerce, in comparison with its size, or volume of water. For nine months in the year the naviga-

tion of its mouth is regarded as impracticable, and for the rest quite uncertain and inconvenient. If we should consent to be limited by the river on the north, we shall not have one tolerable harbor on the whole coast. The straits of St. Juan de Fuca, and the inland waters with which they communicate, undoubtedly contain all the good harbors between the Russian settlements and California. You remember that when the subject was last up, there was a proposition that the United States should hold an isolated territory, embracing some of these inland waters, and to have a passage through those straits. But disconnected territories are inconvenient. England wants a good harbor in the Sound, connected with the ocean through these straits; she may want also the privilege of transporting furs and other commodities down the river; and I suppose it is an object with her to retain the settlement at Vancouver and the other small settlements further north, under her jurisdiction and protection. Does she want any more?

I doubt whether she can contemplate any considerable colonization in the regions. I doubt exceedingly, whether it be an inviting country for agricultural settlers. At present there are not above seven hundred white persons on the whole territory, both sides the river, from California to latitude 54, north, and about twenty thousand Indians. It has been suggested that the line of boundary might begin on the sea, or the entrance of the straits of St. Juan de Fuca, follow up these Straits, give us a harbor at the southwest corner of these island waters, and then continue south, striking the river below Vancouver, and then following the river to its intersection with the 49th degree of latitude North.

I describe this without reference to the maps, and without having them before me; but you will understand the general idea.

2. Commercial intercourse. This divides itself into two heads, navigation and commerce.

1. Navigation. It is not to be disguised that great dissatisfaction exists in this country with the present state of our intercourse with the British colonies. Both Houses of Congress moved on the subject at the last session, and very full and striking reports were made in one of them.

While our treaty with England gives us a fair and equal

chance in the direct trade between the United States and the English possessions in Europe, our navigation is exposed to great inconveniences in all that regards intercourse with the British West Indies.

This is a proper subject for negotiation, and the President would be happy that the two governments should agree to take it into consideration.

2. Commerce. By this I mean the question of duties, about which, as you know, General Green had conversation with Lord Ripon and Mr. McGregor. This matter is difficult and delicate. We regard the primary object of duties to be revenue; and the power of laying duties is one of the express grants to Congress. How far can the treaty-making power be properly extended, in these cases? We have had but two instances, I think, and both under very particular circumstances, and very much limited, and yet both a good deal complained of. If you have the means at hand, turn to the debates of 1796, on the treaty-making power, its just nature and extent. See especially Mr. Madison's speech, Mr. Smith's of New Hampshire, and Mr. Giles's. Mr. Madison's general notion was that the treaty making power ought not to be so far extended as to interfere with subjects, a power over which was especially granted to Congress by the constitution. And perhaps this doctrine cannot well be disputed. Any attempt therefore to regulate duties by treaties, must be very well considered before it is entered upon.

As to intercourse with the colonies, if something be not soon done by treaty, there is great probability that Congress will be induced to make it the subject of legislative enactments.

I believe the President would be gratified if you should incidentally converse with Lord Aberdeen on these subjects, and learn, so far as you can, his inclinations. On the commercial part of the case, you may perhaps find occasion to say something to Lord Ripon or Mr. Gladstone. It will be very well to hold up to Lord Aberdeen the great importance of settling the Oregon business, the probability that Congress may provide for sending a force into this region, &c.

And you may very safely assure the gentlemen connected with the Board of Trade, that we shall be after them by acts of Congress, unless they will come to some reasonable relaxation of their present system of colonial intercourse.

As Lord Ashburton will probably be in town by January, you will have opportunity of falling into conversation with him on this subject, which I hope you will improve.

My family is yet at the North, but I look for Mrs. Webster to join me this week. I had a glorious month of leisure on the sea-coast, where Seth Peterson and I settled many a knotty point. I went also to my native hills for ten days, and frolicked with other young fellows of that region. My health is quite good, and I mean to take political events with a good deal of philosophy.

I pray you make my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Everett and your daughters, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever most truly, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. I was excessively proud of what you repeat Mr. Rogers to have said of my letter on impressment, as well as by your own friendly sayings on that point. I must confess I never took more pains to make a clear case, and to put it in a short compass. Pray give Mr. Rogers and his sister assurances of my most sincere and cordial regard.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, November 28, 1842.

DEAR HARRIETTE,—I was quite happy to hear from you yesterday. You seem by all accounts to have had an agreeable Thanksgiving. Such family occasions, in the absence of recent causes of grief, are usually pleasant and joyous.

I think the love of family grows upon us, as we get along in life. 'Tis certain that I find myself more frequently than formerly thinking over my remote kindred, and dwelling on the connections created by the ties of blood. We are thinking of getting up a little Thanksgiving in this District. Many people desire it, and I have recommended to the President to issue a short proclamation or recommendation. It will seem to bring us more into the circle of Christian communities.

Mr. Curtis came on with me and stayed a week. Since his

departure I have been quite alone, and not having once dined out since I came here, I, of course, sit down daily to a table with one plate. This is not cheerful, certainly, but then it encourages the virtue of temperance. No two-legged thing can eat much, if he eat alone. My health is good, never better, and some things necessary to be done before Congress meets, keep me busy. But my thoughts run ahead, and I cannot help thinking of where the next vernal equinox may find me. But all that I leave to a wiser disposition than I can make myself.

Give my love to your husband and children, to S. and Julia, and their babies, and to Mr. and Mrs. Joy, and theirs. I hope this will not find the C. C. with you, as we really need him here. Some evils are necessary.

Yours, affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, December 1, 1842.

DEAR FLETCHER,—Abridge your stay in New York as much as you can.

We really want you here. Your rooms are all ready, up stairs, down stairs, and in the lady's chamber.

Come right away, and be sure to bring General Hernandez with you.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

LORD ASHBURTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, December 3, 1842.

MY DEAR MR. WEBSTER,—I must at last run away, or rather sail away, without seeing you. This is provoking, but I cannot help it. I had indeed little to say, but it is, notwithstanding, a mortification to me to leave these shores without first shaking your hand. The pain would be greater if I did not confidently hope to see you in the old world; but for me to benefit by your visit you must make haste, for my taper is burning away

fast, and I have done my last public work, very agreeably, indeed to my own satisfaction, as I have every reason to hope it will prove to the satisfaction of my royal Mistress. My reception everywhere has been highly gratifying, and when called upon to say something in the great cradle of liberty, Faneuil Hall, I never longed so much for a few crumbs of your or Brougham's power to talk to the masses. I did not see Derrick, but I hope to find him in England. Adieu, my dear Mr. Webster; let me hear from you if you have leisure, but above all let me see you if you can.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Webster and all your family.

Yours, sincerely, ASHBURTON.

P. S. Healey is to come and take my picture at the Grange in October, and pray do not forget I am to have yours.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, December 8, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to hear from you, and to learn that you are all well, and will answer your questions.

Keep the ox and cow, intended for our beef, upon meal and hay, till after New Year's day. Then slaughter them, the first day of proper weather; and put up the meat in the very best manner. Perhaps it need not all go into our cellar; but put up enough, and more than enough. I shall run away from Marshfield next summer, if the provisions are not better than they were last. Put me up three hundred pounds of clear pork, first quality, in the same nice way.

Sometime about the middle of February, or 1st of March, put up a small hog, say one hundred and eighty or two hundred pounds to be pork for boiling. The ribs of this not to be taken out of the middling, as in clear pork, but to be cut through. Salt the shoulders and hams, and give them a good deal of brown sugar, and have them smoked. Mrs. Thomas can tell about this.

We shall not be able to buy any thing, next year, and there-

fore must have meat to live on. Provisions are cheaper in the West, than in old Marshfield. A member of Congress tells me that in Illinois, pork is selling at one dollar and twenty-five cents a hundred, beef at two dollars, and millions of bushels of corn at eight cents. A good cow may be bought for four dollars. They say there is plenty of provisions, but the people are likely to starve for want of money to pay for cooking.

The last news from that quarter is, that the pigs have resolved to make a strike for higher prices; they say that a dollar and a quarter a hundred will not pay for cracking the acorns. Look out for the first good ice.

I trust the late storm left a good winrow of kelp on the beach. Make the oxen, steers, and horses pay for their keeping, by hauling it up.

I send you a number of copies of "Captain Tyler's" message Write once a week.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WESTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

December 18, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Your letters have been duly read, and I shall see that the beef and pork are put up according to orders. You say that the weather has been cold and stormy with you; this I believe has been the case on all sides of us, but some how or other we seem to live between the snow storms. We have not had more than one inch of snow since you left Marshfield, and we do not as yet have any easterly winds to bring us kelp. I have sold the wild oxen for 110 dollars. They were drove to Brighton by the man that bought them, and sold again for the same sum.

I have sold Porter Wright's black oxen to Mr. George Adams, for four dollars per hundred; they will be slaughtered this week, and we shall know the weight of them. I hope they will weigh twenty-six hundred. Peleg Keene has finished the bushes in the lower pasture, and it looks as though our cattle might get some grass there next season; we keep collecting what

trash there comes on our shore for manure; this makes some work for our young oxen.

I do not hear from John Taylor yet; I am afraid we shall not get our cattle this winter. I see by the papers that they have an abundance of snow in that quarter. I sent another fat sheep to Mr. Appleton, yesterday, and we have six more that are very good; I wish you had a pair of them, for I do not believe that you get any so good at Washington.

I hope we shall have an old-fashioned storm. One that will wash the bottom of the sea clean, for you know if the kelp holds on another year it will make bad bottom for fishing.

Our cattle are all well, they like our English hay and turnips much, and if they do not come out in good condition next spring, somebody will be to blame.

Yours truly,
S. WESTON.

CHANCELLOR KENT TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, December 21, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your friendly note of the 17th instant with the correspondence between you and Lord Ashburton. That correspondence I had previously perused, and I was much pleased with the ability, candor, and precision with which the negotiation was conducted. Several of the principles declared in these State papers were so important, and so well and clearly expressed, that I had already made a note of them, in the MS. pages of the first volume of my commentaries, to be incorporated in the next edition.

The McLeod case is happily terminated. I never had or could entertain any doubt of the enormous error of the judicial opinions in that case. The opinion of Cowen I thought was written in very bad taste, with disgusting pedantry and waste of learning. My only difficulty was as to the want of a clear and certain provision in the Judiciary Act of 1789 to remove the proceeding into the federal courts, and that difficulty is now happily removed by the act of Congress of August 27, 1842. That act and the 10th article of the treaty, providing for the

surrender of fugitives, are momentous and most conspicuous improvements in our national and diplomatic codes.

I thank you for the kind feelings you have done me the honor and the goodness to express in respect to my health and condition. I am indeed in my eightieth year, but thank God I am wonderfully well and active, and my ardor for reading, and my sensibilities are, I think, as alive as ever to the charms of nature, of literature, and society. I keep aloof from all fashionable parties except when my daughter (Mrs. H.) has some small ones at my house, at which Ma and I are obliged to be present, and I chat and flatter as much as ever with pretty ladies. My reading is regular and constant; all the reports of law decisions, as fast as I can procure them, all the periodicals, foreign and domestic, and old literature and new books, are steadily turned over. I have been reading a day or two past, at intervals, Dr. Arnold's History of Rome. He is a great admirer of Niebuhr, and his criticisms are doubtless true and just, but dull. I relieve myself by going from some of his allusions to one of the Muses, or books of Herodotus or Livy, and they amuse my old age like enchanting historical novels. I don't like altogether bald, naked, sterile facts. I like a little of the poetry of history as well as of life itself in all its modifications. I deal sufficiently with dry and stern facts when I study law cases. I recurred to one of Gibbon's chapters on the eruption of the northern nations into the Roman provinces, and with what delight and what admiration! He has truth severely stated but adorned with taste, style, wisdom, and surpassing energy and eloquence of language.

I partly ride and partly walk down town daily to my office, and have occasional opinions to give, but more out of the State than in it, and then hasten up to my attractive home and office on Union Square, facing the lofty jet d'eau, which is constantly playing before my eyes. The associations with this water are to me delightful. I was born on my father's farm in Putnam County in the eastern part of the Highlands, and that farm was bounded east on the Croton River, where I used to fish and swim in my youthful days. God bless the stream! How would it have astonished my parents if they had been foretold, in 1770, that their eldest son would live in the midst of the city of New York with that very Croton pouring its pure and living

waters through the streets and throwing its majestic columns of water fifty-six feet into the air. So you see how charmingly I am enabled in my evening days *ducere solicito jucunda obtura vito.*

I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

December 24, 1842.

DEAR CAROLINE,—I pray leave to request that you will put this box or parcel into your stocking this evening unopened.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

LORD ASHBURTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

The Grange, January 2, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. WEBSTER,—The beginning of a new year reminds me that there has been rather a long interval since we were in active correspondence during the last, and I am tempted to send a few lines of inquiry across the water, to ask how you all are, and more particularly good Mrs. Webster, to whose kindness I felt myself so much indebted during my residence at Washington. I have myself been busied in the country looking after my sheep and my plantations nearly since my return, with the exception of a visit or two to my mother's; but early next month we are again all to meet in the great Babylon, where the conflict of parties in our Congress is to begin. I should probably not attend if it were not to look after my own character when the critics open their attack upon what they call the "Ashburton Capitulation." I am not afraid of them, and though I have not your power of destroying an adversary, I have one advantage over you, that I have a right to be heard. In speaking of critics, however, I should, in fairness, state they they are nearly, if not exclusively, reduced to one, an ex-Secretary of State, who is laboring hard in his vocation of a fault-finding leader of opposition, sharpened a little by the apprehension that his powers of diplomacy are questioned by the result. Mr. Everett, who has been passing a few days here with his family, will have

told you that the public opinion of this country is decidedly satisfied. I have assurances to this effect from people of all parties. Few, if any, of the Whigs will support the author of the angry articles of The Morning Chronicle, and I suspect that when it comes to the point his "capitulation" will be more manifest than mine. The truth is, that the desire of all here is peace, and more especially with your country. Nobody of common sense cares much about the precise position of Lake Pohenagemook. The important thing is that we have shaken hands cordially, and I should be very sorry to be supposed to have ever been anxious to make a sharp bargain. The real merit of the settlement is that it will not stand this description on either side. What we may, I believe, really boast of, my dear Sir, is that we have done a work of peace which, to the extent of our power, we must endeavor to prevent folly or malevolence from spoiling. This was the whole of my aim in crossing the Atlantic, though I see my friend Mr. Ingersoll persists that I want to be an earl or a marquis, with a true republican appreciation of such vanities.

I am looking to what is passing in your world, mainly to form some opinion of what is likely to become of your position, the delicacy and difficulty of which I think I understand. I need hardly tell you how much your friends would rejoice to see you here, if this should in any way be the result of the shuffling and cutting of the cards. On this subject, however, it would be idle in me to speculate. What are called the unsettled questions — the Oregon or the Colonial trade, would, I apprehend, be attended with no insuperable difficulties, if undertaken with good faith, but it may be doubtful whether it might be possible to satisfy such men as Benton and Linn on the one hand, or your friend Cushing on the other. It is worse than a waste of time to be negotiating where the spirit of the times is adverse, for failure necessarily leaves behind much of irritation. You know better than I do what stuff your new Congress is made of. The best treaty would not satisfy those who are predetermined to find fault, and should this be the state of things to be expected, prudence would advise leaving things at rest and waiting a better opportunity.[1]

[1] See page 565 for matter omitted in the original edition of Webster's Private Correspondence.

If a proper opportunity offers, will you be so good as to present my respectful acknowledgments to the President, for his always kind reception of me. I hesitated about doing this myself by letter, but was doubtful whether this accorded properly with his and my position. His conduct through the course of my mission inspired me always with the greatest respect. If you have occasionally a few moments' leisure, it would be a great favor if you will let me hear from you, my dear Mr. Webster, and beg you will ever believe me Yours cordially,

ASHBURTON.

P. S. I should not properly have left it to a postscript to inform you that through the instrumentality of Mr. Healey's magic pencil, we have exchanged what I think very well painted portraits; an exchange by which I am highly flattered and gratified. I am hesitating whether, when you make us your next visit, you are to see yourself on the walls of the Grange, or Picadilly.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, January 27, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I owe you for two letters, and those are debts which I like to pay.

The beef cattle appear to have done well, and it would seem that we have a good stock of wholesome provisions. I have no fault to find with what you are doing, and am glad the late remarkably pleasant weather has been improved. If Asa Hewitt plants corn south of the cottage, he must have just as much manure as he wishes. He ought to try to get some kelp, as well as to make free use of our barnyard.

I am sorry that no kelp makes its appearance. Have you settled your own judgment as to the farming operations for the year?

I am sorry Porter is going to Duxbury. He is an honest, industrious, and worthy man.

Be very careful about letting anybody into the house. What is Peleg Keene going to do with himself? If we can do no better, we must shut up the house, and hire a man in Porter's place. Does Seth Atwell engage again with Captain Smith?

As John Taylor forgot the cattle, I suppose he forgot the turkeys also. Daniel Wright must look out for that department. We must have a good flock of turkeys. We ought to know by this time how to make them live, and I think we can do it. I am glad to hear the great establishment of the hen house is completed.

If the frost does not come back, keep the ploughs going. If kelp comes, don't let it have any rest on the shore.

I am glad you are getting together stones for the shed. We must make a nice little yard round the little barns.

I have written to John Taylor to give some account of himself.

Your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WADDY THOMPSON.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, February 7, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—Among the prisoners captured in the late Texan expedition west of the Rio Grande, is young Mr. Crittenden, son of Mr. Crittenden of the Senate.

The fate of this young man, present and future, causes all the friends of the family the highest degree of concern.

I cannot request your official interference in his behalf, but earnestly entreat you to exert every kind effort which may be in your power in his favor. An earnest request, it is understood, is addressed to General Santa Anna for his release, by General Almonte, whose letter goes by this conveyance. The presentation of that letter will afford you an opportunity of saying to General Santa Anna how much he would contribute to the relief of an afflicted family, and how far he would confer private obligations on a large and most respectable circle of individuals, by sending this young man home to his parents and friends.

If his immediate release cannot be obtained, your next effort must be to prevail on the authorities to detain him in Mexico on his parole, or otherwise, and not have him put upon the roads, or sent to the mines.

By all means, prevent if you can such a fate as these last alternatives present.

With this I send a letter on the same subject to Mr. Curson. He cannot perhaps aid you much, if the young man be still in Mexico; but if he shall have already left the city, Curson will endeavor to obtain leave to visit him and do him every good in his power.

If Mr. Curson shall have left Mexico before you receive this, his letter may be retained.

Most earnestly praying that your efforts for the release of the son of your old friend may be crowned with success,

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. GEORGE S. CURSON.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, February 7, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write in the hope that this letter may overtake you, in Mexico, and its object is to request all your kind offices for Mr. Crittenden, a son of Mr. Crittenden of the Senate, who was made a prisoner with the rest in the unfortunate Texan expedition over the Rio Grande. General Thompson will have letters on the same subject. Indeed, this goes under cover to him. If young Crittenden be still in Mexico, General Thompson will make an effort in his favor. If he shall be already sent out of the city, I wish you to visit him, if you can obtain permission of the authorities and render him all the service you properly can. As you are acquainted with the language and with the people, you may possibly be of much use to him, but you will be careful to act with caution and with strict propriety, as you are a sort of public character, being bearer of despatches; and be sure to do nothing which can give offence to the Mexican authorities.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this, if it should reach you in Mexico; and I assure you, you will confer much obligation on Mr. Crittenden's connections, and particularly gratify me, if you should be able to contribute, by your zeal and address, in ac-

complishing the object, on account of which this letter is written.

We are all well, and Fletcher Webster desires his regards to you.

Yours, truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. MORGAN.

Washington, February 7, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed communication to General Thompson respects an interesting and very urgent subject, and I pray you to exert yourself in giving it immediate despatch for Mexico.

It is possible Mr. Curson may still be in New Orleans, on receipt of this. If so he will of course take charge of it. If he shall have left, your particular attention is desired in finding some other prompt conveyance.

If you find no safe hand going to Mexico, by the first vessel for Vera Cruz, it will be well, perhaps, to send it by such vessel, to Vera Cruz, to the care of the American Consul, with a request from me, that he send it at once to Mexico, in some secure and expeditious manner.

Please acknowledge the receipt of this and inform me what despatch you shall have been able to give to the communication for General Thompson.

Yours, with much regard,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, March 2, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—I have come pretty much to the conclusion of making an addition to the House, in the course of the season, according to Julia's 2d plan. This purpose I do not wish you to speak of to any person, till I see you: but it is time to think and to plan.

The first question is, the time to do the business. After some reflection, it strikes me as best to put up the frame, board, clapboard, and shingle it, and put up the chimneys, in June. That is a time of year when the family might be out of the way a few weeks, perhaps in New Hampshire.

Doors, window-sashes, blinds, &c., it will be best to get made in some shop at Boston or elsewhere. The boards for the inside work might be planed and got ready, and then my idea is to finish off, as early as the weather will be cool enough to plaster, say September, so as to have the house dry and fit to live in, by the 15th or 20th of October. It is to be considered, whether the timber for the frame may best be obtained near home, or brought from abroad. If the former, it is necessary, I suppose, to look out for it, at once. Perhaps, also, the bricks ought to be engaged soon. We shall need no cellar, and no stone work except a decent underpinning.

You may run this subject over, in your mind, till I see you. My expectation is, to be at Marshfield, at least for a day or two, by or before, the 15th. But if any thing occurs to you, important to be thought of by me earlier, you will write me immediately on receipt of this.

We have exceedingly cold weather, March comes in like a lion.

The subject of this letter you will keep entirely to yourself.

Yours,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 6, 1843.

Dear Sir,—Go ahead with the cherry window-sashes. My only doubt is about the size. I doubt whether eleven by fourteen is quite large enough, as well as I can judge by the windows where I am writing. I think you had better go twelve by fifteen, if that be a good proportion, if not twelve by sixteen. I like rather a long-looking pane.

It is useless for me to think of going North till the weather changes. For four or five weeks we have had a very unusual degree of cold, which still continues.

In all probability we shall want a large supply of firewood, next fall; and perhaps you may as well get it out this winter. If your steers should not get to be obedient by the time I get home, I can lend a hand in driving them.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 12, 1843.

My dear Sir,—The cold weather holds on so long, and so strong, that there will be little use, and less comfort, in my going North earlier than the first of April.

I like the suggestions in your last letter about fields for oats, except the proposition to plough up another part of the Baker pasture. That I am opposed to. An old pasture is the thing, if you will only cherish it by proper top-dressing. I dislike much to see a new pasture, with only here and there a spear of grass starting up. The fine, sweet grass, the soft velvet of an old pasture, cannot be produced in a hurry. All the little juniper bushes, in the Baker pasture, ought to be grubbed up. That is a job for Asa Hewitt. Then old and rotten stable manure, ashes, kelp, muscles, or a sprinkling of fish, will kill out the moss, and the feed will be fine, and the field beautiful. In my opinion, neither the field back of the belt, and the great rock, nor that on the hill, in the New Orchard, so called, will ever come to any considerable degree of productiveness, in grass, till they are placed in better condition than the present. I know you think otherwise; especially of the New Orchard. Oats round the Winslow house will be right.

If nothing happens, I think I shall see you the first week in April, and stay a few days. The house must be looked after, and Lydia ready. Of course, I shall give due notice. I wish you to see particularly to all the boats, and have them in order. The second-sized one, The Julia, leaked a good deal last fall. Have her well overhauled, and if there be found any decay in her, or any difficulty in making her perfectly tight and sound, put her away, and get a new and nice one, of about the same

size. See that sails, oars, &c. are all complete. Consult in these matters the Admiral.

It is high time for me to catch a fish for you.

As to other matters, you appear to understand them. Go ahead. Proverbs: xxvii. Chap. 23rd Verse.*

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, March 20, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I read with interest what you said in a late private letter, respecting the practicability of a commercial treaty. It would be an immense object to this country to obtain a considerable reduction of the duties on tobacco and rice, the abolition of the impost of raw cotton, and the admission of Indian corn into England at a moderate fixed rate of duty.

But then the question is, what is to be the consideration? If reductions are expected in our tariff, on what articles are these reductions to fall? And what rate of reduction will be looked for? Until we have some hint, or means of guessing as to what is expected on this side of the case, it is impossible to judge whether there is any probability of an arrangement, by negotiation.

Our existing tariff is the subject of complaint, especially in the South. Parties are likely to form with more or less reference to its preservation or its overthrow, and all such occurrences produce and continue a state of uncertainty, exceedingly injurious to all interests.

If with some abatement of rates the tariff could be made permanent for ten or fifteen years, it would be a great gain, in my opinion, to our own manufacturers. Why, then, should you not at once ask —— what his notion is? Pray, let him say frankly what he thinks can be done; as it will hardly be worth while to open a negotiation in form, unless we see a reasonable prospect of success. I beg you therefore to bring out the British government on this whole matter.

* "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds."

I have already suggested to you the preference we feel for opening and conducting the negotiation here. This desire will be much stronger, if you leave your present position. The British executive is a unity, ours, so far as treaties are concerned, comprehends the Senate, as well as the President. It would be disastrous to negotiate a treaty, which should fail of confirmation; and therefore it would be eminently advantageous to us, to have the points considered and discussed, under such circumstances, as should enable us to feel our way, and ascertain from time to time what could be done and what could not.

I have recommended to the President already to propose to the British government to open a negotiation here upon the Oregon subject, and the subject of some new commercial treaty or arrangement; and I incline to think that the next opportunity of conveyance may take to you an official and formal offer to that effect. If it be delayed, it will only be that we may learn beforehand what is the chance of success of the commercial parts of the project.

I am, dear Sir, yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

March 21, 1843.

DEAR EDWARD,—Signify to Mr. Smith, at once, your acceptance of the appointment. I shall see you in Boston, or send for you to come here in a few days; time enough to resign, if you conclude to give up the matter.

Find out Mr. Smith in Boston, on receipt of this, if you shall not already have seen him, and give him to understand that there are letters for him in the Boston post-office.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. CURTIS.

Washington, May 10, 1843.

DEAR MRS. CURTIS,—I received an account of the Barber's pole,* which I am sure is in your handwriting. The authority is respectable and quite in point; nevertheless, if ever I get into my own library, I hope to be able to confute your hypothesis. I "signed off" two days ago. My wife has turned up all the carpets, and packed away most of the things, so that our house is as empty as a deserted castle; its echoes are horrible. But Miss Priscilla is here, and we three sit before the fire on a rug, I in the middle, which is a comfortable berth. There is not a book in my room, except one stray volume of Shakespeare. The President has gone to Virginia for a month. We wait only for Fletcher and for the next steamer, and hope to get away Monday, the 13th.

The envelop in which this is enclosed bears another name than mine. This seems strange. For twenty years and more, without interruption, I have written my name at the upper corner, at the right-hand side of all my letters. But alas! "beggar that I am, I am even poor in franks." †

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

* Mr. Webster and Mrs. Curtis had some conversation about the origin of a Barber's pole. Looking into "Pulleyn's Etymological Compendium," a curious and scarce book, there was found an explanation of the Barber's pole, to this effect:

"In old times, the barbers were allowed to bleed. A staff, stick, or pole was kept by the barber for the patient to grasp, and tied to it was a red tape, to be at hand when wanted to be wound around the patient's arm. When not in use, the pole and tape were hung at the door for a sign to passengers that they might be bled there. At length, instead of hanging out the pole and red tape, a pole was painted in imitation of the real pole, or staff and red tape, and placed outside. Thus came the sign of the barbers."

Mrs. Curtis copied the substance of this, and sent it, without signature, some time after the conversation, to Mr. Webster, and this was the occasion of his writing the above note.

† See Hamlet, Act II. Scene 2.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, May 12, 1843.

My dear Sir,—Your various communications by the last steamship were all regularly received in this city, on the 8th instant. In consequence of your final decision to decline the China mission, which was not unexpected, Mr. Cushing was immediately appointed. He will proceed by way of England, and probably go out about the 1st of July.

I resigned my office on the 8th, and Mr. Legaré was appointed *ad interim*, under the provision of the statute. He may probably hold the place some months, and I cannot say who is likely to come in when he retires, possibly Mr. Upshur. The President's range for choice is limited. Mr. Upshur is an accomplished lawyer, with some experience abroad, of gentlemanly manners and character, and not at all disposed to create or to foment foreign difficulties. How much of general comprehensiveness and practical ability he possesses is yet to be evinced. I think the President could not at present have done better.

I leave this place for Massachusetts the 15th. As to plans for the summer, I have none, but expect to be wafted by the strongest gale. I am building a room for a library at Marshfield; shall there collect my books, and regard that place as home for the present. But it is very likely I shall be here next winter, partly from professional motives and partly for the sake of a milder climate.

I hope you will write me as often as you can, and send me any speeches or pamphlets, or other fresh publications of little cost, and let your secretary keep a minute; or, which will be better, tell Mr. Miller to send me any thing which comes out, and which you think I should like to see.

Adieu! my dear Sir, remember me kindly to Lord Ashburton, and warmly to Lord Brougham, when you see them.

Yours always truly,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

New York, September 18, 1843.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—I felt regret at not seeing you before leaving home, but was delighted with Mr. Paige's account of your convalescence, and approach toward perfect health and strength. Your own illness, the occurrence in Essex street, and poor Ellen's affliction have been much on my mind. Of all these sources of anxiety, the first two are now happily dried up, and the last settled into grief. I am truly affected by Mrs. Joy's repeated misfortunes; but she is yet young, and let us not doubt, that Providence has yet blessings in store for her.

I am obliged to you for remembering me, and sending me Lockhart's sixth volume of Sir Walter's Life. I have been reading it at intervals, and find much that is interesting. The truth is, that although I looked into some of these volumes formerly, I never read them through. It is pleasant to meet in this volume with names of persons whom we have known, and thereby recall the recollection of our acquaintance. In some parts of Sir Walter's journal there is much to amuse; while in others are evidences of profound, sober, and just thinking on the most important subjects. I admire the resolution with which he set himself to work to repair his shattered fortunes. I know his love of Abbottsford, and hope it may remain in his name, and in his family, forever.

The weather is exceedingly hot. My head and eyes are not in the best condition. I am unwilling to go South, 'till some change comes, and have little to do here. Do not wonder if you hear of me making a sudden expedition to western New York, to be gone four days. There are to be cattle and sheep at Rochester!

Adieu! my dear Mrs. Paige. My love to your husband and children. I hope to see you all again soon in health and happiness. Although I am going to Washington, there is comfort in knowing that I am not going to stay!

Yours, truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, November 1, 1843. Wednesday morning, six o'clock.

MR. WESTON,—I have a few minutes' leisure before other people are stirring, and I employ them in saying a few things to you.

I expect to be in Boston on Monday or Tuesday, the 6th or 7th. But, then, I have an engagement in Essex County on Thursday, the 9th, so that it will be Saturday, the 11th, before I can be at Marshfield. And possibly not then, as I must be in Lowell on the 14th, for a week's work. A good many things, therefore, must be looked after, before I see you.

In the first place, put the barns, sheds, &c., all in order, to put up the cattle. Winter will be upon us soon. The stanchels, or some of them, must be moved a little, in Peleg's barn, so as to bring the calves nearer together. They must all be put up now, and well kept. Give them turnips and a few oats. Let Peleg take especial care of the fatting sheep. They must have plenty of turnips and oats, or small corn, with some salt hay, every day, as well as grass, or English hay. I am to exhibit some of this mutton, both in Boston and New York, and I shall be shamed, if any thing beats.

I do not know whether any young cattle have been bought at Brighton; but we shall some how fill up all the barns, chock full. Therefore, put the barn at the Winslow house in proper order, fence the yard, fix the pump, &c.

I wish you and Henry Thomas would go and look at the wood-lot, examine it, see the owner, ascertain the price, and terms of payment. Make some calculations about the wharf. Nothing is more wanted, and we must do it, if we do nothing else. See a rough sketch, enclosed. Consider it, and think what elevations of the plan will be best.

Look after the seine, and take up the reel and the drying-posts. We shall want some bricks early in the spring, and it may be well to give Mr. Chandler notice.

If you can dispose of the small Harlow oxen at a fair price, do so. No matter how soon the steers, destined to be sold for beef, are disposed of. Inquire into the barn room on the island, and also as to the hay, pumpkins, potatoes, and small corn

there, to see whether some more steers might not be kept in that barn.

To give the clay a trial, I think of taking two measured acres, right across the centre of the peach orchard or thereabouts, running from the road back to the pasture; put on thirty loads of clay to the acre, in small heaps, and let it lie till spring, then to be spread, &c. This may be a good time, perhaps, for Daniel Wright to attend to this matter, if there is no kelp to draw. My paper runs out before I have half done.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Speak to a cooper to make four nice meat tubs, one large, and three small ones, about two thirds as big as that which came from Washington, and stands in the barn. Let them be nice.

You will of course read all these things over, with Daniel Wright. Let me find a letter in Boston, next Tuesday morning, telling me whether any cattle were bought in Brighton, and how you like my Pembroke purchase and other things.

Two o'clock, P. M.—It is barely possible I may be at home so as to be at Brighton next Monday morning, to see John's cattle. I shall try.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

November, 1848. Twelve o'clock.

DEAR WILLIAM,—It has been suggested to me, that you would perhaps like to go to Marshfield this week. Of all things, this would suit me, you are just the man I want, and I think it will be such a jaunt as will do you good.

I go in the stage-coach, Monday eleven o'clock; arrive at dinner at half-past four o'clock—roast turkey and cranberry; a game of whist, that evening, Mrs. Thomas and Henry.

Wednesday morning, bright and early, four hogs to kill; two oxen ditto; three or four sheep ditto. Wednesday's dinner, pair canvass-backs, which Mr. Tucker gives me, unless Marshfield has something better.

Thursday, putting up the beef and pork. Friday morning, home.

If you like to take with you a certain young gentleman, whom I saw this morning, a run may do him no harm. I had thoughts of asking Mr. Lothrop to go down, as he is good company, and, I dare say, would like it. But I will do this, or forbear to do it, just as it best suits you. He would ride round, and visit the clergymen in Duxbury and Marshfield in the forenoon, when you and I should be otherwise engaged.

Yours, by night and day,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. M. A. W. SANBORN.

Lowell, November 15, 1843

DEAR MARY ANN,—Various circumstances delayed an early answer to your letter, which omission I hope was not important.

I want to see you again very much, and your husband. As time rolls on and life wears out, those grow nearer and dearer who are connected by the ties of family and blood. We left Marshfield last week, and are now at the Tremont House for a few weeks. We then go South for a short winter. As we are all in Boston now, it would be highly pleasant if you and the Professor could find your way to the city. If you cannot, we must live in hopes of meeting in the spring, at Hanover, Franklin, or Marshfield. I am quite well myself, and shall be happy to know that your health is confirmed.

Give my love to your mother as well as to your husband and little daughter; and believe me ever most affectionately,

Your uncle,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

December, 1843.

DEAR CAROLINE, DAUGHTER CAROLINE, NOT WIFE CAROLINE,—I had made up my mind to enjoy the luxury of a dish of baked

beans to-day; but I am willing to dine with you, and shall do so with great pleasure, if you will let me bring my beans with me. Therefore, look out for me and the beans, already cooked, at two o'clock.[1] D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Boston, December 16, 1843.

My dear Sir,—I have received your several communications this morning. I had not supposed much consequence was attached to my being in New York, the 21st or 22d, but since the receipt of yours and other letters, this morning, I have resolved on going at all events, even if I should be obliged to return. So look out for me, probably on the morning of the 21st. Yours,

D. Webster.

P. S. I will bring two bottles of as good wine as there is in Boston for the 21st. I will bring you also a cusk* if there shall be one in our market. Mum is the word. Drop me a line by Monday's boat, if any thing new occurs. Is it right essential for me to be in New York on Wednesday? I shall defer sending the answer to New Hampshire till I see you.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SEARS.

Tremont House, December 18, 1843. Monday morning.

My dear Sir,—I am about to make you an odd request, which I hope, nevertheless, you will pardon.

I am going to New York on Wednesday, and on Thursday am to dine with a friend, who entertains on that day a club of gentlemen most of whom are known to you.

My friend wrote me on Saturday, to "buy, beg or steal for him one bottle of Boston wine." Now of the three modes proposed, I think begging is the best, and I know of no better place to beg than at your house, as well on account of the prob-

[1] Mr. Fletcher Webster was at this time in China with the American Embassy.

* A species of fish, sometimes spelt Torsk.

ability of success, as for the certainty of obtaining a first-rate article.

I suppose the wine should be decanted.

Yours, with entire regard,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Monday, three o'clock, 1844.

DEAR CAROLINE,—Mr. Blatchford and I will dine with you to-morrow, at half-past two o'clock. I will look out for the marketing, and also for a drop of something.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, January 29, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged to you for your kind letter, received two or three days ago. It always gives me much pleasure to hear from you, as you are pretty near the centre of the world, and in the way of seeing and hearing what is most important in its concerns.

I feel a good deal of anxiety about the Oregon business. On one side, portions of the English press, especially "The Times," appears to me to be doing great mischief, by its abusive and reproachful articles; and on the other side, there are not a few persons in this country, as you know, quite desirous of finding some excuse for difficulty and trouble with England. I most sincerely hope the two governments may be able to come to an agreement. From present appearances, it is not probable that either House will, at present, recommend to the President to give the necessary notice for the termination of the Convention of 1818. I believe Oregon to be a poor country, no way important to England, except that she happens to have settlements in the region, and of very little consequence to the United States. The ownership of the whole country is very likely to follow the

greater settlement, and larger amount of population, proceeding, hereafter, from whichsoever of the two countries.

You see the doings of Congress. The House of Representatives is rather the roughest, I think, which has ever assembled. A majority of its members seem ready to follow radical courses to any extreme.

I send you some copies of my speeches at Bunker Hill and Andover. Please send one of each to Colonel Aspinwall and to Mr. Bates. You will find two indorsed for Lord Ashburton. For the rest, pray dispose of them as you see fit, among my or your friends. If you please, send a copy of Bunker Hill to Mr. Rogers. My family and myself, to whom he was so kind when we were in London, cherish for him a truly affectionate regard.

The newspaper of this morning announces the death of two worthy men and valued friends, Mr. Gaston of North Carolina, and General Joseph Duncan of Illinois.

Mrs. Webster desires to be most kindly remembered to yourself and family. I suppose we may stay here till April or May.

Yours, always faithfully,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. J. P. HEALEY.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, February 1, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—It seems to be understood that Mr. Choate will leave the Senate, about the first of March. I do not think this certain, but it is probable. Letters have been addressed to me to know whether it would be agreeable to me to take his place, and serve out the residue of his term. I have turned the subject a little in my mind; and my judgment rather is, that for the remainder of this session, and for the next, which is a short session, it is hardly an object, either for the public service, or for me, that I should change the course which I am pursuing, in regard to my professional and personal affairs. There is not much to be done this session. No attempt, I think, materially to disturb the tariff, will succeed, though probably such an attempt will be made. Before next session comes, we shall see

what is before us; whether our duty will be to support our friends in office, or to oppose those, who against our wishes and efforts, shall fill the places of power. If it should be the wish of friends, that I should enter the next Congress, I should have great regard to their wishes. This year and the next, or until the meeting of the next Congress, or next meeting of the Senate, say March, 1845, would be highly useful to me, in my private concerns, as they would give me time to settle up my Western matters, and place myself in a more easy condition.

If therefore you should hear my name mentioned as immediate successor to Mr. Choate, I think it would be well for you to throw out, in an informal manner, what I have stated.

The papers will have it that I am looking to New York as a place of residence. All this is idle speculation. I have a half a dozen professional engagements in New York, to be attended to in the spring and summer. It was suggested to me that it might be well for me to have a consultation place, near some gentlemen's rooms where I could have access to books, and where papers could be left for me. I, of course, made such an arrangement with Messrs. Van Wimble and Moulton, and that is all. Pray let me hear from you.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, February 5, 1844. Monday morning.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—We had no idea that poor Grace was dangerously sick, until I received Mr. Paige's letter of January 31, yesterday morning. It alarmed and shocked us excessively; and Julia's letter, received last evening, leaves us to fear that dear Grace is now beyond our prayers. This blow came wholly unexpected, and gives me great grief, as it does Mrs. Webster on our account, as well as on yours and her dear, absent father's.

Grace has been greatly beloved by me, and I had hoped to live, myself, to see her grow up. Little did I think that she would be called away before me. She was a great favorite

with her grandmother; and we were both in hopes of having her shortly with us.

We can do nothing, my dear daughter, but commend you, and your living children, and their absent father, and ourselves, to the mercy of God. This is, indeed, a most sad bereavement to us all.

It is many years since such a stroke has fallen upon our family. I wish we were with you, to unite our tears with yours, and give you what consolation we might. Poor little Daniel, how will he bear such a loss?

I have no other hope, than that to-night's mail will tell us of the worst. Let us resign ourselves, my dear daughter, to the hands of God, in the assurance, that we shall one day meet those whom we have loved and lost, in a happier state.

Your affectionate father,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SEARS.

Washington, February 5, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 27th of January, has been some days before me, and I have reflected on its contents. Indeed, similar suggestions had been made to me from other quarters.

I suppose it is true that Mr. Choate intends to leave the Senate, sometime in March, or perhaps not till April. The term for which Mr. Choate was elected will expire in March, 1845. There will therefore remain only the remnant of this session, and the short session of next winter. I doubt whether any thing important will be done, or seriously attempted this session, except on the subject of the tariff, and I hope that may not be successfully assailed.

Before next session, a new president will be chosen, and the greater part of a new Congress, so that an expiring Congress, with an expiring administration, would hardly be likely to venture on great public measures, especially as one House seems an effectual check on the other.

Under these circumstances, my dear Sir, I do not see, even supposing me capable of performing an important part in public

affairs, that I could be in any considerable degree useful in the Senate, for this session or the next. And there are weighty private reasons, which render it desirable that I should not for some time be charged with responsible public duties.

I will not affect to deny, that if all other things favored, I should prefer suitable public employment, to returning to the bar at my age. I have seen enough of courts of law, to desire to be in and among them no more. But my affairs require attention, and the means of living, you know, must be had.

In 1836, by the aid of friends and my own exertions, I settled up my concerns, and owed no man any thing. I was then desirous of leaving Congress, and resuming professional labor vigorously. But friends opposed it, and my papers of resignation were sent back to me. It was a day of buoyancy and great hope, in matters of business, and what money I had or could get, I laid out in the West, principally in well-selected government lands. But times soon changed, and I have since had nothing but a struggle. If in the Senate, I should have time to attend to affairs private and personal, but not to affairs professional.

I may say to you in confidence, that I am now earning and receiving fifteen thousand dollars a year, from my profession, which must be almost entirely sacrificed by a return to the Senate. I am sanguine enough to hope for better times and a better state of things, in which I may turn some considerable remnants of property to good account. And if after this Congress it should seem to friends desirable that I should be in the Senate, and I should be able to see that I could possibly afford it, I should probably feel it right to put myself at their disposition. But for the remnant of this year, and until March of the next, I cannot but think it more important to me, that I should remain where I am than it can be to the country that I should return to the Senate.

I have said more, my dear Sir, than was perhaps necessary; but your letter manifests much kindness and good feeling on your part. I value your friendship highly, and have thought it right therefore to give you my thoughts frankly and in full.

Yours, very truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

February 14, 1844.

My dear Sir,—I will write you to-morrow, but for mercy's sake do not let Mr. Moulton put up my name on a sign in New York. I cannot consent to any such thing. What has already occurred and been published, has caused me much annoyance.

Yours, truly,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Hartford Convention.

Without date.

The Hartford Convention was holden in the winter of 1814–1815. I was then a member of Congress. Congress assembled on the proclamation of Mr. Madison, in September, and I was in my seat early in the session. When I left New Hampshire, where I then lived, no proposal had been made by any State, so far as I remember,—and I believe I am quite correct,—to hold such, or any convention; nor had such a project been proposed or agitated by individuals so far as I know.

The government of the State of New Hampshire had no part in the convention. Two counties on the river sent delegates; but as a State, New Hampshire had no concern in it.

I remained here through the session, or until one of its last days, until the Hartford Convention was over, and until the news of peace arrived.

I lived at Portsmouth, a hundred miles from the counties of Cheshire and Grafton, which sent delegates.

You will see by this that I really had nothing at all to do with the convention. I had no participation in its counsels, corresponded with none of its members, but in all respects kept entirely aloof from it. Infinite pains have been taken, for the last ten years, to find something to connect me with this assemblage, but all in vain.

Some years ago, it was said that a letter was in existence

from me to John C. Chamberlain, at that time a leading man in New Hampshire, in which I had spoken favorably of the Hartford Convention. Mr. Chamberlain had moved into New York, and there had died. His papers were searched, the letter was found,—and lo!—there was no mention of Hartford Convention in it, or any allusion to it. The letter was sent to this city six years ago; a caucus was held over it, and the result was that I should lose nothing by the publication of the letter, and so it was not published. This latter part of the story, I have learned lately from a gentleman, not my political friend, and therefore I wish not to speak of it publicly. It is certain, however,—

1. That the State in which I then lived, had, as a State, no participation in the Hartford Convention.

2. It is certain that I personally had nothing to do with it, having been in my place before it was proposed, and here remained till it was dissolved.

3. It is certain that, after ten years of painstaking of all kinds, (beginning in Mr. Adams's administration,) not a scrap or syllable has been found, fixing upon me any approbation of, or concurrence in the objects or the results of that convention.

The truth is, I kept aloof from all concern with it, and, as I had duties to perform here, confined myself to their performance.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

March 27, 1844.

My dear Harriette,—The passages which were read last evening from Habakkuk, are not only beautiful and striking, both in sentiment and imagery, but they present also a remarkable instance of the Hebrew form of poetic composition.

This composition is often in lines or sentences, with alternations or repetitions, producing something like stanzas; two or three or more ideas being placed together and expressed in a sort of stanza.

The 17th and 18th verses of the 3d chapter of Habakkuk, may be thus presented:—

Altho' the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;

The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;

The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

If you have not read Bishop Lowth's Prælections on Hebrew Poetry, let me commend its perusal to you. It opened to me, some years ago, quite a new view of the beauties of the prophetical and poetical part of the Old Testament.

Yours, most affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

New York, Wednesday Morning, March 26, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRIETTE,—On our arrival here yesterday, I found your letter. It always gives me pleasure to open a letter of yours; I am sure to find in it every thing that is friendly, kind, and hospitable.

Toward the end of this week I hope to go to Boston; and although Julia may expect me, yet, in the present state of her health, I think she will not need a great deal of my company. So I shall be most happy to come to an anchor in Summer street, and to ride at those moorings while I stay in port. William and I are very good mess-companions, he having as little to do with my eggs as I have with his hominy. A good Boston breakfast! Only think of it. A glass of Daniel's cider, and that morsel for Monica, an escrod!

I hope I shall find you all well and in good spirits. There is

sorrow and sadness, I know, in poor Caroline's house, but I hope that good news from her husband, her own good health, and that of her children, will cheer her in the midst of her mourning for dear Grace.

I presume Joseph Joy is convalescent. That is a great comfort; I felt most deeply grieved when his life was thought in danger. Poor Ellen has had such heavy misfortunes as to call for all patience; but I hope there are yet bright days in store for her.

My wife has a letter from you this morning, but "contents unknown" to me as yet.

Yours, truly and faithfully,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

DEAR MR. PAIGE,—If the steamboat from Liverpool shall not have arrived when this gets to Boston, please send a note to Mr. Tucker, to retain any thing that may come for me, as I shall be holding forth in your parts, about the end of the week.

Further; it is possible, but not probable, that The Mozart, from Washington, with my goods and chattels, may arrive in Boston before me. In that case should it happen, it would be well that the various boxes, &c. should go at once on board the Duxbury packet, to save trouble in drawing, storing, &c.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Boston, April 1, 1844.

MY DEAR SON,—Although you hear often from us, by communications from your wife and various friends, yet it seems due to affection, that I should sometimes write you a parental line. Nothing since the death of your mother and my brother, has affected me so deeply as the loss of dear little Grace. There were causes, beside her sweetness and loveliness, which tied her very close to my heart.

Caroline seems now very well; Dan. is growing and is in perfect health, and little Harriette Paige, who was christened yesterday, is as pretty a baby as ever was. The health of Mr. and Mrs.

Paige is improving; Julia and her three children are well; and our family circle here is resuming an appearance of cheerfulness and happiness. I stay at Mrs. Paige's, and attend to some little business in court. Mrs. Webster is in New York, waiting for the dissolving of the snows, and the building of a new kitchen at Marshfield. We broke up at Washington about the middle of March. Mr. Pakenham took our house on a lease, and bought some of the furniture; a part of the rest was sold, and the final residue sent to Marshfield.

Present appearances very much favor the prospect of Mr. Clay's election. Mr. Van Buren is personally not popular, and the administration can doubtless do him some hurt; and it will do all the hurt it can.

The friends of Mr. Clay, at Washington, are behaving much better than last year. They seem disposed to cherish harmony and return to old associations.

The Senate, it is said, are against annexation of Texas; and some doubt whether Mr. Calhoun, the new Secretary of State, will enter on the negotiation.

I suppose you get The Intelligencer and other papers.

According to what we hear at home, the Chinese mission, so far as heard from, is doing well. The country takes an interest in it. Mr. Cushing's letters from Suez, &c. have been read with interest.

I must ask you to make my most cordial regards to him, and I intend to send by the next ship a parcel of pamphlets, books, &c. for you and him.

Adieu! my dear son, and may a gracious Providence ever have you in His holy keeping.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO DANIEL WRIGHT.

Boston, April 17, 1844.

DANIEL WRIGHT,—I have directed the following articles to be sent down by The Glide, namely, two eagle ploughs of different sizes. They look to me to be about right; three extra sets of points to each. Half a bushel ears of "hill corn;" this is flecked colored. A quarter of a bushel of "brown corn."

These appear to me to be tolerably good, though I should have been glad to have found something better. You will judge whether they are better than our own or Mr. Cushman's. They are said to be great yielders.

One bushel marrowfat field peas. Those may be sowed on the Cushman land, next north of the ten acres reserved for turnips.

Measure one acre in a strip, running east and west, and sow the bushel of peas upon it broad-cast. The ground should be ploughed and harrowed and the peas sowed soon.

One quarter of a bushel "Pierce's white beans." These are large and fine. I shall probably send some more common white beans; plant two acres, lying along on the north side of the peas.

One quart "Indian-chief beans." These are for the gardener. They are for string-beans principally.

Twenty bushels of Bedford oats for seed. I have written John Taylor to send his oats down, but shall probably send twenty or thirty bushels more from Boston.

One sixteen-prong Partridge's manure fork; one potatoe digger; one manure puller; one tree scraper.

The weather is fine, and I doubt not things go ahead well. I shall probably send down a barrel, and some half barrels, of flour. If any of our people want some of the half barrels, they can have them.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PRESIDENT TYLER.

Boston, April 18, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—While on some subjects, it is my misfortune to differ from you in opinion, it gives me pleasure, in respect to others, to express my warm approbation. I write now to signify to you how greatly I was pleased with your message to the House of Representatives, on the Rhode Island business. That paper has given great satisfaction in this quarter to sensible men of all parties. Indeed, your conduct of that affair will appear hereafter, I am sure, worthy of all praise, and one of the most

fortunate incidents in your administration, for your own reputation. The case was new, and it was managed with equal discretion and firmness. On the one hand, it was wise to be slow in directing the use of military force in the affairs of a State; and on the other, equally wise to look to the existing government of the State, as that government which the executive of the United States can alone regard, in the discharge of its high and delicate duties. The message places these considerations in a very clear point of view; and the measures adopted by you at the time, and your message explaining their grounds and reasons, will go far towards establishing just ideas respecting the true relations between the Government and State governments, in regard to this most important provision in the constitution.

I think of being in Washington as soon as the Conventions shall be over.

Yours faithfully, always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LORD ASHBURTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

London, April 28, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. WEBSTER,—I take the opportunity of Mr. Everett's bag to thank you for your last kind letter and for the information it contained.

On this side of the water the several debatable subjects connected with our treaty are settling down very satisfactorily in the public mind. The battle of the maps, the question whether concessions were made on either side, and by whom, with respect to search or visit. The admirable reproofs administered by you to the officious interference of Mr. Cass. The discussion of all these questions, now pretty nearly exhausted, leave the universal impression that the treaty was a good and wise measure, and good and wise because it was fair; so much so that the critics are at a loss to determine which of us had the advantage in the scramble for the swamps on the St. John's, a dilemma in which it was your wish, as I am sure it was mine, to leave them. The map question now fortunately only interests historians, such as Mr. Sparks and Mr. Bancroft. I am by no

means disposed to disturb its sleep, or that either party should find, or think they had found, any thing conclusive, so as to interfere with the conviction that there existed that real shade of doubt or perplexity which could alone be satisfactorily settled by compromise. If we are ever fated to meet again, which I indulge the hope may yet be the case, I should have some curiosity to know how you unravel this, to me, inextricable puzzle; at present I will only say, what I know you will believe, that the discoveries here* are quite recent, and were wholly unknown to me when I was at Washington. Not but that I agree entirely with you, that it would have been no duty of mine to damage the cause of my client, yet at the same time I perhaps went further in protestations of ignorance than I otherwise should have done. Palmerston has in Parliament been the only real adversary of the treaty, and it seems felt that he is not a disinterested one. His move will probably bring upon me the unusual honor of the complimentary acknowledgment of my services. That in the Lords is already passed with only three dissentient voices. In the Commons, the motion is expected to come on next week. The ministers have taken no part in this volunteer proceeding. I send you herewith Brougham's speech, which is, I am told, good; but you will be surprised when I add that I have not yet read it. The extradition article of the treaty makes some stir with our anti-slavery people. I have seen some of their deputations, and I hope I have satisfied them; but we shall hear of them, though with no bad consequences, when the bill passes for giving effect to this article. The apprehension is that some cases of robbery will be got up to claim fugitive slaves. This will certainly require caution with the magistrates in Canada, but I am not fearful of the result; but should the abuse prove excessive, the remedy is in the power to correct the article. We have now in our new governor-general a very judicious, discreet, and liberal man, upon whose practical good sense full reliance may be placed.

I can give you no information of what passes in the old world, that you will not have better from your friend, Mr. Everett, who understands us thoroughly, and who is, as you may suppose, a marvellous favorite with us. I am frequently

* Of Oswald's Map.

asked whether America furnishes many such men. We were in some anxiety that he might leave us for the Celestial Empire, but I find, as I anticipated, that he will remain with the Terrestrials. He would be much too fine an instrument for such a purpose; it would be cutting blocks with a razor. You must have no want of coarse instruments for such a purpose. To look after ship captains and supercargoes with very limited powers, is no enviable work, and there seems no alternative between that and sending a parade embassy to Pekin. You need not be afraid of any attempt on our part at exclusion or monopoly. The keeping open the opening we have made, is best effected by encouraging the admission of all the world; besides, at present, the system of monopoly is quite out of fashion. On this subject we are shortly to have a heavy parliamentary battle for the admission of your corn through Canada. The result is doubtful, for the country gentlemen are just now very sore and sulky. In other respects I never knew this country more politically easy and quiet, though with much manufacturing distress, which is however mending. There is a general impression that England and France are both in safe and prudent hands with Peel and Guizot, and that the peace of the world will be conservatively maintained. I do not much fear any mischief from your side under such circumstances; but the scheme would be perfect if we could make a triumvirate with your name on the Potomac, and I indulge the hope that some way or other the Great Republic will remain under your guidance.

With great regard, yours always,

ASHBURTON.

P. S. Recollecting the alarm expressed when I was with you, about our supposed intention of making a lodgment in California, which was, I believe, never dreamt of by anybody here, I should like to know what is thought of the new French Polynesian Empire. People now seem to attach little importance to it, and to entertain no apprehensions about it. The Parisians, disappointed that we were not vexed or angry, are already tired with their new toy. To say the truth, after our doings in New Zealand, we could hardly make objections. That establishment was forced upon government by actual volunteer colonization, which they very reluctantly supported. The general principle

of extensive emigration is a favorite remedy of the present day for redundant population. I send you a clever speech of Charles Buller on this subject, which, if you have leisure, will interest you.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Boston, May 16, 1844.

My dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for your letter, which I received three days ago, at Marshfield. You could not, I think, find much to commend in my remarks at Faneuil Hall. I am tired of public speaking, and am bringing it to a close.

I wish you and your brother would come to see us at Marshfield. A little after midsummer we shall have finished a kitchen, which is building, and then I shall be glad to offer you farmer's fare, and a bed. You have not seen the Rock of Plymouth; it is ten miles from us. You would find also a visit to New Bedford and Nantucket quite agreeable. Think of these things.

I shall probably be in New York Saturday morning, but may wait for the next boat.

Yours, always truly,
Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MESSRS. BELLAS AND OTHERS.

New York, August 30, 1844.

Gentlemen,—Your letter of the 13th was presented to me last evening.

If my health and my engagements were such as to enable me to comply with your kind invitation, I would most cheerfully do it. But in the first place, I have promised to preside at a meeting of Whigs, from all the New England States, on the 19th of September, and another in the county of Bristol, on the 10th, the very day of your meeting. But I would even make an effort to excuse myself from these engagements, if my health were such as that I was able to visit you, and meet your convention. I am lately visited with a cold, or influenza, likely,

according to former experience, to last some weeks, and which quite disables me from public speaking.

I feel quite sensibly, gentlemen, the deep interest of the present moment, the great importance of the vote of Pennsylvania, and the influence upon that vote, likely to be given by your part of the State, and wish, exceedingly, that I could contribute an effort towards raising the people to a sense of their true interests; but at present it is out of my power. I thank you for your kind and respectful letter, and pray you to assure your friends, that I concur in their views and feelings, sympathize with all their hopes, and most earnestly desire their success.

Yours, with great regard,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MESSRS. BELLAS, HEPBURN, GREENOUGH, MARKLEY, WOOD, HUNTER, STRAUB, AND MURRAY.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Boston, Wednesday, November 6, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—On my return from Pepperell this morning, I received your letter of yesterday. You say it expresses the feeling of your bones. It makes my bones ache too. Nevertheless, I have still some hope. Letters from the city, written yesterday, P. M., are full of faith for city and State; but I fear your judgment is better than that of others.

We shall do pretty well, in this State, however New York may come out. I made a speech at Pepperell yesterday, and will send you a copy to-morrow. Keep up courage. Possibly Virginia may save us. However that may be, "if Rome, &c."

Yours, ever most truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

November, Sunday evening, 1844.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I send you some venison. It was killed on Thursday. If Harriette should order a part of it cooked for

to-morrow, I may probably be present at your holding forth, say about half-past two to three o'clock. The better part preserve in ice a day or two for yourself and friends, while I am gone to Pepperell. I fear the worst for P. If the New England people of Western New York do not save us, I am apprehensive we are in a bad box.

I expect to be in town to-morrow at eleven o'clock. Yours, however the election may go,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

DEAR HARRIETTE,—How lovely the weather; yesterday I was on the sea, it was as mild as summer, and the atmosphere over it absolutely delicious. To-day is a warm day for September. I wish you and yours were all here. The bright sun on our green lawn, and the skies absolutely cloudless, and a picture of youth, hope, and happiness, brilliant, though fleeting, but to be enjoyed while it lasts.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Boston, December 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take it for certain that Mr. Polk's administration will be strict and stringent in its adherence to party principles and practices; that its friends are to be rewarded, &c.

How far or how soon this system is to affect our diplomatic friends, now abroad, may perhaps be a little questionable. Mr. Polk may or may not suffer himself to be in haste to give Mr. Everett and Mr. Washington Irving successors. These gentlemen will naturally feel an inclination to know what is likely to take place or be expected in this case.

It has occurred to me that supposing the President that now is, to be cognizant of the wishes of the President that is to be, the estimates, which must, I think, be sent to your House next week, may show what outfits are expected to be necessary.

Any information from this or any other source, touching these matters, I should be glad to receive, if possessed, or if attainable by you. No doubt, Mr. Everett will expect to come

home; but it may be matter of some choice with him between March or April, and June or July.

We have nothing new here. It may be to the reproach of new Republican systems, but some how or another it seems to be the case that men of letters are not successful candidates, though Boston is the "Athens," &c.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Boston, December 21, 1844. 10 A. M.

DEAR SIR,—I receive your letter just as the document of "wrath and cabbage" is hawked about town. I have not yet read it.

Your idea of my Baltimore speech is entirely correct. I will even presume to say that its sentiment is remarkably apposite to the present case, as it proceeds on the exact converse.

I maintained in that speech that duties could not be laid by treaty, because the imposition of duties appropriately belongs to Congress, and especially to the House of Representatives, and I now maintain that the two Houses cannot by majorities ratify treaties, because the treaty-making power belongs exclusively to the President and Senate.

I will try to look up a copy of my speech and send it by this mail. It was most shamefully misrepresented, but it is a thing I stand by. Pray examine it.

Yours, most truly and kindly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. I hope you will become known to Mr. March, one of our friends, and well known to Mr. Evans.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Philadelphia, Tuesday evening, January 28, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter this morning, the moment I was leaving the Astor House, and of course have had no time to answer it till now.

I enclose one hundred dollars for the wood-lot, and like what you propose. Go ahead. Get out the timber at once, for the barn, wagon-house, and addition to the small barn. As to this last, make it large enough for a stable for three farm horses, and a stall for the bull. While you are about it, a few feet, more or less, are of no importance.

Mr. Howe will send down the boards, joist, and shingles, whenever requested. I think you had better have them soon, so that they may be carted home before spring's work comes on. Send a memorandum of what you want, either to Mr. Pratt or to Mr. Howe himself: "Thomas Howe, Esq., Wharfinger and Lumber dealer, Boston."

You say we have one calf; I hope it is a nice one. Tell Daniel Wright to keep all the clever calves, and buy a few of the neighbors, if handsome ones appear. We shall want to raise ten or twelve.

It will be quite proper to cut a quantity of wood. I suppose William, the coachman, will be back at Marshfield by March the 1st, and he can saw it and pile it away. But some must be cut and corded up in the woods, as the wood-shed will not hold a year's supply.

I left Mrs. Webster well at New York this morning. George and I go to Washington to-morrow.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, February 5, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—As I did not furnish you with as much money, by two hundred dollars, as I intended, I now make up the deficiency, and add one hundred dollars more; you have here a

draft for three hundred dollars. If I can get it in any honest way, I intend sending you more soon.

I think I know a person who would buy Mr. Harlow's Island, if it could be had cheap. The only objection would be the buildings. Could they be moved or in any way usefully disposed of?

You may see Mr. Harlow, and learn from him his price and terms, asking him not to mention your conversation. What is his price, and what credit will he give, receiving a part of the purchase-money down. Possession to be taken April 1. Interest on all to be paid annually. Keep this to yourself, and write me as soon as you can.

We have very cold weather here, and I dare say you have a good harvest of ice on hand.

Fletcher and wife, and Edward, are all here, and we are all well.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MASTER DANIEL WEBSTER.

Washington, February 10, 1845.

MY DEAR GRANDSON,—This is your birthday. You are now five years old. You were born at Peru, in the State of Illinois, on the tenth day of February, 1840. Your father and mother left Illinois, and came to Washington, in February, 1841. You were then one year old. You were christened in Washington. You had a dear little sister, Grace. She was born at Detroit, on the 29th day of August, 1837, and she died at Boston on the seventh day of February, 1844. She was a beautiful and amiable child, greatly beloved by us all. Your father and mother are now here. They are anxious about your health; but more anxious that you should grow up to be a good man. You bear my name. My friends will all be kind to you, if you behave well. You must love and obey your parents; strive to learn; be kind and gentle to all; do nothing which you think to be wrong; always speak the truth; and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. You have a dear little sister, whom you must love, and take care of, as she is younger than you are. Cotter met with great hurt, in taking care of

you. You must remember to be good to him; and always treat all members of the family kindly.

Your father and mother will leave Washington to-morrow, and will be in Boston in a few days; I hope they will find you all well.

This letter is from your affectionate grandfather,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

New York, February 20, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came to this city last week, and shall return to Washington on the 24th or 25th. Your letter came to hand just as I was leaving. You said things would go about as smooth as oil, if I could catch another five hundred dollar check. So, I baited and threw over, and here it is. I had hopes of double game, but one got off, before I could get him out of the water.

By your letter and that of Mr. Thomas, it would seem that things are going on well. It is right to bring the timber home before it is hewn. Be sure to get enough, and to get the boards and shingles from Mr. Howe, in season. We must get the building along, as we shall have a heavy spring's work.

There is some difficulty in knowing how to place the barn exactly; but that we must talk about.

I much regret Mr. Chandler's leaving the Island. Where is he gone? He seems to be a good working man. We must consider well before we let in another tenant. That must remain till I get home. I would sell that farm cheap, if Mr. Harlow would buy it, and add it to his. The two would make one good farm.

Tell Daniel Wright, that I hope he will get the little Harlow oxen along, so as to be fair beef, by the first of April.

About the time I get home, we will dispose of the fatted sheep. I trust they will be in good condition; I hope Daniel will have every thing in order, so as to put in the plough the moment the ground opens.

Are we well supplied with good seed potatoes, and will Daniel look out in season for good seed wheat?

One heavy job will be to draw off the stones from the Cushman Hill, where the turnips grew, so as to put the ground in a proper state to be laid down. The stones also must be hauled off from the lot round the piggery, and perhaps the ground rolled again. Daniel Wright has enough to do, and I have no doubt will be wide awake.

Tell the people that Mrs. Webster and myself are quite well. She remains here till my return from Washington.

When you receive this, write to me at Washington. Pray give Mr. Taylor a little something to keep him easy.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Henry laughs at John Taylor's big heifer.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

New York, February 22, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 16th of this month, for which I am obliged to you.

Mr. Harlow's island farm will cost too much money. I could not recommend to my friend to buy it at the price mentioned by him.

The salt marsh is not worth much, and a good deal of the upland, as you know, is quite indifferent. I had no idea of his asking more than three thousand dollars; but perhaps my notion is wrong. He may be able to sell for more. There being no ferry at the mouth of the river, this island is a mile or two more out of the way than ours, where Mr. Chandler lived.

I like the idea of getting out timber enough. You and I may very likely have a dozen notions during the summer. For the same reason, take ample supplies of boards, &c., from Mr. Howe.

It is as warm here as April, and the snow almost all gone.

Remind Daniel Wright that our best pieces of corn grew on the hill at the new orchard, some years ago, and that we ploughed the land in March.

I shall write you again shortly.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

New York, February 24, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I have seen here some Leicester sheep, from the State of Delaware. They are much admired, but do not appear to me to come up to ours. I want you to weigh our large wether, now fatting, as he now stands, and send me an account of his weight. I have concluded to remain here till near the end of this week. So on receipt of this, you may weigh the gentleman, and send me the account by return of mail. Direct, Astor House, New York. You and I seem to be carrying on rather a brisk correspondence.

Have you lost all your snow? Any more calves yet?

Have you got most of the timber home?

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

New York, February 26, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must not suffer the steamer of the 1st prox. to depart, without carrying a letter, though it be a hurried one, to you.

I left Washington ten days ago, where I had passed a fortnight, on professional business, and I return this week, say March 1, to take my seat in the Senate. I dare say you think this resumption of a seat in that body, a foolish business, and I certainly think so myself. I do not think I can do much good, and the personal sacrifice is considerable.

The Texas question is likely to be settled to-day or to-morrow. The great probability is, that, in some form, Texas is to be admitted. Southern senators have not been able, some of them, to resist the popular feeling which has been excited upon the subject. You are very likely to know the result by the steamer.

Mr. Polk holds his tongue respecting cabinet appointments. You see the newspapers, and little is known beyond general

impressions or notions. Mr. Walker will have a place, and so will Mr. Butler of Kentucky. Mr. Calhoun may or may not stay. If he should quit, likely enough Mr. Buchanan will succeed him.

Mr. Polk talks fair about liberal administration, disregard of party, &c. &c. But this can mean nothing. He may not be abrupt or violent, but his administration, I am sure, must and will be a strictly party administration. If his own volitions were the other way, he could not follow them, any more than a dray-horse can jump out of the fills. In both cases nothing is allowed, but to go ahead and draw hard.

The appropriation bill contains outfits for all the European courts, and one for China.

Of the persons expected to be sent abroad, little is said, nor do I know how soon Mr. Polk contemplates changes. If the Texas bill should take a shape requiring further negotiations, I think Mr. Cushing might very probably go to Mexico.

I yesterday heard Mr. A. H. Everett's name mentioned for China, by one who had a letter from Washington.

If any thing should be known here, not likely to get into the papers, I will write you, the last mail for the steamer.

I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

New York, February 28, 1845.

DEAR FLETCHER,—Mr. Phillips Reybold, of the State of Delaware, sent two or three score of fine fat sheep to this market last week, and directed his son, if he found me here, to draw my attention to them. I saw them in the street, and thought them very fine. I saw them also in the shambles, and was asked to select a saddle. It was sent last evening, and the saddle brought the rest of the sheep along with it! Here it is, nicely sewed up, and goes in the boat this P. M. to your address. It will make a figure, I think, in your larder.

Please show it to uncle before it is cut, and let him put his "ticket" upon a part of it. Say also to S. A. A. that I desire

him to have an opportunity to try its qualities, under the elaborate exercise of Nancy's powers of preparation.

I go South this P. M. Love to Caroline and the children.

Yours affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. Please weigh this fellow, and we shall see whether we can match him from Marshfield.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, Tuesday morning, March 11, 1845.

DEAR FLETCHER,—The Secretary of State yesterday wrote a mild and conciliatory letter to General Almonté, in answer to his "protest." The substance of it is, that the annexation of Texas is a thing done; that it is too late for a formal protest to have any effect; that Mexico has no right to complain of such a transaction between independent States; that the government of the United States respects all the just rights of Mexico, and hopes to bring all questions pending with her to a fair and friendly settlement, &c.

General Almonté is still unable to travel, from the effects of his late severe illness.

It will be seventy days, probably, before we shall hear how the government of Mexico takes the news of the passage of the joint resolutions. She will be very angry, doubtless, and will calculate on the sympathies of other nations. She will probably send home Mr. Shannon, and perhaps decree non-intercourse with the United States; and, undoubtedly, will fail to resume the payments of the instalments due under the treaty. But that she will plunge at once into war, though it be possible, is yet not thought probable, by the best informed here. Her present government is said to be composed of the best of her public men.

That Mr. Polk and his cabinet will desire to keep the peace, there is no doubt. The responsibility of having provoked war, by their scheme of annexation, is what they would greatly dread.

Nor do I believe that the principal nations of Europe, or any

of them, will instigate Mexico to war. The policy of England is undoubtedly pacific. She cannot want Texas herself; and though her desire would be to see that country independent, yet it is not a point she would seek to carry by disturbing the peace of the world. But she will, doubtless, now, take care that Mexico shall not cede California, or any part thereof, to us. You know my opinion to have been, and it now is, that the port of San Francisco would be twenty times as valuable to us as all Texas.

While we feel as we ought about the annexation of Texas, we ought to keep in view the true grounds of objection to that measure. Those grounds are, want of constitutional power, danger of too great an extent of territory, and opposition to the increase of slavery, and slave representation.

It was properly considered also, as a measure tending to produce war. I do not think we should admit that, under present circumstances, Mexico can regard annexation as a just cause of war. Texas has been actually independent of Mexico for ten years. We have treated with her as an independent State, recognized her independence, and made treaties, and carried on commerce with her, in utter disregard of any claim of Mexico to exercise authority over her. For thus dealing with her revolted provinces, Mexico had a right to make war, according to national usages, if she had seen fit. But having omitted to do this, and practically acquiesced in the recognition of Texan independence, by the United States and other governments, and having made no attempt at reconquest, for so many years, she can hardly say, I think, that an entirely new case has arisen, by annexing Texas to the United States. I do not see that she had not as good a right to go to war, and indeed better, eight or ten years ago, than she has now.

Let us hope that the two governments may take such a view of their own interests and duties, as shall lead them to keep the peace.

Yours most affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 12, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—This money is for Daniel Wright. I have sent so much to Marshfield already, that I am squeezed as dry as an orange peel. You must none of you say "money" to me again, till after the 4th of July. Don't you think I deserve to have April, May, and June, free from all demands?

Now about sheep. When you receive this, it will be one month since the ewes were taken out of the flock, and the wethers began to be fed a little better. I suppose the last of this month, or the early part of April, a good time to sell these wethers, especially if the turnips are nearly used up. You may therefore consult Mr. Ames, and let him take them to market, whenever you see fit, leaving three or four at home for our own use.

I shall write you from New York respecting the three wethers in the pen, that is, the Leicester, and the two South Downs. I hope they are quite fat by this time.

On receipt of this, please write to me at "Astor House, New York."

Edward is with me, and we are both well, and shall look North about the 17th or 18th.

Yours truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 13, 1845.

DEAR FLETCHER,—The President has been rather slow in sending in his nominations, but a batch has come to-day, and we are promised the rest to-morrow. I think the Senate will be able to close its session on Monday.

It is understood that Mr. Polk will make no removals, till after the recess of the Senate. The vacancies to be filled are such as existed on the 4th of March, and such as have happened since, by the expiration of four years' commissions, which issued soon after General Harrison's accession. These vacancies

will all be filled, of course, by new appointments. Mr. Polk will nominate no Whig, and, in due time, will remove what few Whigs remain from the scythe of Mr. Tyler. I must do him the justice to say, however, that he appears to me to make rather good selections from among his own friends. Mr. Tyler's nominations and temporary appointments seem almost universally to go by the board, and among the rest, Mr. C. at Philadelphia. His successor treats him with mighty little ceremony.

I shall try to get away, one day after the Senate adjourns.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Boston, Tuesday morning, five o'clock, May 13, 1845.

MR. WESTON,—You were right. The grass is Luzerne, or French clover.

The Luzerne is often raised for feeding green to cattle, which you know is called soiling. It comes along rather late, and is excellent for milch cows, in the drought of August. It requires a light, loamy soil, and does best when sown in drills, so as to be kept free from weeds, till it has got good root. It does not spring up soon or strong, at first; hence it is subject to be choked by weeds, and many crops entirely fail for that reason. Its roots are large, and run deep; and when it gets well set, it does not go out, like our clover, in one or two seasons, but, as you see, lasts several years. If the ground be entirely free of weeds, it may be sown broad-cast; but much the safest and best way is to sow it in drills. For sowing in drills, say eighteen or twenty inches apart, ten pounds to the acre will answer. For broad-cast, twenty pounds will be requisite; now, as this is a year of experiments, we must try an acre of Luzerne, with guano. We seem to have no place but the Cushman field. That is not exactly right, but I do not see that we can do better. In that field, the best land not already sown, is, I suppose, toward the north end. But that is too clayey. The part next to that on which the oats and clover are sown, is light enough, but that is rather poor and lean. However, here we must try it, and trust to guano and ashes. Let an acre, there-

fore, be immediately ploughed, and ploughed rather deep. Put on guano, in the common quantity, and a good dressing of ashes with it, and sow the seed, just as soon as the weather favors. Sow in drills, north and south. Turner will lend a hand for this part of the operation. You will receive by the stage-coach to-day, twenty pounds of seed, fresh from France. Therefore, let the Luzerne go ahead, and "no mistake."

The mangel-wurzel seed, sugar-beet seed, and a little carrot seed, will also go down to-day. I hardly know any place for carrots, unless there be some spot in the garden. We ought to raise some carrots, if we could find a place.

One thing I forgot to mention to Daniel Wright. As soon as there is any rain, I wish him to take some bone dust, and hay seed, and go carefully over the whole field round the piggery, and scatter the dust and sow the seed, on every bare spot; Charles must accompany him with a rake.

Did you ever see a tailor's pattern card, on which he puts his samples, of various colors, for waistcoats? Our Cushman field, if we have a good season, will look like that. There will be first, sapling clover and oats; then Luzerne; then buckwheat; then beans; then potatoes. Now, let us see if we cannot show a handsomer "pattern card" than any tailor in the county.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. If the ashes have not come, send over this afternoon to hasten Mr. Willis.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

New York, May 15, 1845.

MR. WESTON,—I think it may be as well to pay our taxes at once. Therefore I send you enclosed herein the means of making the payment

Remember to have the accounts of the farming people looked up, so that we can see how they are the 1st of June.

There is one thing of importance in farming business, to be more strictly attended to hereafter. That is, to employ men more exclusively who have families. Whenever we can, we

must avoid employing labor to be paid altogether in money. We must try to find somebody to live in one part of the Carswell house, and somebody else to take part of the John Taylor house. We must pay a great part of our labor in beef and pork, and productions of the farm, the use of cows, rent, firewood, &c. Hereafter we may stick to this rule more closely. Be on the look-out for some good men with families. I wish Peleg Kean would come back.

I hope to get down to Marshfield, for a few hours, Sunday or Monday; but I write this because I have a good deal of leisure always in the morning, just about the time that Mr. Ephraim Walker and Captain Barstow are driving from their houses to ours.

Warm weather here and fine showers.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Boston, corner of Court and Tremont streets, Thursday morning, 9 o'clock, July 3, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I left Mrs. Webster in bed this morning at six o'clock, at Mr. S. A. Appleton's cottage, summer residence in Dorchester, four miles from Boston. But though in bed, she was "wide awake," and the last she said to me was, to write to you to bring Mrs. Curtis along next Monday. She will be delighted to see her, and knows no reason she should not come along with her husband. Recent rains have improved Marshfield, and now that wintry times are past, as we hope, it will look better than she ever saw it. I promised to write pressingly, and came to town. Here I found your letter with its annex. It is all pleasant but the paragraph in which you speak of your wandering this way on the 7th as doubtful. Pray reconsider that. I will not ask you to leave Mrs. Curtis, but to bring her with you. I want your advice on some things touching agriculture, and hers on the picturesque and on the romantic scenery of Marshfield. We have room and to spare. Messrs. H. and D. will come, and if you will accompany them, we will call it a meeting of the Hone club. Come if you can.

Mr. Blatchford passed Saturday and Sunday with us at

Marshfield; the same Sunday which you passed at Mr. Grennell's. What a delightful time we had! It did not actually snow. Mr. Blatchford said the reason was, it was too cold! Tuesday morning he was called out of his bed at three o'clock, and we came to Hingham in a chaise, and thence to Boston in a sort of ferry-boat. He took all patiently. We met Mr. Jaudon here, and they, *i. e.* Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Jaudon, attended to some things here, I hope with some prospect of success. They left last evening, and you will have seen them.

It rained much here last night, and to-day the weather is murky and showery.

I am glad if the letter to Mr. March gratifies him, his family, and friends. Give my kind remembrances to him.

We think of going to Nahant to-morrow morning, to pass the day, returning to Julia's in the evening, and then on Saturday morning off to Marshfield. You will receive this on Saturday. If you cannot well come with Messrs. H. and D. on Monday, come if you can, and if agreeable, the next day. A new and grand boat will then be running to Hingham, and there our wagon will be.

Yours, ever truly, and with the kindest regards to Mrs. Curtis.

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I am glad of the hint in your annex.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

Marshfield, Wednesday evening, 1845.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I have received your beautiful basket filled with all good things. You are never stinted in your good offices.

We send you a black duck or two; but I must tell you how we got them. Yesterday morning Edward and I went to a pond out in the woods, four or five miles off. At this time of the year the black duck, at certain times of tide, visits these fresh waters. They are shot after this manner: The gunner makes a little stand, or booth of bushes, close on the shore, behind which he stands. He then sends out a tame duck, with

a string tied to her leg, to keep her from swimming away; and generally anchors her by a small stone, so that she cannot swim back to the shore. It is her duty to invite other ducks, which may light in the pond to join her, and if they do so, they come within the reach of shot. Other tame ducks are in the basket, to be thrown out into the pond, if occasion require. Well, yesterday morning Edward and I went forth, he to sit one side of the pond, with a hand to put out the decoy ducks, and I with another to the other side. None came near us; but a flock of fourteen came near Edward's stand, and seemed to take notice of his anchored duck. At that moment his man threw off another duck from behind his screen, which flew thirty or forty yards into the pond and there lighted, and all the wild ducks came down with her. Thereupon Edward and his man let fly at the same moment, and killed ten out of the fourteen. This is murderous and hardly fair sport, but it shows how things are done down here at Marshfield.

It has rained the greater part of this day. Indeed, there has not been two days, since I first came here, in which I could comfortably go out. Since I came down on Saturday, there has been no hour in which I could venture into a boat. I feel, however, stronger to-day than I have for two months; and if I could get three fair days, I should be satisfied. Edward desires to send you the whole of his shot. You can remember Julia, Mrs. Joy, and Mr. I. P. Davis.

Yours, truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Marshfield, August 13, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your two letters arrived together last evening. I am exceedingly mortified at being obliged to give up or suspend our trip to Halifax, but I could not do otherwise under the circumstances. If you and Mrs. Curtis say so, we will positively go East, on or about the 10th of September, as far as Kennebec and Penobscot, with a right to visit the provinces, if we please, or to return by the way of the White Hills.

My wife writes to Mrs. Curtis to-day, and tells her all our proposed movements and occupations till September 10th.

Yours, truly always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

Elms Farm, Monday morning, 6 o'clock.

DEAR SIR,—In my letter to the Committee, I say, "no man is at liberty to set up his own conscience in matters which respect the rights of others," &c. &c., or words to that effect. After the word "conscience," there should be inserted, "as a rule of conduct." I pray you see the letter, and have this correction made.

It is a glorious morning; cool, bright, and still.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Marshfield, October 3, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I would give a great deal for a short note from you, just saying how your health is. For a long time, ever since Mrs. Curtis's letter to Mrs. Webster, we had heard little or nothing of you.

Since the 17th day of August, I have been more or less under the influence of my miserable catarrh. Some days I have felt quite discouraged. Now it seems a little better. Its paroxysms are not so frequent, though two days ago, I had a very bad forenoon. It came on in a moment, and went off, when it did go, just as quick.

Healey is here, and is trying to fit me up for Louis Philippe, and for Lord Ashburton. Mrs. Paige and Ellen Fletcher are with us. We shall linger hereabouts till the middle of the month, and then go to Boston. Marshfield never looked better. Every thing is green as June, except what ought to show maturity, at this season.

Pray, my dear Sir, give me one scrape of your pen; address me "Boston."

We all send our best love and most affectionate remembrances, both to Mrs. Curtis and yourself.

Yours, truly, D. W.

P. S. Last week I was in New Hampshire and saw Vermont.

CHANCELLOR KENT TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, November 11, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the little speech you made on the death of my friend Story, at a meeting of the Suffolk Bar. But I have a higher object in writing this than the notice of that address.

Your speech, from the sketch in our papers, at Faneuil Hall, has hit me between wind and water. I most heartily respond to your sentiments throughout.

I admire your style of address. It is stringent, terse, simple and strong. It is the severe simplicity and strength of Demosthenes, and not the art and elegance and *Copia verborum* of Cicero. The latter was the characteristic of the speeches and writings of our friend Story. But yours is the better model for a great political speaker. I was very glad to see you come out so explicitly on that great occasion.

I am quite distressed in my forebodings of the future. I think we have at Washington the meanest mean, malignant, party hacks and tools that ever were doomed to curse a republic, and to plunge the country into war for electioneering purposes is worse than infernal.

With my view of the subject, your great example and powerful efforts will do wonders in sustaining and animating the hearts of the best spirits in the country.

With my best wishes and high regard, I am yours, &c.

JAMES KENT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

New York, Monday morning, 11 o'clock A. M., January 5, 1846.

MY DEAR HARRIETTE,—A bright day and all well. I left Mrs. Webster at Mr. Curtis's an hour ago. She comes down here to get some dinner; and we are off for the South this P. M. She will write you, with thanks for your long and good letter.

Two things were left at your house by mistake, namely, 1. A tin pail or box of butter intended for Mrs. Curtis; pray let that come by the Express, addressed Edward Curtis, Esq., 28 Union Square, New York. 2. My breastpin, commonly called "Mrs. Perkins." If Bridget find "Mrs. Perkins," pray please put her up in a letter, and let her come to Washington under my frank.

There is nothing new here that I learn, except Mr. ——'s characteristic freak in Congress. He is a man who sometimes confounds his enemies, but quite as often his friends. I hope the squall he has raised will blow over.

With love to husband and children, yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, January 11, 1846.

MY DEAR SON,—I received your letter this morning. You remind me to hasten on my answer to the Illinois suit; but where is it? You have never given it to me. Pray let it be sent.

I look for Mr. Blatchford here every hour. If he does not bring conclusive good news, all is, I shall go back to Boston the moment I find an interval sufficiently long in my engagements in court.

(PRIVATE.)

The "notice" resolution will only barely get through the House, unless some stimulus be furnished by the news from England by the next steamer. Things remaining as they are, it will not pass the Senate at all. There will be no war; but I expect

a squall when the steamer arrives, say about the 20th. I believe Mr. Pakenham thinks the message will make quite a stir in England. Perhaps he may overrate its effects.

If you will write me a letter every other day, I will keep you well advised of every thing here; but you have a foolish notion that one should not write unless he has something to say. That is nonsense. If he has nothing to say, let him say so, and that is something.

One other rule,—never put a private matter in a general letter. Don't you know that others always want to read general letters? Let every private matter have its own letter; and, if convenient, in another handwriting from the address. Remember this. All the women in Washington want to see a letter if the superscription be by you. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, January 17, 1846.

My dear Son,—We are exceedingly relieved by the receipt of your letter to-day, respecting dear little Caroline. I hope she will continue to improve, and that we shall hear daily.

It is Saturday. Neither House of Congress is in session to-day, nor the court.

Mrs. Webster and myself are quite well. Mr. B. went to New York this morning. Mr. Curtis is still here.

The last news from England makes some talk; but nothing is heard from over the water about Oregon, yet.

Yours affectionately, Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, January 17, 1846.

My very Good Friend,—I received your note, with quite an acceptable bill of lading, yesterday. You are always doing me acts of kindness.

By your favor, I had some of the "Ceylon" in 1842, and somehow Lord Ashburton got a few bottles also. It certainly had not at that time any anti-pacific tendency, and I hope that now, as then, it may be drank in peace and quietness.

Yours very truly always,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SEARS.

Washington, January 17, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—If the news by the next steamer should not be very exciting, I think the chance a good one for the prevalence of more moderate and wiser counsels here. There is doubtless a very bad spirit among some members of the House of Representatives; but others who talk loud and large, do not, nevertheless, intend or desire war. I think this last class includes nearly all the Southern members, who have spoken in favor of giving the notice.

An opinion is at the present moment rather gaining ground in favor of arbitration, and of offering fair terms of submission to reference, at the same time that notice is given, if notice shall be given at all. I understand that Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Clayton would assent to this. My opinion is, however, that unless a storm be raised by the news from England, no notice will be given. The South will be nearly united against notice, though too many Southern members make violent speeches for home consumption. The principal war feeling comes from the Northwest. Those new States, full of enterprise, and fast becoming full of people, and being so circumstanced as to have nothing which would be put to hazard by war, seem to look upon war as a pleasant excitement or recreation. They have no cotton crops, and no ships; while war would create much employment among them, raise the price (as they think) of their provisions, and scatter money.

Most of the Whigs in the Senate incline to remain rather quiet, and to follow the lead of Mr. Calhoun. He is at the head of a party of six or seven, and as he professes still to be an administration man, it is best to leave the work in his hands, at least for the present.

I incline to think that either through Mr. McLane or Mr. Pakenham, the British government will make a fair offer of arbitration, unless it shall first propose some plan of dividing the territory, not yet rejected. I am quite sure England will offer arbitration if nothing else can be done, and if the offer be fair, it will be found difficult to reject it here.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, February 2, 1846.

Dear Sir,—I have written you about your case in the court, and also concerning one of my own troublesome matters. Now a word on public subjects.

Texas may pass the Senate, but I do not think it will. Some of the Southern Whig senators, it is true, have found it necessary to knock under, but others stand firm. Archer, Rives, Barrow, Berrien, and Mangum are immovable, and some of them, particularly, as I understand, Mr. Rives, are preparing for a great effort. On the other side, Dix and Tappan are supposed to be settled in their opposition to annexation, and others of the same party inclined the same way. I incline to think Mr. Benton will oppose the present project, and move a sort of amendment, proposing negotiations, treaty, &c. It is said that even Mr. Bagby, of Alabama, will have the independence to resist the pending measure on constitutional grounds. The committee on foreign relations will make a dead report against Texas in the present form of proposed annexation, Monday or Tuesday. So Mr. Archer, the chairman, told me last evening.

As to Oregon, the bill will pass the House. It will pass, however, in a very diluted state, with sundry objectionable provisions struck out. Mr. Winthrop made a capital speech on the subject yesterday. This whole proceeding is in opposition to the known wishes of the President and Mr. Calhoun. The fact is, a majority of the House of Representatives appear to be rash, headstrong, and uninformed men, and men who cannot comprehend the delicacy and importance of the subject, with which they meddle. The British minister feels quite uneasy. Still, though this proceeding will agitate men's minds more or less, and affect the stock thermometer, if I were a holder, I should feel no considerable alarm. There cannot be war, growing out of this dispute. England is willing to run the dividing line, from the lake of the woods, along the 49th parallel, across the Rocky Mountains, and until it strikes the Columbia River, and thence down the river to the sea, leaving the river common to both parties. Against this proposition the people of the United States cannot be mad enough to go to war. Meantime,

England, will take care, no doubt, that no American settlements are made north of the river.

So much for politics, and I suppose you will say this is quite enough.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 5, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I return Lord Ashburton's letter, which I have read with interest. I think he is a very clear-headed and sagacious man. I know nothing here not on the surface. I have made up my mind to vote for whatever expenditures the administration may recommend. The President has the responsibility; let him therefore have his own way; and prescribe his own means.

"Notice"* in some form will, I presume, pass the House of Representatives. I hope events may occur to render it unnecessary to discuss the matter in the Senate. I am persuaded the question will be settled, possibly by arbitration, though I think our government will decline all arbitration, but more likely by agreeing substantially on the 49th degree. In my opinion our government now waits only for the other to make that offer.

I am, dear Sir, always yours,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

(A sort of private letter.)

Washington, February 18, 1846.

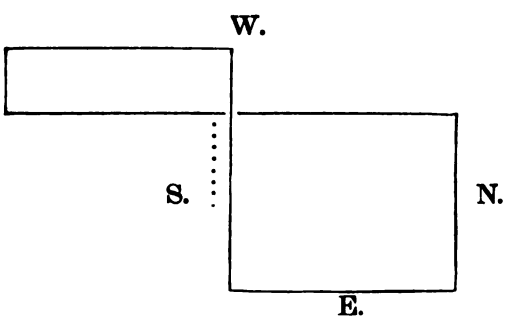
Dear Sir,—I have a good chance to make some profitable use of my house at Franklin, if I can get it moved and fitted

* Notice of an intention on the part of the United States not to renew the provisional arrangement relative to Oregon.

up in season. I am inclined to make the attempt. If I do so, you must go up and do the work.

You know the house now faces north, on the road. The railroad runs close to it on the west, between it and the barn, close by the corn-barn and through the wood-shed. The house must be moved to the west, over the railroad and turned, so as to face the east. When there last fall, I staked out the place where I then thought it best to set the house. I do not know that I could now wish to alter the site, but should like to see the spot again with you, before finally deciding.

The house, you know, is a common square house, with a huge chimney in the centre. In rebuilding, I suppose it would be thought advisable to put a chimney in each end; although this would necessarily cause an alteration in the plan of the rooms. The back part of the house, including the kitchen, wash-room, or outer kitchen, &c., is now only one story high. It must be raised one story, and lengthened, if necessary, so as to furnish lodging-rooms for Mr. Taylor's family, or whoever else may hereafter carry on the farm. I propose to let the two buildings stand after this fashion :—



The above is rough and without due proportions, but so will be its general look.

Our own two rooms, as you know, are now in the east end; when the house is turned round, one of them will be the south front room, facing east; and the other will face the south, looking out towards the barn, or hill. I do not know the size of the main house, but I suppose about forty feet by thirty-six.

Now what I want you to do is as follows, namely :—

1. Sketch out a little plan for the partition of the rooms, the placing of the chimneys, &c. I thought of having a little passage from the main house to the kitchen part, as dotted on the sketch.

2. How early in the spring may the work be properly begun?

3. What amount of lumber, and of what sorts, and how many bricks, and how much lime will be wanted? This is necessary, as I shall immediately give directions to have all things got ready.

I presume seasoned lumber can be found in the neighborhood. Stones for the cellar are plenty and close by.

4. Would you take up one of your carpenter friends, or leave him to come up, when written for? Mr. George, a man older than yourself, but very active and very sensible, would take hold with you. He is a man you will like. I shall write to him as soon as I get your answer, to be looking out for proper lumber.

5. Whether it will not be best for you to meet me in Boston, as soon as I can get there, about March 25, for instance; and for you to have with you your chest of tools; for you and I then to go up, find another place for Mr. Taylor, and you then to put on hands to take down the chimney, move the house, dig and stone the new cellar, &c. Meantime, if you have any leisure, you can work a little on doors and windows, though perhaps it would be quicker and as cheap, to get doors and sashes made at Concord.

On all these matters I hope to hear from you as soon as possible. I write to Henry Thomas to-day, on other subjects. He will show you the letter.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO DANIEL WRIGHT.

Washington, February 27, 1846.

DEAR DANIEL WRIGHT,—We heard this morning, by a letter from Henry Thomas, of the death of your wife. It seems like a blow upon our own family; and Mrs. Webster, and Edward,

and myself, all desire to express our sorrow, and the sympathy which we feel in your affliction. It is truly a mournful dispensation of Divine Providence, and you are greatly to be pitied. But such calamities are sometimes the lot of life. We can do nothing but submit, and hope that the dark ways of Providence will one day be explained. It is for the best, or it would not have been so.

Make our kind regards to your father and mother, and express our sympathy to your wife's family. Poor Monica sheds tears, and Jane and George share in the sorrow. We all feel for you.

Your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PLUMER.

Washington, March 2, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I remember with pleasure the valued friends with whom it has been my fortune to be in Congress in former times; and always recollecting yourself among the number, and having come back again among the "documents," I should be glad to send you any thing at any time, which you might wish to receive. There is a good deal of useless matter printed, but there are also some valuable things. In this, as in other respects, I shall be glad to comply with any wish you may express.

I must ask to be remembered to your venerable father. It is now forty-five or forty-six years, I think, since I was introduced to him at Exeter. Of his associates in the Senate, I hardly know if any be now living. Mr. Gallatin was at that time in the Treasury. He retains his faculties wonderfully, as his late publications show. I had forgotten Mr. Adams. He must have been in the Senate with your father.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, April 2, 1846.

My dear Sir,—

* * * * * * *

You see that the sub-treasury makes progress in the House of Representatives. It will probably pass that body in the course of the present week, without material alterations. The subject is hardly spoken of in the Senate, as yet. The gentlemen who compose the committee on finance, manifest much indifference about it. I half feel as if it would not become a law. Unless Mr. Calhoun should undertake it, I do not see the man who is both willing and able to take an effective lead in its support.

The debates of the last three days show how the Oregon question stands. It is quite evident we shall have the matter settled, unless one or the other side commits some great blunder. If we could postpone the resolution of notice to the 1st of June, I am inclined to hope that we should not find it necessary to resume the subject.

The great question of the tariff remains as it was. The Committee of Ways and Means was to sit yesterday, for the first time. I do not yet know what was the result, or whether it met. Very likely the majority may report whatever bill Mr. McKay presents, without much discussion. That seems to be very much the way now in the House of Representatives.

Yours always, sincerely and truly,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, April 5, 1846.

My dear Sir,—I had not an immediate opportunity of answering your letter, on its receipt. Since its date, (March 27,) events have occurred in the Senate of some importance; that is to say, Mr. Sevier's speech, and Mr. Benton's, and some others have been made, which show more clearly now that we shall have no war. I am confident of that. The agitation may con-

tinue, and a good deal of commercial distrust be felt, and some anger shown by the English press, and the English people. But it cannot come to war. If I had money that I could lie out of for six months, I should invest it in something that would rise in value when the skies clear off, because I think they will clear in that time.

Mr. McDuffie made a strong speech yesterday for forty-nine. There is much more remaining to him both of intellectual and physical strength, than his appearance would indicate; all that is done about the tariff is, that the committee has agreed that all duties shall be *ad valorem*.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 18, 1846.

PORTER WRIGHT,—If the cow was destined to die, it cannot be helped. I hope the rest of the cattle are well.

The duck-yard is in the right place.

If Mr. Delano wishes to keep the cow he had last year, he may have her, at a fair price for the year. George Childs shall have two good cows.

Send to Messrs. Kingsbury for whatever cow you want.

Go ahead with sowing.

We leave to-morrow, if weather allow.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, Tuesday morning. April 29, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter this morning, and although quite sorry not to see you, yet am aware that, under the circumstances, you could not come. I regret the family affliction which detains you.

I have written to Mr. Curtis, and he will show you my letter.

I am resolved not to live in this state of things longer, and next week I shall be relieved from one of the two burdens which weigh upon me, viz: personal troubles and public responsibility. If I must suffer the first, thank God, I can throw off the last, and will.

I look for you undoubtingly on Thursday morning. It would do great good, if you could bring with you a favorable settlement of the Tolman business.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

(PRIVATE.)

Boston, May 2, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—The accompanying sheet expresses what appears to me the proper course to be pursued. You will use what is there suggested in your discretion.

I should prefer remaining away from Washington, if I can, for the present. And if the committee appear to be taking a just and proper course, and need no explanations except such as others can give, I shall stay where I am. But perhaps it might be intimated to them, that if any thing appears to require explanation from me, I will present myself immediately.

You will see Mr. Tyler's letter, which is in Fletcher's hands. I have no doubt he will be quite ready to explain any thing which may appear to require explanation.

Although I think the committee ought to content itself with a general report, that nothing illegal or reprehensible has been done; yet, if such general report cannot be full, honorable, and above all future cavil or question, then I should prefer a publication of all the papers, accounts, letters, &c. Personally, I am quite willing to trust all these things with the public. Perhaps, indeed, that would be rather best for me. But such a publication I cannot but think would be injurious and disreputable to the government.

One other observation may be important. As the whole proceeding in such cases is in confidence, and the expenditures are to be covered by the President's certificate, there is naturally not

so much care for regular and formal vouchers, as if an account was to be settled in the ordinary way at the Treasury.

I will add only another remark. It appears to me that if the papers show the President's sanction for every thing, then very short work may be made of the whole business. This is little more, however, than I have said above.

You can use any of these suggestions as you think proper.

I go to New Hampshire this morning, expecting to be here again on Wednesday morning, and then to hear from you.

Yours, truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

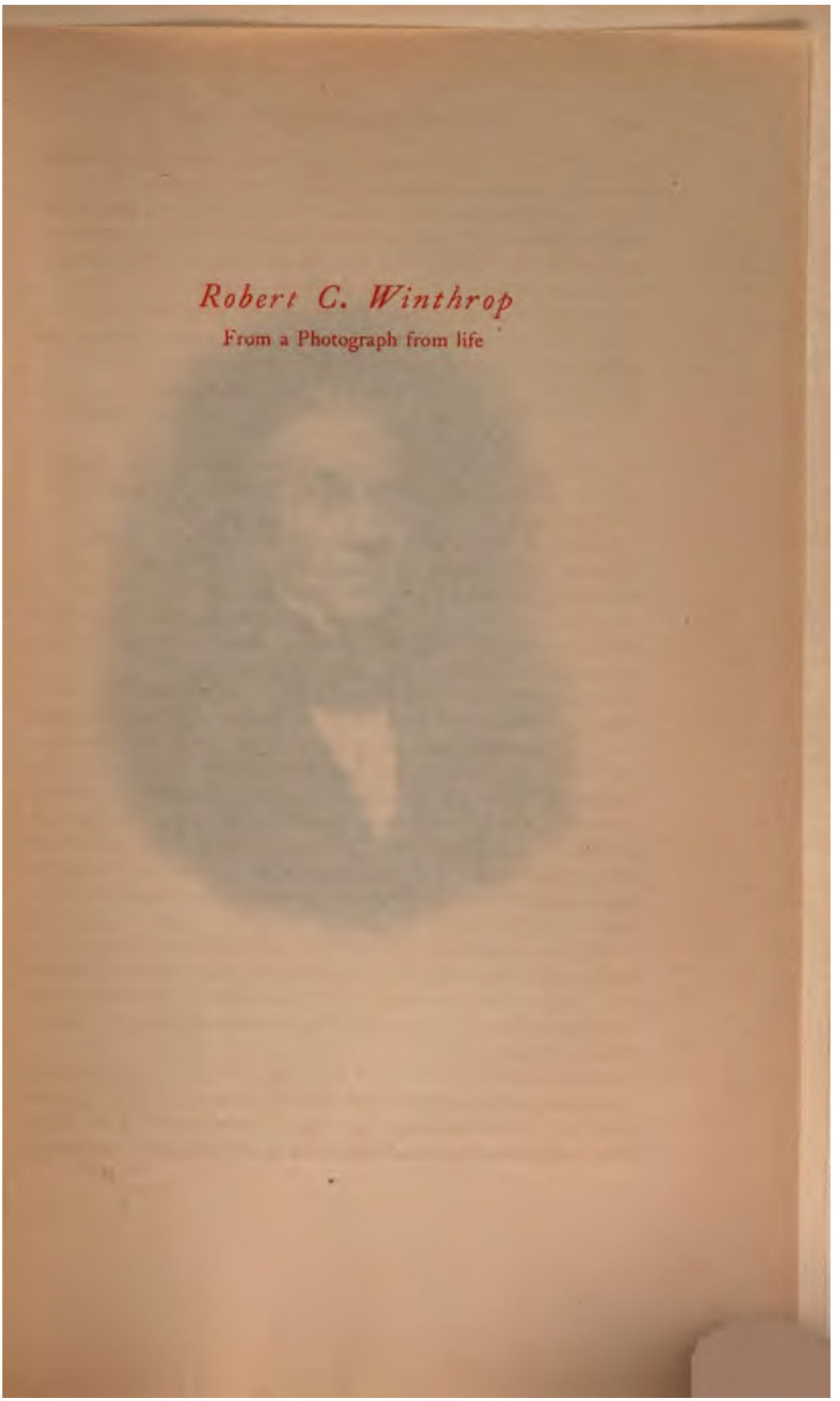
P. S. 1. The only inquiry is, whether any use was made of what is called "secret service money" without the sanction of the President.

This in itself is nearly an impossibility, but still it is the only question. The whole power, discretion, and responsibility are vested, by statute law, in the President. What he sees fit to sanction, protects all acting under him. If this were not so, then heads of departments would be responsible not for their own acts, but for the acts of the President.

If therefore the committee find, as it seems admitted on all hands that they will find, and as they surely must find, that every expenditure was sanctioned by the President, then that fact should be reported, and the inquiry should stop there. The manner of the expenditure cannot be material; nor can its objects be inquired into, because to the extent of that fund the discretion of the President is absolute. Beyond this inquiry the committee cannot go; nor, beyond this, could any inquiry be made, unless the object were to prove corruption in the President.

2. If the committee find that the disbursements were authorized by the President, they ought not to report facts or particulars. This whole disclosure must be admitted to be discreditable to the government because it is a violation of the public faith, plighted by law.

It may be true as Mr. Polk suggests, that in a highly important case, or a charge of great and dangerous delinquency, this faith may be disregarded, in order to bring high-handed offenders to justice. I do not say this is my opinion. Indeed, I



Robert C. Winthrop

From a Photograph from life

cannot see the probability of any such case. But if this be admitted to any extent, still, it is clear that when it is ascertained that no law has been broken, nor the authority of the President transcended, it becomes quite improper to make an official disclosure, in such case quite unnecessary, of the names of individuals connected with secret transactions.

To me, such a disclosure would be and could be of no personal detriment. Indeed, in point of fact, names are already published, having been surreptitiously obtained. But I consider the honor of the government concerned in the matter; and have a proper respect, too, for the rights of individuals.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Franklin, New Hampshire, Sunday, 1 o'clock, May 3, 1846.

My dear Sir,—Not having seen anybody from Boston to-day, I take it for granted that nothing important was received at Boston yesterday. Probably I shall get letters to-morrow evening, and I shall leave here Tuesday morning, about an hour earlier than you will receive this. I shall get to Boston by three o'clock, and see you, as I trust, the next morning.

I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting the house; the best of which is that I find I can leave it where it is, (that is the main house,) and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad. This saves a great deal of expense.

Where I now write was once the east end of the town of Salisbury, which town was four miles wide, along the west bank of the Merrimac River, and ran west seventeen degrees south, nine miles, nearly to the top of a very conspicuous mountain, in these parts called Kearsage. From where I sit is two miles and a half to the head of the Merrimac River, which river is then formed by the confluence of two beautiful streams, but rejoicing in harsh Indian names, namely, 1. Pemigewasset, which rises in the White Hills, pours down their southern slopes and declivities, dashing over many cascades, and collecting the tributes of various smaller rivers and brooks in its course. It is the beau ideal of a mountain stream; cold, noisy, winding, and with banks of much picturesque beauty.

2. The Winnepiseogee. This river issues from the great lake of that name, which lies about northeast from this spot. It is a lake near thirty miles long, with various arms and bays like a sea. Its shores are mountainous and strikingly beautiful; especially on the north and east. The last royal governor, John Wentworth, had his country-house on the eastern side of this lake. The lake is hardly more than twenty or twenty-five miles from the tide waters, which come up to Dover and Berwick. Nevertheless, it discharges its waters westerly, and they reach the sea through the Merrimac at Newburyport, having made a circuit of about a hundred miles. The surface of this lake is, I think, two hundred and forty feet above tide water. The river issuing from it, and moving to its junction with the Pemigewasset, a distance of about fifteen or eighteen miles, makes a fall of a hundred feet by several successive cascades, affording, all of them, excellent mill power. The water of this river is several degrees warmer generally, than that of the Pemigewasset; the difference being that between a mountain stream and a stream issuing from large and deep lakes. It is a curious fact, that when the River Merrimac was full of fish, on their arrival at the confluence of these two streams, the salmon and shad shook hands and parted, the shad all going into the lakes, and the salmon all keeping up the mountain torrent, which they continued to ascend, as used to be said, till their back fins were out of the water.

I have said, these two streams unite two miles and a half above where I now am. The place was formerly called Webster's Falls, but is now the site of a flourishing manufacturing village called "Franklin," or more specifically, "Franklin Upper Village."

I said in the beginning of this geographical epistle, that west from the river, nine miles off, is the Kearsarge Mountain. Further to the north is a long, rough and broken range, not unaptly called the "Ragged Mountain." Between these is a sort of wide opening of considerable length, along which the general ridge of the highlands is depressed. From my sheep pasture, looking a little to the north of west, through this opening, I can see Ascutney Mountain in Vermont, near the foot of which a certain E. C. was born. Standing on the same spot and looking nearly northeast, I can see Mount Washington, the

highest elevation of the White Hills, so that I can every day take a look at Vermont and Maine.

Concord is fifteen miles below this spot, on the same side of the river. To Concord, as you know, the railroad comes from Boston, *via* Lowell, Nashua, Manchester, and Hooksett. Last year, when the anti-railroad obstinacy of the dominant political party in the State was overcome or broken down, a charter was granted for a railroad from Concord, through Franklin to Lebanon, on Connecticut River. This is expected to be the great route from Boston to Montreal, though it has competition in a more southern route, called, I think, the Massachusetts and Vermont railroad. I think this route called the Northern railroad, will be preferred. I believe it is as near; and Manchester, Nashua, and Lowell, highly important manufacturing places, are in the line of this route, and not in that of the other.

From Concord, the railroad follows the river through Boscawen, where I began to plead law, passes through this beautiful bottom land, where I now am (here called Interval) goes much nearer to my house than I could wish, and keeps on up to Franklin Upper Village. There it leaves the Merrimac exactly at his head, and turning still further to the west than the line or valley of the Pemigewasset, it follows up a little stream called Hancock Brook, to a beautiful lake in the midst of the woods called "Como." Adjoining this classical sheet of water, I have a large real estate, forty acres of pine land costing one dollar and fifty cents per acre, and on a distinguished point along the shore, quite conspicuous for a great distance, a white-washed boat-house, nine feet by eighteen. The railroad having approached the lake, and done homage to this edifice, inclines still further to the southwest, and twists and turns, and wriggles and climbs, till it finally struggles over the height of land, near Cardigan Mountain, and then glides down like a rippling brook through Shaker Pond, and the Mascoma, its outlet, to Connecticut River! There, I have done till evening.

This house faces due north. Its front windows look towards the River Merrimac. But then the river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel, in this stretch of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its water without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history

of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefited either by my learning or my observation in this respect.

Looking out at the east windows at this moment, (two P. M.) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of one hundred acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble gravestones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail, and Sarah, good scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father, Ebenezer Webster! born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739, and the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin, a white forehead, a tinged cheek, a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying? The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me, I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow I could never learn to hang a scythe? I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say, that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

Of a hot day in July, it must have been in one of the last years of Washington's administration, I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree. About the middle of the afternoon, the Honorable Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural power. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a haycock. He said, "My son, that is a worthy man, he is a member of Congress, he goes to

Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest." And I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me. I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brothers the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy, placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living, and from that time, . . .

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen, was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age, after a life of exertion, toil, and exposure; a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge, every thing that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her "ample page."

My first speech at the bar, was made when he was on the bench. He never heard me a second time. He had in him what I collect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour. On the contrary, good-humored, facetious, showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth all as white as alabaster, gentle, soft, playful, and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was; but cheerfulness, good-humor, and smiles composed his most usual aspect.

Ever truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

Wednesday, June 10, 1846. Ten o'clock, A. M.

DEAR FLETCHER,—The report is strong to-day, that the President has received a proposition from Mr. Pakenham, which he will immediately send to the Senate for its consideration. So long as any such communication is not made, I can say so; but if any such should come, I can say nothing about it, as it will be confidential.

I am just now going up to the Senate.

That such a communication will be made to-day, or in a day or two, is, I suppose, quite certain. No doubt the Oregon question is soon to be settled. Very possibly, the mail that carries this may also carry information that the President has sent a private message to the Senate.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAMES K. MILLS.

Washington, Friday morning, July 24, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 21st, yesterday morning, and one of the same date from Mr. Appleton. Of course, I do not wish to make any important movement on this subject of the tariff, against the judgment of those most interested in it. But my own opinion, I confess, is extremely clear. If the Whigs in the Senate would support the amendment, and then suffer the bill to pass, one of two things would happen; either the House would adopt the amendment, or kill the bill altogether. In the first case, we should have a better protective tariff than ever I expect to see enacted again, in my lifetime. In the second, the tariff of 1842 would stand.

It is now certain that the Whigs in the Senate can place things in a position, if they choose, which shall bring about either one or the other of these results, and in my judgment the policy is clear. As to the responsibility for revenue, I do not

feel that heavily. That is a thing the government must take care of.

Our especial business, as it seems to me, is to look to the preservation of the great industrial interests of the country. Under either of the bills, and probably under that of 1842, there will be a deficiency of revenue, if the war continues. It is possible we may yet defeat the bill, but I hardly see how, at present. One or two members on the other side may possibly be sick or absent; and it is possible another, Mr. Hayward, may vote either to postpone the bill, or to put off its operation till March, so as to give an opportunity to repeal it next session. All these things are doubtful, but as Mr. Appleton says, "we must take our chance."

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, July 27, 1846.

MY DEAR SON,—I go to the Senate this morning with infinite concern and anxiety, more I think, than I ever felt before. I have my speech to finish, and would not wish to weaken any impression made on Saturday. But then comes the voting. The result is uncertain, but I think there is ground to indulge hope. I feel as if I had a pretty firm hold on the helm, and that I can see a safe, though narrow passage, between the breakers ahead. If no sail split, no rope break, and every man now relied on, does his duty, we may be in smooth water in a day or two. You will of course, be advised of the result by the telegraph, and probably before you receive this.

It is a vast misfortune that Whigs here and elsewhere, should oppose a settlement of the tariff question. I do not call it a compromise; it is no compromise; it is merely an amendment of the bill, retaining all the great principles of the act of 1842, and making reductions which would leave all the protected interests safe and satisfied, and yet quiet a great deal of clamor.

I shall not, of course, propose any thing which will not have Whig support; but those in or out of Congress, who prefer the

continuance of the controversy to a reasonable and safe settlement of it, commit, as it seems to me, a great error.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. CURTIS.

Washington, July 30, 1846.

DEAR MRS. CURTIS,—Whomever else I may escape, in a misquoting of Shakespeare, I cannot escape you. That I have long known. In the haste of speaking, and thinking while I spoke, a Shakespearian idea came over me, dim and faint, it is true. I did not recollect the speaker, or the words, but I knew the thought was where almost all human thoughts are found, which develop human nature. What I should have said is Davy's request to his master, Justice Shallow. Hen. IV. Part II. Act 5, Scene 1. I will put it right in the correction of my speech.

Yours most truly,

D. W.

NOTE. In making a speech in the Senate, Mr. Webster made a quotation. Mrs. Curtis happened to hear the speech, and ventured to send a note to Mr. Webster, intimating that he had not made the quotation accurately. Mr. Webster in reply, addressed her the foregoing note.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, August 5, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—At the close of the session of Congress, the newspapers which members have ordered, are of course discontinued. Not expecting, therefore, any further numbers of the Marshfield Gazette, I cannot forbear expressing my thanks to its editor, for the gratification I have received from his weekly papers.

The Marshfield Gazette has been distinguished by two very valuable, though not very common, characteristics. 1. It says nothing which is not believed to be true. 2. What it has to say, it says in few words.

Should I be here next year, I shall again hope to be instructed and edified by the weekly perusal of the Marshfield Gazette.

I am, my dear Sir, with great regard, your ob't serv't,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, Monday morning, August 6, 1846.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Ask Mr. Weston if it would not have a good effect to make Mr. Morrison's house, both the main part and the roof, somewhat higher in proportion to the width, than is usual. It strikes me that this would make rather a new fashioned and pretty end.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, Monday morning, August 10, 1846, not quite late enough to write without a candle.

DEAR SIR,—We hope to bring our evil doings to a close at twelve o'clock to-day, and I hope to leave Washington this P. M., and shall proceed to Marshfield without much delay.

I think some friends from New York will visit us early next week, and we shall want The Comet in good order. What hand can we get to go with Mr. Hatch? Would not Elisha Kean come for a week?

I suppose Mrs. Webster is in Boston; but if at home, you can show her this, and let her know that I am well.

I do not know that I should be up so early, if it was not too hot to sleep. I never more ardently longed to see Blue Fish Rock, and smell the sea.

I trust your fish-market will be better supplied after my return.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 4, 1847.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I have been talking this morning with Judge Nelson, about the time of trying the cause in which I have been retained by General Tyler.

The jury trials commence in the circuit court of New York on the first Monday of April, and will probably last six weeks. I do not know how General Tyler's case stands on the calendar, and at what time, therefore, it might be expected to come on.

I have now made such arrangements for my southern visit, that I cannot engage to be present at the trial of this cause, at the spring term. Judge Nelson says, if the object is to raise a point of law, to be brought here, no time will be lost in postponing the trial till the fall. I rather suppose this to be the case, but am not certain. General Tyler best knows. On the whole if the cause must be tried at the ensuing term, though very willing to be useful to General Tyler and his office, yet I must be content to thank him for his kindness, and return the retainer.

I believe I am half asleep, while I write this, having been up pretty much the whole of three successive nights, and been suffering no little annoyance, at the same time, from cold and influenza. These are prevalent. Many senators could not be heard last night across the chamber. My voice cleared up a little after ten o'clock, when the room had become quite warm. I hope to get away on Saturday, on which day the court proposes to rise.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 10. Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—I have been detained here quite unexpectedly, since the rising of Congress, hoping from day to day to get away, and now trusting that I shall depart to-morrow afternoon.

I shall of course send word to Marshfield, as soon as I arrive in Boston.

My stay at home will be very short, as my journey is South, and the warm weather will be soon coming on.

Among things to be talked about, is the new orchard. I wish you to measure the ground, accurately, and see how many apple-trees will be planted, supposing us to set them thirty-two feet apart. Is that far enough? Calculate also the number of peaches to run in rows between the apples, over about one half the lot. Mr. Morrison must have an eye on this, as I shall want him to see to the getting of the trees.

As to farming things, I suppose they all go on right. I hope the kelp holds out, if not, the rock weed must be attacked.

I do not know whether I shall stay long enough to catch you a fish; but if the day should be mild, the sea smooth, a tight boat afloat, and Mr. Hatch and the bait ready, there is no telling what might be done.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. TICKNOR.

Washington, March 22, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is proposed to publish a new edition of my speeches, in the course of the summer or fall. In regard to this, there are many points on which I shall have occasion to tax your friendship; but my purpose, at present, is to trouble you with only one.

In my speech in the convention, on the construction of the Senate, vol. i. p. 200,* I sought to maintain, that it is dangerous to sever political power and property. This I maintained, as premises from which to draw the conclusion that, as political power is, with us, divided among the many, the laws, with great propriety, provide for the distribution of property, by abolishing primogeniture, entails, &c.

In the course of my remarks, I alluded to the French charter, then existing, (1820,) by which, or by laws passed under it, real

* Webster's Works, vol. i. p. 36. Ed. of 1851.

estate was made partible among children, even against testamentary dispositions; while an important branch of the government, namely, the Chamber of Peers, was made hereditary. I took occasion to say, that these things were inconsistent; and that if the government did not change the law, the law would change the government. The latter happened, that is to say, the hereditary character of the peerage was given up. But now, when did this happen? Was it before 1831, or by the revolution of that year? Probably, you or Mr. Gray can tell, and the object of this is to ask of you the favor of looking this up a little, at some leisure moment. I have been abused for the doctrines of this same speech, and I wish to defend it, *tandem*, in a note.

I write this, lest I should not think of the matter, when I see you.

Yours truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 28, 1847.

DEAR MR. WESTON,—After all, I shall not see Marshfield till I return from the South. I have been kept here so long, there is not time to go home. I have written to Henry Thomas to see you and Porter immediately, and for you three to consult together, and write me for any directions, which may be needed from me, respecting farm work, cattle, the employment of men, &c. If you write at once, your letter will find me here.

As things occur to me, I shall write before hearing from you; but I wish, by all means, to hear from you before I go further south.

Ask the gardener to write also if he wishes any directions from me or Mrs. Webster. We shall one of us write to him. It is grievous to me to have been kept here a whole month, and not see poor old Marshfield. But it was unavoidable.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Washington, March 29, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you yesterday, but by accident the letter failed to get to the post-office. It goes with this.

I send now some memoranda, to which I wish to draw your attention, with that of Henry Thomas and Porter.

Any thing you send off on Friday morning will find me here, or be sent on, and overtake me at Richmond. Address me as here. You must all take a day to make out a despatch. Tell me the present state of things as fully as you can, in all respects; farming, cattle, oxen, cows, calves, sheep, lambs, goats, and kids, horses, mares, and colts, and swine and pigs.

Is the business arranged between Porter and Mr. Morrison, about exchange of houses, &c.?

Tell me all that all of you can think of. Mr. Baker will report on geese, turkeys, chickens, &c.

Is the new hen-house ready? When will the hens move? We must lay out once more largely for turkeys at home, and on the island.

I shall continue to write to you, as things may happen to come to my mind.

As far as I can now see, I shall smell the ocean at Marshfield just about the first of June. It may be five or ten days earlier. Porter will get a little money for his beef, and I must know what else will be wanted to preserve life till June.

I hope some stones have been hauled for the wall, in front of the house. We ought to make a good long stretch this spring. It should be built immediately after planting.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

Washington, April 11, 1847.

MY DEAR SON,—It gave us great pleasure to hear from you, on your arrival at the Brazos de San Jago, and to learn your health. Our latest intelligence through the newspapers, leaves

you at Matamoras, stationed in the Plaza, but whether from this to infer that you are to remain there, we do not know. We hope you are to keep on towards General Taylor's head-quarters. The newspapers compliment the appearance of your company, and it was remarkable that not a man was on the sick list.

Fletcher was here, and wrote you the very day of the arrival of your letter. Your mother and I expect to leave Washington for the South, in two or three days, taking Josephine Seaton with us. We shall probably be at New Orleans by the 1st of May, and I shall be glad to hear from you there. Direct to the St. Charles Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are still with us. They go North when we go South. I have been detained here by a matter of business. I ought to have been now at Mobile. We received yesterday the official account of the fall of Vera Cruz.

Your mother says I must leave space for her postscript.

Yours, affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, April 25, 1847.

DEAR FLETCHER,—We have at length made such progress in our tedious concern, that I shall leave for the South on Wednesday. The secretary says, we may rely on a decision, on or before the 10th day of May. The state of his health, bronchitis, does not allow his undertaking for an earlier judgment. Mr. Dallas, Mr. Berrien, and Mr. Russell, will remain here, or hereabouts. In the mean time I shall get to Charleston, or Savannah, and if any thing occurs to render my presence here important, I must take the back track. I shall not reach New Orleans. If you will make business to that city to go with me, I should like a flying trip to it next November. On the present journey, if not called back, I shall probably get over the Alleghanies into Tennessee, and find my way home by Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland.

We hardly expect Mr. S. will obtain all he claims, and is entitled to, by the decision now so soon expected. But we

imagine he will receive a respectable portion of what the merits of his claim entitle him to.

On Monday or Tuesday, I shall write to you and Mr. Healey about divers little things.

My expectation is to be in Charleston by the 5th or 6th of May; to which city you may write me, after the receipt of this. From Charleston I propose to go to Columbia, Augusta, and thence to Savannah, at which latter place you may expect letters to find me, till May 16 or 17. Which way I shall move next, I have not quite determined; but you will hear from me from day to day.

I shall go to-morrow and have a full conversation with the Secretary of War about the Massachusetts regiment; but I suppose nothing can be done. One day or another we shall have peace; and what is Edward then to do? He must think for himself, and you must think for him. When these new regiments and volunteer corps are all disbanded, there will be a rush of military men into civil life; especially if a military man be at the head of government. If we can keep colonels off the bench, and captains out of the pulpit, we shall do well. It is time, quite time, for Edward to enter upon something for life.

The probability now is, that General Taylor will come in President with a general rush. He would, certainly, were the election now to come on. It is in the nature of mankind to carry their favor towards military achievement. No people yet have ever been found to resist that tendency. The great pensionary, John De Witt, established it by a "perpetual law" in the Dutch republic, that the supreme civil authority should never be placed in military hands. But this perpetual law was soon broken down, in order to place the chief authority in the hands of the military princes of the House of Orange. Here is a chapter of history worth studying.

P. S. I have now received yours of the 23d, and its enclosures; as I have said above, I will go and see Mr. Marcy to-morrow, but do not suppose any thing can be done.

The knowing ones speak of a letter of Mr. Benton's which is to come out soon, and is expected to create a sensation. Its principal object will be to attack Mr. Calhoun.

You see how Virginia goes. It is well to get Mr. D. out of Congress. He had a good deal of wrong-directed and perverted talent.

Probably there may be six or seven Whigs, nearly half from Virginia.

Yours, affectionately, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Richmond, April 29, five o'clock, A. M., 1847.

WHETHER it be a favor or an annoyance, you owe this letter to my habit of early rising. From the hour marked at the top of the page, you will naturally conclude that my companions are not now engaging my attention, as we have not calculated on being early travellers to-day.

This city has a "pleasant seat." It is high,—the James River runs below it, and when I went out an hour ago, nothing was heard but the roar of the falls. The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild.

It is morning—and a morning sweet and fresh, and delightful. Every body knows the morning, in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman, we say, she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer is called "son of the morning." But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know any thing about. Among all our good people of Boston, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting forth of the sun; a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest

purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day," this they never enjoy, for this they never see.

Beautiful descriptions of the "morning" abound in all languages, but they are the strongest perhaps in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself "the wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The "wings of the morning" are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise, "with healing in his wings;" a rising sun, which shall scatter light and health, and joy throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new every morning," and "fresh every evening." We see as fine risings of the sun, as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be!

I know the morning; I am acquainted with it, and I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth, and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

We left Washington yesterday, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Webster, Miss Seaton, and myself; Mr. Seaton coming with us, and Mary Scott and Mr. Shroeder as far as the boat comes; and just as the boat was leaving the wharf, who should jump aboard but Mr. Edward Curtis! We had not looked for him, and great was our joy. We kept him on board, and brought him and Mary Scott here. They go back to Washington at eight o'clock. We stay here to-day. Mrs. Webster has some headache. To-morrow we leave for Raleigh, at an hour which the world calls "morning." The air is fine, quite cool enough, and dry. What

struck me last evening, was the dryness of the night air. Of all the cities of the Atlantic South, this is probably the finest for elevation, situation, handsome houses, and public buildings, and prospects of growth.

Be kind enough to give or send our love to your husband and children.

Yours affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. A letter written within a day or two, will find us at Charleston.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Goldsboro', N. C., on the Wilmington railroad, eighty miles north of Wilmington, Wednesday, May 5, six A. M., 1847.

MY DEAR SON,—We spent a day or two pleasantly at Raleigh, and came thence to this place yesterday, through the pine country. "There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch, &c. &c." We are here in the midst of this very thing, at the very centre of the tar and turpentine region.

The pines are the long-leaved pines. In one of these, a foot from the bottom, a notch is cut, and its capacity enlarged, and its shape fashioned a little, so as to hold the liquid, by chiselling, and then it is called the "box." Above the box the bark is cut off, for a foot or so, and the turpentine oozes out of the tree on to this smooth surface, and then runs slowly into the box. The box holds about a quart. In a good large tree, it will fill five times a season. Sometimes there are two boxes in one tree, so that some trees will yield ten quarts a year. But the greatest yield is the first year; after that it gradually is diminished, and in seven or eight years the tree dies, or will yield no more turpentine. Tar is made by bringing together wood, full of turpentine, either trees or knots, and pieces picked up in the woods, and burning it in a pit, just as charcoal is made, then running off into a hole prepared for it, in the ground. At the present prices of the article, this is said to be the best

business now doing in the State. I am told good, fresh, well-timbered pine lands can be bought for $1.25 to $1.50 per acre.

We leave this morning; hope to be at Wilmington at one o'clock, and at Charleston to-morrow forenoon. All well.

Mr. Badger was not at home; but all Raleigh treated us very kindly.

We lodged at Governor Graham's.

Yours, affectionately,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Wilmington, N. C. Thursday morning, ten A. M., May 6, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I am sorry to say, I get along slowly. Detention is the order of the day. I could not leave Raleigh till Tuesday morning; thence, it is a day's work to get down on the railroad, eighty-five miles north of this place. At one o'clock yesterday, ten miles from this city, we met a special train, with a large deputation, headed by ex-Governor Dudley. The weather was bad, and the wind east, and I was rather easily persuaded to stay over a day. The governor brought us to his own house, where we are grandly lodged. I go to the hotel to meet the citizens, at eleven o'clock, and go off at half-past two this P. M., if the wind goes down. At present it blows rather hard.

This is an active little city, built on the east side of the river, on Sand Hills. The good people are Whigs; but out of the city, and all round for fifty miles, it is a region whose politics are personified by Mr. M'Kay.

It continues cold. We need fires all the time. I have not been warm by the heat of the sun since last fall.

We are quite well, and find hereabouts excellent people.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Charleston, May 9, Sunday morning, six o'clock, 1847.

Dear Mrs. Paige,—Charleston lies on the sea, between the two little rivers, Ashley on the south or west, and Cooper, on the north or east; the mouths of these two rivers running into the sea about a mile apart, and one of them, the Ashley, winding up round the city, pretty much as Charles River and bay runs round the back part of Boston. The city is flat, as is all the adjacent country. I suppose its elevation is hardly more than ten feet above the tide. It is, as you know, an old city, and is regularly built in squares. It may contain now about forty thousand people. The houses are quite large, and many of them palace-looking, most having piazzas on one or more sides. The houses are principally of brick, many of them painted, and the sea air or other cause, has given them a dingy appearance. The city looks very much like some parts of London, much more so than any other city in the United States. The hue of the old houses is very much that of St. Paul's.

Before the Revolution, Charleston contained, doubtless, the most fashionable and highest bred society in the United States. It was the residence of very many distinguished and opulent families, who held large estates in the neighborhood or the interior. Sumpters, Marions, Pinkneys, Hugers, &c., lived here in great hospitality and great splendor.

As a commercial city, its importance, as you know, has comparatively dwindled, and as it has no manufactures, it is not now a city of great activity. But there is another cause, always overlooked, which has essentially altered the fabric of Southern society, and that of Charleston in particular. It is the abolition of the right of primogeniture. The estates were originally large, in extent of acres, and with country-houses fit for princes. While these estates were transmitted entire, from oldest son to oldest son, they retained their importance and magnificence. But they are evidently things which do not bear division and subdivision, and the doing away of the right of primogeniture, therefore, has essentially broken in upon the whole old fashioned aristocratic system of Southern life. I do not say it has made things worse; I only say it has made a great change, which must continue to go on.

Slave labor, and rice and cotton cultivation, work in badly with democratic subdivisions of property, such as suit us in New England.

We are experiencing every sort and degree of kindness and civility. As to meetings and speeches, and New England dinners, and bar dinners, &c. &c., you will see more accounts of such things than you will desire to read, and I shall not annoy you with them.

Thus far, my health is good, except that I have not until this morning felt warm. It has been all along awfully cold. Two days ago, there was frost in the neighborhood of the city.

On Wednesday, we go to Columbia; thence to Augusta, perhaps thence for two days, to Savannah, and from Savannah, into the Mountains. We give up New Orleans, with regret and tears. It is too late to get there with any time to stay.

How or by what route we may return, I can hardly say; but I reckon I shall find some gap through the Alleghanies, and get on to the Ohio. Give our best love to Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, and Mr. and Mrs. Blatchford; and so ends another "recreation of the morning hours."

Yours, D. W.

P. S. I think a great deal of Mr. Paige, in his solitude. Pray give him always my love.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Charleston, May 10, 1847. Monday, seven A. M.

My dear Son,—We arrived here from Wilmington on Friday morning, the 7th, and have therefore already been here three days. The people are all kind and civil, and I get along with the Nullifiers, without making any sharp points.

To-day there is a bar dinner, to-morrow a little excursion in a steamboat to see a rice plantation, and a ball for the ladies in the evening. The next day, Wednesday, the 12th, we go to Columbia. My present purpose is to go from Columbia to Augusta, thence by railroad to Savannah, for two days, thence west, on the same and other railroads four hundred miles,

thence by stage-coach to Nashville, and thence north. But whether all this will be accomplished, I know not. I quite give up New Orleans.

Yesterday morning I received your letter of the 5th. I feel a good deal concerned about Edward, especially in regard to his health. We must make a strong point of putting him in some regular business, as soon as this war is over.

I have not the least objection to your showing the letter which I wrote you about Massachusetts politics, to anybody. Do not let it get published, but I should be quite willing that Colonel Bullock, Mr. Kellogg, and such gentlemen, should see it. We must try to liberalize Mass. in some respects. I do not wonder you are disgusted with some things done in the Legislature. But hold on. There may be more sense in it, next year. I am tired—and disgusted—as much as you possibly can be, with the fanaticism and narrowness of some of our People. I do not doubt, if Mr. C. were to be nominated for Governor he would be chosen. Nothing can save the ascendancy of the Whigs in the State, but a more liberal, manly policy; and a little more common sense.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. Give my particular love to lonely Uncle Paige.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

Charleston, South Carolina, May 10, 1847.
Monday, half-past two o'clock, P. M.

Dear Mr. Weston,—Charleston is in N. latitude 32° 45′, that is about nine degrees south of Marshfield; it is also, perhaps, about four degrees further west.

It is built on a tongue of land, lying between the mouths of two rivers, and running out into a bay of the sea. It is flat, and so is all the adjacent country. The city is old; was rather more flourishing, formerly; is handsomely laid out with a great many costly houses, having been the residence of rich families. If it were not for the sickliness of the climate in summer, it would be a very desirable place. In winter and spring, the weather is delightful. This is a very cold and backward season, and yet it

looks like midsummer with us. The corn is three feet high, the fields of rye are ripe, new potatoes are plenty, and strawberries and green peas are going by.

The great object of agriculture in this quarter is rice. It is a beautiful crop; but it causes an unhealthy climate. It must grow, for half the time, under water. We have seen some plantations, and are going up one of the rivers to-morrow in a steamboat, to view a famous one. The rice is now six or eight inches high, of a beautiful soft, light green, like the color of a gosling's wing, and the vast fields are all laid off in squares, as regularly as the beds in Mr. Morrison's garden.

The day after to-morrow we move west, into the interior of the State, and the heart of the cotton country; though not of the sea island, or long staple cotton. The cotton is now up, three or four inches, and in common seasons would have been much higher. The fields are pretty, but are said to be exceedingly beautiful, when the plant is in blossom. The word "cotton" originally meant a thin, light cloth, made in England out of wool and linen; and when the uses of this plant were found out, and people learned to make a similar light cloth out of it, they called its product "cotton wool." There! I do not believe there is a man in all Marshfield but you and me, who knows why this plant is called "cotton."

In North Carolina, we travelled two hundred miles in the tar and turpentine country. The pine from which these are obtained, is the long-leaved pine, a good deal resembling our pitch pine, but much fuller of sap. They make a notch in the tree, called a "box," and cut the bark off a foot above it. Here it is,* a pine, long leaved, blazed or scarfed off, notch or box a foot from the ground. The turpentine runs down into this "box," and when the box gets full they ladle it out. A box holds a quart, and will fill three to five times in the season. A handsome tree, with "boxes," will yield ten quarts a year. Tar is made by burning pine knots, stumps, &c., in a pit, like charcoal. The sap sweats out, and runs into a hole prepared for it, in the ground.

One barrel of turpentine distilled makes six gallons spirits. The residuum, or resin, is not of much value, say twenty-five

* A rude diagram was drawn by Mr. Webster in the margin of the letter.

cents a barrel. Tar and turpentine are now high, and the business good.

Rice.—I went yesterday up the river forty miles to see the rice plantations. They are very handsome, the rice being now about six inches high, all in rows or drills. Rice will grow in dry land, like wheat, but cannot be made profitable without water.

Water is sometimes kept in reservoirs, like mill-ponds, and let on to the rice fields when wanted. But this is an uncertain supply, and not so good as the other. The other way is, to let in the water from the river, at high water, and when the proper time comes, let it off at low water. All the fields are banked in from the river. Rice itself is a sort of aquatic plant, and it will grow altogether in water, but better, by change.

As soon as the plant is up, they let on water, and let it lie twenty-one days, and then draw it off. Afterwards it is put on once or twice more. When it gets strong and forms the head, it will grow fast in water all the time.

The water kills all the weeds, so that when there is plenty of water, there needs little hoeing. In other cases, the rice must be hoed to clear out the weeds.

The water must be fresh, therefore, no rice can be made on a river, till you go up above the salt water. And there must also be tide, or else you cannot let in and draw off the water. The great rivers of the West are not favorable to rice, for want of tide. South Carolina and Georgia produce almost all we raise. Some acres have produced ninety bushels a crop; but seventy is a very fair yield. Rice is now worth, rough, just as it is thrashed, one dollar and fifteen cents per bushel. Seventy cents is a fair price.

For cultivated rice, one hand is allowed, when they wish to make work easy, to three acres. There is very little ploughing to be done. We saw yesterday twenty miles of rice fields, one after another, along the river. In some fields one hundred hands hoeing.

Alligators were to be seen along the banks, and on the flats. I saw three lying together, each as heavy as two of our cows. I had a little gun on board, with two buck shot in the barrel. The boat was running quite near the shore, and I put these two shot in the neck of one of the fellows. They made

him jump well, and lash the water with his tail, till it foamed, like the track of a boat.

This country is full of hogs, and they sometimes swim a stream, and then the alligators catch them. They sometimes also kill a calf, or cow, if feeding near the water. They strike with their tail. The negroes often kill small ones.

The live oak looks very much like a round top, large apple-tree. They could hardly be told apart, at a little distance, if of the same size. I saw one yesterday, thirty-two feet round, one foot from the ground. Its branches extended one hundred and thirty-four feet, and hung down near to the ground. It was not so high as our elm.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Charleston, May 12, 1847, eight A. M.

DEAR FLETCHER,—We are all quite well, and leave for Columbia at eleven o'clock. We have got through here, I hope, pretty well. Last night there was a ball of 1,200 people.

The weather is cool. Within a week there has been frost within two miles of this city.

I went yesterday to see the rice plantations on Cooper River. They are most beautiful fields.

I will write from Columbia.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Columbia, S. C., May 13, 1847, Thursday morning, six o'clock, at Mr. Preston's.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—The surface of South Carolina is generally regarded as having six or seven divisions; but may well enough be considered as comprising only three, except the sea island. Those three run parallel to the sea-coast, the first being fifty or sixty miles wide, and entirely flat. Through this region the rivers all find their winding way to the ocean. Along the banks of these rivers are rich lands, especially towards their mouths, and here are the principal rice plantations. Almost the whole of the rest of this region is covered with a wilderness of

original pine trees, but then swamps are scattered over it, sometimes five or six miles long, and half as broad, filled with cypress trees, gums, and various aquatic plants. These swamps are probably a main cause of the unhealthiness of the climate; there is always more or less stagnant water in them. The soil, so to speak, is sand, twelve or fifteen inches deep, then a stratum of brown clay, ten or fifteen feet thick, and under that a basis of marl or clay, mixed with loose limestone. The whole region is alluvial, and marine fossils are found everywhere in it. The surface is too flat for the water to run off, and the clay seems to prevent it from sinking into the earth, so it collects in swamps, ponds, and places, a little lower than the rest. Away from these collections of water, on dry spots, among the pines, there are some healthy localities; but in general the whole region is insalubrious. Then comes the sand hill region, which is a strip or belt, twenty-five or thirty miles wide, elevated in general about a hundred feet above the sea. Through this the sand hills are scattered. There are some swamps also. The hills are healthy, the banks of the rivers good land, and here are great cotton plantations, on the river bottoms. Some of the sand hills rise one or two hundred feet from the rivers, and are covered with pine, but with no soil. This region also is evidently alluvial, though the basis is not clay and marl, but granite, slate-stone, and other rocks. At the extremity of this the mountain region begins, or the "upper country," as it is called. Here the surface is broken into hill and dale, the country rises as we go further from the sea, and soon we are on the spurs and ridges of the Alleghanies. This is a good country, warm enough for cotton. Two rivers, the "Saluda" and the "Broad," coming from the hills, unite just on the upper edge of this "sand hill" district, and form the "Congaree," and just here stands the town of "Columbia," where I am now sitting. The Congaree runs along winding and crooked, joins the "Wateree," and those two form the Santee, (all the rivers here end in EE,) which runs into the sea. A steamboat may come here from the ocean, when the river is high, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, by the course of the river. Here are the first falls; of course here the primitive country stops, and the alluvial land, or land once under water, begins. Columbia is on one of the large sand hills, flattened on the top, and hence called a

"Plateau." It rises, I should think, a hundred feet or more above the river, and much of the hill is still covered with original pitch pines. The soil is pretty good, having, like others of these "plateaus," clay mixed with the sand; and the situation and the town are very handsome.

The college was established forty or fifty years ago, and is flourishing, and here is the seat of government, and here sit the principal courts. Great care was taken early to plant ornamental trees in the squares and along the streets, so that the town is now one of the handsomest looking and "nicest" of our little inland cities. It contains, I suppose, five or six thousand people.

The pine "sand hills" are mere dry piles of sand, where water is to be dug for, seventy or eighty feet. They are resorted to in the summer for health merely, and many planters go to their houses on these hills in hot weather, who have not places in the "Upper Country." Mr. Calhoun, Mr. M'Duffie, Mr. Butler, live in the "Upper Country."

The Hamptons, Singletons, Taylors, &c. live in this central region. Then nobody is to be found this side of Charleston, the rice plantations, and the sea islands.

We arrived last evening by railroad, at six o'clock, and were received with all kinds and degrees of hospitality. The college buildings were illuminated in the evening, and the boys made a torchlight procession through the college campus, or square. Mrs. Preston had a little party. The governor and all the judges, and the people of the town, and the professors, &c., all present.

To-day we all go to dine at Colonel Hampton's, he not being at home, but his daughters doing the honors of the house. He has a great and profitable cotton plantation. We mean to go over it, and examine it, and see exactly what a cotton plantation is.

To-morrow we dine with the governor, Mr. Johnson. Here, of course, is Dr. Lieber, and here we meet Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett. Mr. Preston's health is a great deal better than when we saw him in Washington in March.

Yours truly, D. W.

P. S. Send this along to Julia.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Columbia, May 15, 1847, Saturday morning, half-past six.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—The cotton culture was commenced in this State about the year 1795. Before that time, people lived by raising corn, tobacco, and indigo. These last articles are now scarcely raised. There is some tobacco and a little indigo down in the southeast corner of the State, but through all this region the crops are corn and cotton. Cotton is a tender plant in its early stages, and must be cultivated cleanly and carefully. When out of the ground two or three inches, the plants look very much like beans, as well in the shape as the color of their leaves. The seed is sown in rows or drills, three feet apart, in common light lands, and four or four and a half in land of richer quality. On light lands it grows about two feet, or two and a half high, on the bottoms four and a half or five. The yield is of course greater on the bottom lands, but the cotton itself not quite so white and valuable. It is said to be very beautiful when in blossom. Each petal or flower leaf comes out white, then turns to scarlet, and then falls. The flowers come out not all at once, but in long succession, like those of buckwheat. But the owners think the cotton looks best in the autumn, when the pod or ball opens and the wool comes out full. They say the whole field looks as if it was covered with snow, and it looks too as if the planters might pay some of their debts. On common lands the crop of raw cotton may be seven hundred or eight hundred pounds to the acre, but more than half the weight is in the seed. Two hundred and fifty pounds or three hundred of clean cotton, is a fair crop on good common lands. When the plants come up in the rows, they are thinned by the hoe, and left to stand a foot apart. The land is kept clear of weeds by the plough, and repeated hoeings. In general, the proportion of labor to land, is one hand to six or seven acres, and one mule to three hands. The hoeing being light work, is mostly done by the women. Every morning the day's work is staked out into "tasks," and a task assigned to each hand. On the plantations I have seen, the people do not appear to be overworked. They usually get through their tasks by twelve or one o'clock, and have the rest of the day to themselves.

The "settlement" or "negro quarter," or huts in which the negroes live, are better or worse according to the ability or pleasure of the proprietor. Sometimes they are miserable straggling log hovels. On the larger and better conducted estates, they are tolerably decent boarded houses, standing along in a row. These are near the plantations, but not always near the mansion of the owner. Provisions are distributed by weight and measure to each family once a week. They consist in this region of bacon, corn-meal, and molasses. Most of the slaves have gardens, or little patches of land, in which they raise sweet potatoes and cabbages, &c., and they also keep poultry and catch fish. They usually assemble on Sundays, and have somebody to preach to them.

The cotton lands, except the bottoms, are very much worn out and exhausted. Many planters having large numbers of slaves, now buy new lands in the Southwest, and send some of their slaves there. Few cattle are kept on a cotton plantation, there being no grass. Green fields are merely poetical in this region. The lands get little manure, and that little is "pine straw," by which they mean pine and other leaves, scraped up in the woods, and put into the barnyard. The land is recruited in general, merely by being allowed to rest every other year, or sometimes by being planted two years, and then resting two. The picking of the cotton is a long business, as the pods on the same plant ripen at different times. It occupies the hands from the 1st of November to Christmas. The slaves pick out the wool, put it into a little bag or basket, slung over the shoulder, and carry it to the place of collection. It is dried in the sun one day, and then ginned to get the seeds out, packed into bales, by means of screws, and then sent off to market. The profits of the year depend, of course, not only on the amount of the crop, but on the price of the article, which is liable to great variation. The raising of cotton, therefore, is an uncertain business. The wiser men begin to think of raising more corn and less cotton. The corn and cotton grows side by side, and sometimes the fields are immense. I think we saw on two adjacent plantations four thousand acres of corn and cotton, all under cultivation, and with nothing but a ditch or a bank separating the estates. One of the best cotton estates hereabouts is General Wade Hampton's. It seems very well conducted,—we have

been over it, and I have looked into the business pretty well, and "caught an idea" of it. General Hampton is not at home. We have been entertained at his house very handsomely. His establishment is magnificent, and his family very well educated and agreeable.

There, you now know as much of cotton planting as I do. Please send this to Julia.

Sunday, May 16. We have had a pleasant visit here, and received all kind attentions. The weather is cool. We have fires morning and evening, and the planters fear their cotton will suffer for want of heat. To-morrow we go to Augusta. The summer is at hand, and I begin already to feel in haste to be homeward bound.

We are all quite well.

Yours, truly, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Augusta, Ga., May 23, 1847, Sunday morning, eight o'clock.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I am pretty well over with my ill turn, and shall leave this place to-morrow. My attack was bilious and feverish, not unlike one I experienced about ten years ago, in the same season of the year; a little inflamed, perhaps, by climate. I feel now a great deal better then when I left Washington. I wish I had another month, so that I could see New Orleans; but the chance is lost, and I know not when I shall have another. Most of the rest of the West I have seen already, and care less about visiting it now; but I grieve at losing the opportunity for New Orleans.

We go home in The Southerner, if nothing prevents, and it will be a good thing to get home.

Yours, affectionately, D. W.

P. S. The Southerner leaves Charleston May 29.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Savannah, Ga., May 26, 1847, Wednesday evening, six o'clock.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I have your kind letter of the 22d. We are all pretty well. To-morrow and next day we pass here; next day night (Friday) we embark for Charleston, and then take The Southerner for New York, where we shall probably arrive on Tuesday next.

Yours, affectionately, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WELCH.

Marshfield, June 10, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—On my arrival here, on the 8th instant, I found an unopened box, whose contents no one knew; nor could I ascertain whence it came, nor, with any accuracy, the date of its reception.

You know what the box contained, and can therefore well judge of my surprise, as I found no explanation, and no clue, except your card, and a short memorandum in writing. Such a rich and elegant apparatus for angling, I am sure, I never saw, either at home or abroad. The rods and reels are certainly of exquisite workmanship, and richly mounted; the flies truly beautiful, and the contents of the books ample, abundant, and well selected. Poor Isaak Walton! Little did he think, when moving along by the banks of the rivers and brooks of Staffordshire, with his cumbrous equipments, that any unworthy disciple of his would ever be so gorgeously fitted out, with all that art and taste can accomplish for the pursuit of his favorite sport! Among his followers are thousands of better anglers than myself; but I may challenge them, one and all, to show that a disciple can be found, who goes to the field better prepared for creditable performances.

My responsibility, I fear, is the greater. A fly thrown clumsily, with such implements, or a fish struck unadroitly, or played without skill, or suffered to escape, except into the basket, would justly affect the operator with lasting disgrace. How could

he hope to justify himself before the Giraux of New York, or the Eckleys of Boston? Henry Grinnell! I should be ashamed to meet him after such a misadventure. If he should hear of it, he would pause, though he were just throwing a fly at a salmon, in the rivers of Ireland! If I again shall see Islip or Smith's Pond, or the Fire Place, even if I shall wet a line, quite alone, at Waquoit or Sampson's Narrows, my hand, I am sure, will tremble, especially when I shall, for the first time, throw a May fly to a trout, by this beautiful gear.

I do not know, my dear Sir, that I ought to ask any questions of you. If my warmest thanks may be made acceptable to the source to which I owe this most extraordinary and elegant outfit for angling, I pray you to present them, with cordiality and earnestness.

For yourself, as the maker, you will allow me to express very high respect. I have never seen any thing to compare with your work; and I conclude by offering you my regards and hearty good wishes.

Yours, &c.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, June 11, 1847.

STATE of things in the gun-room. Fish baskets all gone, great and small. Every landing net gone or broken to pieces, so that I cannot take a minnow. Book of flies and hooks, belonging to the Edgar rod, gone. Cap of leather case of do., do. All the tops of the beautiful red rod, which Mr. Edgar gave me, gone; so that the rod is entirely good for nothing. Mr. Edgar gave twenty dollars for it. One, two,—unless Edward took his—rods entirely gone. There is not one rod whole, with its equipments.

Ask Mr. Bradford to send down a fish basket, and a landing-net and handle, by to-morrow Friday's stage.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, Saturday morning, June 12, four o'clock, 1847.

My dear Son,—I received yours last night, with the fishing gear. It is quite possible that my losses and damages occurred last year, except the baskets, which I am sure I left here. I shall not need yours or Edward's rods, but shall let them remain here till you come down. I am glad of the basket. I have fixed my old John Trout rod, and it does very well. "Venerable men." *

But now I have something new to say. I found in the gun-room an unopened box. Nobody knew whence it came, nor exactly when. It was found to contain the most splendid angling apparatus you can imagine. There are three complete rods, all silver mounted, with my name engraved; beautiful

* The Mashpee River flows from a large lake, called Wakeby Pond, in Barnstable county, into the ocean, on the southeast coast of Massachusetts. It is a short and rapid stream, running in a deep valley, or, rather ravine, with high precipitous sides, covered with a thick growth of small pines, and various kinds of brushwood and shrubs.

The only method of fishing it, is by wading along the middle, and throwing under the banks on either side, it being unapproachable otherwise, owing to the trees and underbrush.

It was, as he states in his autobiography, whilst middle deep in this stream, that Mr. Webster composed a great portion of his first Bunker Hill address. He had taken along with him that well-known angler, John Denison, usually called "John Trout," and myself. I followed him along the stream, fishing the holes and bends which he left for me; but, after awhile, began to notice that he was not so attentive to his sport, or so earnest as usual.

He would let his line run carelessly down the stream, or hold his rod still while his hook was not even touching the water; omitted trying the best places under the projecting roots of the pines, and seemed indeed quite abstracted and uninterested in his amusement.

This, of course, caused me a good deal of wonder, and after calling his attention once or twice to his hook hanging on a twig, or caught in the long grass of the river, and finding that after a moment's attention he relapsed again into his indifference, I quietly walked up near him and watched. He seemed to be gazing at the overhanging trees, and presently advancing one foot and extending his right hand, he commenced to speak, "Venerable men, &c. &c." He afterward frequently referred to this circumstance, as he does in the above letter.

reels, and books of flies and hooks, and quantities of other equipments. The maker's card was in the box containing the books, &c. He is Mr. Welch, of New York.

That is all my information. You will be glad to examine the articles, and I hope will hereafter use them. They are enough for two lives.

I shall probably come up on Tuesday. A box goes to Mr. Appleton this morning, which you will hear from.

We have had a fine rain after three days of southwestern winds. I did not go to Plymouth yesterday, on account of the windy weather.

If the air remains still, I shall go out to-day in the boat.

Pray make your arrangements to come down next week.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SAMUEL ROGERS.

Marshfield, Massachusetts, June 14, 1847.

My dear Mr. Rogers,—I have had the high pleasure of hearing from you, lately, through my friend Mr. Winthrop, and I now tender you a thousand congratulations on the condition of your health, and a thousand good wishes for its continuance.

You are, my dear Sir, an essential element in my idea of London society. I never think of it, without finding you a prominent figure, in the picture framed by memory. Mrs. Webster, and my daughter and Mrs. Paige, all remember you, with equal respect, and equal gratitude for your kindness to us.

I give this letter to Mrs. Schuyler, a widow lady of intelligence and agreeable manners and conversation, and of highly respectable connections with us. She goes abroad with her, and my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Miller of New York, and will probably visit the Continent, as well as England. If the party find you in London, they will be anxious to see you, and hope they may have an opportunity of paying you their respects.

I may not depreciate Mrs. Schuyler's veneration for female sovereignty; but I may venture to say, that next to the Queen,

there is no one in England she would be more delighted to see, than Mr. Rogers.

Yours, with true and cordial attachment,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

New York, July 1, 1847.

MY DEAR SON,—I received your note yesterday, and am glad you and Caroline are safe home, and find all well. You do not say what fortune you had at South River.

By the efficient aid and friendship of Mr. Blatchford and Mr. Curtis, I shall, I think, be able to accomplish all I expected, respecting the "Mountain Pavilion," to-morrow, and go to Springfield, viâ New Haven, on Saturday.

Pray write me at Northampton. I spent all yesterday, ten hours at least, in doing up Chicago. It is well done.

Tell Edward not to think of moving. He must stay till he is quite well.

There is here a universal cry to that effect. General Taylor having abandoned his forward movement, it is less material for Edward to be in haste.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Monday morning, July 5, 1847. Five o'clock.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I found all well. Dan is very happy, having three ladies to attend to; his grandmother, Cara Fletcher, and Miss Kent, Henry Thomas's little niece, who has been here a day or two.

The Major is well.

I shall send up a box of garden things to-morrow. Look out for Mr. Ashmun, whom I expect to-night.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Monday, August 17, six o'clock, Green Harbor, 1847.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I must have a horse. King Richard did not want one more. Daniel Wright is going to Boston to-day, with a load of straw. Now, you and he must go to Foster's and look out his best chaise horse, and send him down for my use, till one can be bought for me. He must be gentle, a horse that stands well, does not shy, has at least fair fleetness, and above all, an absolutely sure foot. I care little for color, except that I like to keep out of the grey family.*

I want also a chaise, though this want is not quite so overpowering as the other. I have as you know, a nice wagon; but it sometimes rains, even in the old colony.

If Mr. Goddard has a chaise to suit me, I should be glad it might come down. If not, could you send one of Foster's, for a while?

I leave this part of the case in your discretion, but a horse seems indispensable. I wish Mr. Joy did not hold his mare at so high a rate.

I am looking out this morning for friends from New York, but have not heard from them. It is comfortable here, though the weather is warm.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MAJOR EDWARD WEBSTER.

Boston, September 27, 1847.

MY DEAR SON,—If through sickness, or other causes, you should find yourself in want of funds for your expenses, you may draw on me for any necessary amount, from any place, and you may show this as your authority.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

* The horse was however "a grey," which Mr. Webster drove for the last time a few days before his death.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Marshfield, Monday morning, October 27, six o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I received a letter from you, on Friday last, and from its intimations, rather expected another on Saturday. Infinitely obliged to you for your disinterested and unwearied kindness, in regard to some things, I yet must content myself with this sincere and hearty expression of thanks.

I think we shall clear out from Marshfield to-morrow. My wife is busy as possible in "getting things in order." My hands are full of business. I have three important jury causes to try next month, two in Boston, and one in Poughkeepsie, namely, Mr. Russell's. In addition to which, the railroad fever threatens me, not with an attack on myself, but with danger from the activity of its excitement in others. They have laid out a railroad at Franklin right through our wood-house, and fourteen feet from the corner of the house itself. John Taylor is in a fright, and I must go up. I suppose the house must be moved. This railroad will bring wood and lumber into Boston, from the Franklin property, the first year enough to pay one half the estimated value, beside expense. Cord wood, such as mine, is seven and a half dollars in Boston. I imagine we have two or three thousand cords very handy.

My two boys go to New York, I suppose this P. M. I cannot think you need any more of us, at one time. When they retreat, the "old guard" may advance.

Did Mr. Russell say any thing to you about Washington? I must necessarily be there two months, having rather a heavy docket in court. How I wish we four could get a little cozy corner together, attend to our law, and our own affairs, and not care a fig for what should be going on either at the White House or the Capitol. Give my love to Mrs. Curtis. My wife is fast asleep, or she would wish to be remembered. She does not dream that I am writing to you.

Yours ever, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Boston, Monday morning, December 6, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I think you may as well come down next Thursday, unless you like as well to come on Saturday, and stay till Monday. Give me notice when I may expect you.

Leaving alive as many turkeys as will be sufficient for Franklin and for Marshfield, and leaving also what may be proper for your own use, you may kill the rest, dress them nicely, and bring them down.

I presume Mr. Baker got well home with the cattle, though in a heavy rain. The calves answered your description, fully.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, Tuesday morning, five o'clock, December 7, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a beautiful, clear, cold, still morning. I rose at four o'clock, and have looked forth. The firmament is glorious. Jupiter and Venus are magnificent, "and stars unnumbered, gild the glowing pole." I wish I could once see the constellations of the South, though I do not think they can excel the heavens which are over our heads. An hour or two hence we shall have a fine sunrise. The long twilights of this season of the year, make the sun's rising a slow and beautiful progress. About an hour hence, these lesser lights will begin to "pale their ineffectual fires." Meantime Mr. Baker and his men are already milking and feeding the cows, and his wife has a warm breakfast for them, all ready, before a bright fire. Such is country life, and such is the price paid for manly strength, and female health, and red cheeks.

I hear the sea, very strong and loud at the north, which is not unusual after violent atmospheric agitations, and when the wind has lulled. They call this the rote or rut,* of the sea.

* See Halliwell's Dictionary of Provincial and Archaic words, for the "rut of the sea."

Either expression is correct. The Latin *rota* is the root of both words. The ruts in the road are the results of rolling, or the repeated and successive pressure or blows of the wheel. Rotation means repetition as well as succession. To learn a thing by rote, is to possess the mind of it, by repeated readings or hearings. The rote, or rut of the sea, therefore, means only the noise produced by the action of the surf, the successive breaking of wave after wave on the shore; and the beach means precisely the smooth shore, beaten by this eternal restlessness of the ocean. There is another expression for the same thing, sometimes used instead of rut or rote; I hear our people speak of the "cry of the sea," not an unapt phrase to signify the deep, hollow-sounding, half groaning, or loud wailing voice of the ocean, uttered as if in resentment of its violent disturbance by the winds. As an indication of wind and weather, the rote of the sea is generally understood to signify either that the wind has recently left the quarter whence the rote is heard, or else is soon to spring up in that quarter. The moon changes to-day, the tides are high, and at eleven o'clock, the sea will cover all the meadows, and reach the wall of our garden.

I found the trees leafless, of course. The old elm shows nothing but bare limbs and sprays. But the ground is not yet frozen, and the fields are not without their green spots.

Our harvest accounts are good. We think we have a thousand bushels of corn, three thousand of turnips, and seven or eight hundred of beets. The barns are full of hay. Six or eight oxen are eating turnips by way of preparation for the Brighton market, in March. We are in snug winter quarters, with only men enough to take care of the cattle, get the wood, and look out for kelp. To-day I shall try to look over accounts, count the cattle and sheep, see to the curing of the pork and hams, &c., and to-morrow try to get back to Boston. Nobody is with me but George.

Yours truly,

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I went down to the mouth of the river at high water. The marshes are all covered, there was not a breath of wind, but the sea looked cold and blue. Our port was deserted, and the lobster-houses all vacated. Half a dozen great wild geese were

in the river, just below the boat-house, who seemed very happy as they had the whole scene to themselves. It is winter. I have taken my last look of Marshfield, out of doors, for the season, and not without reluctance give it all up, for toilsome law, and wrangling politics. I am thankful for the past. Adieu!

MAJOR E. WEBSTER TO MR. WEBSTER.

San Angel, December 20, 1847.

My dear Father,—We marched out to this place, yesterday, a distance of seven miles from the city of Mexico, and about three from the battle-field of Contreras. We are the first and second Pennsylvania, the New York, the South Carolina, and our own regiment, under the command of General Cushing; and our being sent here is thought to be an indication of a forward movement, in the direction of San Luis Potosi. I received a letter from Colonel Wright yesterday, in which he states that he hopes to come up by the next train. The city of Mexico is not so superb as I had anticipated, although there are numerous elegant churches.

I had very poor quarters for my men, and none for myself; but was moved every other day, for one cause or another, so that I never was settled. The inhabitants are returning every day to the city, and every afternoon numbers of ladies drive in the Alameda and the adjoining streets. The weather is quite mild and pleasant, although a fire would be very comfortable, morning and evening. I am and have been very well. Henry has had a bad cold, and feels weak, but is getting better fast.

With my best love to mother and the family, I remain your affectionate son,

Edward Webster.

MRS. APPLETON TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, December 28, 1847.

A happy New Year to you, my dear father, and many, very many, returns of it. I was glad to see a letter from you yesterday, addressed to Fletcher, which assured us you were quite

well in your solitude. I suppose Monica and yourself paid due attention to Christmas, in the way of turkeys, mince pies, &c. Uncle Paige and his children dined with us on that day. Fletcher remained at home, as Caroline came down to dinner. There was a great hanging up of stockings on Christmas evening; five little ones; and even papa and mamma were requested to hang up theirs, in which some most mysterious little trifles were found; of course it was impossible to guess where they came from. The children are nearly free from colds. I am the only invalid at present. My cold has at last reached the crisis I anticipated, when I was visiting and shopping with mamma those damp days, and I now am to stay in my room, until I get rid of it. I hope I shall not be housed very long. How very sad is Mr. Fairfield's death. He was very sanguine last winter about that fatal remedy, and urged aunt Sam Appleton strongly to try it. I am rejoiced she did not. We have had snowy weather for three or four days, and the sleighing is very good. Sammy and his sled take advantage of it. The poor child cried bitterly the day you left, to think you should have been at the door, and he did not see you. I tried to divert his mind to Christmas, but he said, "all he wanted was grandpapa in his stocking;" rather a capacious stocking would be required. The little ones all wish their grandpapa a "Happy New Year" and send a great many kisses.

With much love, dear father, I am ever, your affectionate daughter, JULIA.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

January 10, 1848.

OH, you dear, delightful, neglectful, charming, and forgetful woman. I have agitated half New York about that Atlas.* The Kents, the Oakleys, the Curtises, have all been put in a state of commotion. Finally, a despatch has gone to Europe, to follow Mr. Edward Curtis, through France, Germany, and Switzerland, to Como, Rome, and Naples, to bring him straight home, if he can give no good account of that Atlas.

* An Atlas left with Mrs. Paige by Mr. Curtis on his leaving for Europe.

I can say no more, as it is now Monday, eleven o'clock, A. M., and I expect Mrs. Webster to trip up the steps in just twenty minutes.

I shall write to Mr. George Curtis, to stop the express to Europe, if he can, and to call on you at the New York Hotel.

Yours affectionately,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

January 28, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—If you think best, and can spare a few potatoes, you may feed the live ox with a view to beef; but not with the idea of fattening him in a month. Keep him thriving, till I come home, say about March 15th or 20th.

As far as we can learn, the disease, if it appears again, will appear within two months of the death of the last animal which dies of it. At last dates, all our cattle at Marshfield were well. If yours now should all keep well till April, I shall hope we are rid of the trouble.

It always gives me pleasure to hear you are all well. If I do not get a letter from you every week, I think something is wrong.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, January 29, 1848. Saturday.

DEAR FLETCHER,—It always gives us pleasure to hear from you and yours, and Julia and hers. We had two short letters this morning.

I propose to go to Boston, about the middle of March; to take Mrs. Webster along with me, and to bring Julia here, on our return. I shall make a point of this. Mrs. Webster has, I believe, already written to her, and pray tell Mr. Appleton that he must spare her. I am sure that a journey hither, and a stay

of two months in the spring would do her great good. She may bring as many or as few of the children as she pleases.

Neither the Senate nor the court sit to-day; so I am at home all day, preparing for a long cause from Mississippi, which comes on for argument on Monday morning. I believe we have pretty effectually suppressed the Rhode Island insurrection.

It so happens that I have a great deal more to do in court this year than at any time since I went into the Department of State. The work is hard, not so much in the preparation of causes, as in sitting and taking notes of arguments for seven or eight days, as sometimes happens. I do not see that I shall be able to be out of court much for a month to come.

I attend to causes pretty closely; although, now that I am sixty-six years old, I take it for granted that people begin to say, "He is not the man he was." In some respects that is certainly true; perhaps in many.

Give my love to Caroline, Julia, Mr. Appleton, and all the grandchildren, and Mr. Paige's whole household.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, January 31, 1848.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—We have felt uneasy about Julia for some time, till at last we have concluded that I, or her mother, ought to go to see her. On the whole, Mrs. Webster concludes to go.

I have written a letter to Fletcher, which he will show to Julia. We do not wish her to think us more alarmed than we are, and I hope you will see to the matter, and let her understand, that it is only on account of a feeling of uneasiness, which Mrs. Webster possesses, and a sort of regret that she did not return from New York to visit her.

I hope Julia will come here, with her mother; we will take good care of her, and save her from the chilly airs of Boston.

Mrs. Webster will, I think, avail herself of this mild turn in the weather, and set off very soon. She finds an escort to New

York; and from that place, one of her nephews will probably accompany her.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

January 31, 1848.

DEAR FLETCHER,—We have been long concerned about Julia, and at length have become alarmed. Your letter was received this morning. Mrs. Webster will leave to-morrow, and proceed to Boston as fast as weather will permit.

Enclosed is a letter which may be sent to Julia and Mr. Appleton. This is for yourself alone.

I should set off at once myself, leaving every thing, but your mother thinks she had better go, and is willing to go without me. Mr. March will accompany her to New York, and one of her nephews will go with her to Boston.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

February 4, 1848.

DEAR FLETCHER,—We got two mails this morning, from Boston, and I have your letters of the 1st and 2d. I am infinitely concerned about Julia; and unless I hear better tidings soon, shall leave every thing, and go to Boston.

I wait with great anxiety for your mother's letters. I presume she only reached Boston last night.

I wrote you by telegraph yesterday, at one o'clock; but at this hour, ten, I have no reply.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

February 10, 1848.

My dear Son,—I have your letters of the 7th and 8th. There is nothing for me to do, but to remain here and prepare myself, as well as I can, for events.

Send this to your mother, as I am going to court. I may not be able to write her to-day.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WESTON.

February 10, 1848.

Dear Sir,—You have probably heard that Mrs. Webster has gone to Boston, on account of Mrs. Appleton's health. I shall go North as soon as the Supreme Court rises, which may be about the 1st of March.

I receive all your letters, one every Wednesday, and am always glad to get them. If I send you more speeches and documents than you need, you can give them to your neighbors. I am pretty well, though occasionally a little troubled with rheumatism.

Yours truly,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. J. W. APPLETON.

Washington, February 14, 1848.

My dear Daughter,—Your mother writes me daily, about all Boston things, the state of your health among the rest; but I hope her face will be turned this way by the time you receive this.

I have not been out of my house for some two or three days, having given myself up for that time to Dr. Lindsley, to see if he cannot melt out of my bones and muscles some lingering rheumatism.

Your mother says you are indignant about "Vice-Presidents," and "such things," as Mr. Biddle used to say. On all such subjects, my dear child, my notion is this. I am allowed to be the first farmer in Marshfield, South Parish, and I am content with this, unless I should be called to be first, elsewhere, where I can do more good.

Give my best love to your husband, and to Miss Caroline Le Roy Appleton, Master Samuel Appleton, Miss Julia W. Appleton, Master Daniel Webster Appleton, Miss Constance Mary Appleton.

Your truly affectionate father,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, February 14, 1848.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—I write this to you instead of Mrs. Webster, as she may have left when this shall reach Boston. I have little to say to-day, except what I have said in the enclosed short note to Julia. The weather remains quite mild, but to-day the air is damp.

Dr. Lindsley has replevied me out of the hands of the court, for two or three days, till he can deal with my rheumatics, *secundem artem*. I verily believe the consequence will be, that I shall read a book, a thing I have not done for many months. I have already looked over the American Almanac, for 1848! and seriously began another volume.

There is little interest in the Houses of Congress—

> "Speech after speech still take their hourly turns;
> Committee rises, and the House adjourns."

I doubt whether I shall fall into this speech-making procession.

Nevertheless, we have had several sensible speeches. I would send some of them to Mr. Paige, but do not suppose he cares much for them. I shall be glad to see Mrs. Webster back, especially as her two lieutenants think of resigning at the end of the week.

Yours affectionately,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

February 23, two o'clock, 1848.

My dear and only Son,—I have just received this; when shown to Julia and the rest of the family, send it back safely to me.

I have been to the Capitol to see Mr. Adams. He lies senseless, and just breathes. He is as he has been for forty-eight hours.

My own health is pretty good, but I hardly know how I shall bear up under this blow. I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to outlive my children; but I feel now, but more intensely, as when Grace and Charles died.

But the will of Heaven be done in all things!

Yours affectionately,

Dan'l Webster.

MRS. APPLETON TO MR. WEBSTER.

February 26.

My dear Father,—Your most kind and comforting letter was received by me yesterday, and a great source of consolation it has been to me. I rejoice to find that you have been enabled to lift up your head after this blow, and to look "unto Him from whence cometh our help." It is indeed a sad affliction; but, thank God! I feel such perfect trust in His mercy and love, and know so well that "He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men," that I feel assured it was for Edward's good and happiness, as well as for ours, that he was taken away. May we all prepare to follow him, through him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and through whom alone we can find acceptance with God.

I have many things to say to you, my dear father, but I trust to see you shortly, and I will wait until then, as I do not write very readily. Fletcher is very much afflicted, and not as calm and resigned as I hope he will be in a few days. God bless and keep you, dearest father; may you long, long, live; and may your remaining children be spared to be a comfort and solace to you.

Tell mother that I think I am improving. I drive out every day. The children have all recovered.

With much love from Samuel and myself, I am ever your affectionate daughter,

JULIA.

MR. WEBSTER TO MASTER DANIEL WEBSTER.

Washington, March 6, 1848.

MY DEAR GRANDSON,—Your father writes me from time to time, informing your grandmother and myself of the health of the family. But I wish to hear oftener, and to know more of you. You are now ceasing to be a mere child. You are ten years old, and it is time that you turned your attention seriously to your books, as I presume you do. It is time you should write to me every week, and give me an account of your studies.

You must now, my dear namesake and grandson, think less of play and of childish sports, and begin to pursue manly objects. I hear no complaint of you, and believe you are doing very well and I expect to find you when I see you next, not a mere child, thinking of nothing but play and amusements; but a manly boy, fond of the company and conversation of your father and mother, and laboring to improve your mind.

Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First. You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might.

In the second place. Be of good character, and good behavior; a boy of strict truth, and honor, and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be, always to act right, and fear nothing, but to do wrong.

Finally, "Remember your Creator, in the days of your youth." You are old enough to know that God has made you, and given you a mind, and faculties; and will surely call you to account.

Honor and obey your parents; love your sister and brother; be gentle and kind to all; avoid all peevishness and fretfulness; be patient under restraint, and when you cannot have what you wish.

Look forward, constantly, to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish. Providence has taken from us your dear uncle Edward, in the full vigor of his life. It is an awful affliction to us all; but we must submit to the will of God.

Now, you must see how soon you can become what he was, a companion to your father and mother, and a comfort to us all.

May Heaven bless you, my dear grandson, and may you continue an object of warm affection to all your family connections, and all your friends.

Your affectionate grandfather,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 12, 1848. Sunday morning.

MY DEAR SON,—The business of the treaty was finished on Friday, and the court rose yesterday; so that I have no very urgent duties, now in either part of the Capitol. I could now go home, were it not that I cannot well leave, till we hear from Mexico. We must hear soon. I have to-day written to General Cushing. I suppose I wrote you that Adjutant-General Jones has written to New Orleans, to have all done that may be necessary if the remains arrive there.

Mr. Healey is painting a portrait from the daguerreotype; I have not seen it, but it is thought to be very good. I have been meditating upon something, which I wish should be thought of. Edward was ten years old, when I made the Hayne speech in the Senate. Why could not Mr. Healey make a picture of him, as of that age, from the daguerreotype, and from Miss Goodrich's little miniature, and place him at my feet. He was then no older than Daniel is now.

My health is pretty good, but I have been troubled, as you know, with rheumatism, &c., I now need rest. From the time of my arrival here till the day we heard of Edward's death, I was very laboriously employed. It is most likely, an adjourned term of the court will be holden early in May; and from this to that, I do not intend to do much. I shall go North as soon as possible. In Boston, is the divorce case, and a case with Mr.

Choate and Mr. Bartlett. These I must attend to, if necessary; and the rest of the time I think I shall spend principally at Marshfield. I have gone nearly through the proofs of the volume of diplomatic papers, and feel I ought to lose no time in preparing the proposed edition of the speeches. It would suit my feelings, as well as any thing, to sit down at Marshfield, and attend to this.

Give my love to Caroline, and the children. We hear you are all well.

See Julia, and tell her what I propose about Edward's picture.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. TICKNOR.

Washington, March 13, 1848.

FROM our first acquaintance, my dear Mrs. Ticknor, you have been with us and near us, in the vicissitudes of this checkered life. You have solaced us, when distressed by the death of children, and the mother of children; and when God has healed those wounds, and given us new blessings, your kind nature and sympathizing heart have participated in all we enjoyed.

And now, my dear friend, when a very heavy and unexpected calamity has fallen upon us, and almost crushed us, I hear your voice, and that of your husband, uttered in tones of soothing and condolence.

I can only thank you, and say, that the smitten heart revives under the influences of commiseration and tenderness. I cannot speak of the lost one; but I submit to the will of God. I feel that I am nothing, less even than the merest dust of the balance; and that the creator of a million worlds, and the judge of all flesh, must be allowed to dispose of me and mine, as to his infinite wisdom shall seem best.

May he have us all in his holy keeping! And may we all feel, that nothing in the universe can ever be lost; that no mind, the emanation of the Deity himself, can possibly be extinguished, and that our merciful heavenly parent will, assuredly, one day, gather his moral and intelligent creatures to himself. Pray give our love to Mr. Ticknor and your daughter.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Wednesday, March 15, 1848.

My dear Son,—The telegraph announces sundry arrivals at New Orleans from Vera Cruz. I dare say we shall hear in a day or two.

Mr. Healey has made a most beautiful picture of dear Edward. I shall take it home and keep it before my eyes as long as I live. I have a very nice letter from Daniel Webster, Jr. to-day.

Your affectionate father,
Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Boston, March 28, 1848. Tuesday morning, seven o'clock.

My dear Friend,—We arrived here on Sunday morning early and comfortably, and found Julia much as I expected, though not so weak. Her countenance is bright and natural, but I suppose there is no important change in the tendency of her complaint. I shall go to Marshfield to-morrow, if the weather should be fair; I shall not leave this neighborhood for the present. It would hardly be worth while for me to write you at large, now, because the news by the steamer must occupy all your thoughts.

These afflictions have pressed upon me the propriety of doing some things, about which I entirely need your advice and assistance. I want you to come whenever you have four days on hand. The sooner you can be here, the better, on account of Julia's condition. And I should like to be informed some days before hand, in order that I might be sure to be quite disengaged.

Mrs. Webster is pretty well. We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Blatchford and Mary a moment on Saturday. I hope to get a line from you this morning.

Two o'clock.—My dear Sir, your letter has come, and with it your enclosure. You are more than kind. I can never repay

your constant and assiduous goodness. Do not come this way till you can stay four days. With that condition, come as soon as possible. Julia is reported to be quite comfortable to-day.

Yours, D. W.

MRS. LEE TO MR. WEBSTER.

May 1, 1848.

ALTHOUGH I have written to you twice this winter, I have not heard whether you have received my letters; I cannot refrain, my dear friend, now that the hand of God has fallen again upon you, to express my deep sympathy. Before, when you have been afflicted, it has been my happiness to be with you. Your dear little Grace breathed her last in my arms, and my dear Julia was for a long time as dear to me and as intimately mine, as if she had been really my own.

The circumstances of life have divided me from her and from you all, but my feelings have remained unchanged. May I not hope that you will regard me in the light of memory, and believe that my heart bleeds for you.

Life has long been to me bereft of much that makes it precious, and the hope of soon meeting those I have lost, has been to me the most soothing hope to which I could look forward. It seems to me at this moment you also feel with me, and that we are brought nearer together by mutual calamity. I have been preparing my father's letters and papers with the design of printing some of them. Oh, my dear Mr. Webster, how truly would he have sympathized with and comforted you at this moment. He would have said, "It is God, let Him do whatever He will. Into His hands I commit myself, my children, my all. He cannot do wrong, and the cup that my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?"

I repeat only what he would have said, and much more would he have said, to heal the wounded soul. For myself, I can say nothing, but only pray that you may be comforted.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Webster. I am, as I have been, faithfully,

Yours, E. BUCKMINSTER LEE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. LEE.

Boston, May 8, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Lee,—Your first two letters were duly received, and have actually lain open and unfolded before me, till the third arrived. Certainly, I ought not so long to have omitted acknowledging that which accompanied the "book."

Mrs. Webster immediately read the book through, and expressed great gratification with it. I only fear it has made her dislike our Puritan ancestors a good deal more than she did before. I shall take my turn with it the first leisure day, at Marshfield.

I thank you, my dear friend, for your sympathy with us, under our most severe afflictions; I did not look for these calamities, but I pray for a submissive and reconciled spirit. I know that I must follow my lost children soon; and that we must all be diligently preparing for an exchange of worlds.

A great portion of my life, my dear friend, has been passed with you near me. Poor Grace, who died in your arms! Twice within the week I have looked upon her coffin, and there lies her mother, who loved you like a sister; and there lies dear little Charles. The mother and four out of five of her children are already in the same tomb. May God enable me to sustain these overwhelming sorrows, and still always to bless His most Holy name.

Dr. Sprague wrote me several times, for a short sketch of your father's character. I would gladly do any thing, but the matter is better disposed of in your hands. Of your father, his person, his appearance in and out of the pulpit, his graceful manners, his agreeable social habits, and the fervor and glow of his pulpit performances, I have a most lively and perfect recollection. You remember that you and I and Mrs. Webster, went together to visit his grave.

My wife desires her best love to you. We should both be happy to see you. I met with Mrs. Parker, for a moment, at Mrs. Curtis, poor Mary Story's, funeral on Friday. The meeting, though for an instant only, brought a thousand tender recollections to my mind.

Yours truly and sincerely, always,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JEREMIAH MASON.

Boston, May 8, 1848.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your kind letter, received some days ago, and for all the proofs of sympathy and affection manifested for us, in our afflictions. These two calamities were unexpected. I find it difficult to hold up against them. Of five children, only one now remains; but I try to discipline myself, and to submit, without repining, to the will of God. It is a sad thing to outlive our children; but if it be so ordered by Divine wisdom, I acquiesce. Ere long I know that I must follow them.

I shall not go to Washington for a week or ten days, and will find an occasion to see you and your family before my departure. You and Mrs. Mason are among those whom I and mine have longest known, and most loved.

I thank God that I am not deprived of either of you, in this day of trouble. I look back on our long friendship and intercourse, as a bright line along the course of life; and it has been a continuing consolation, when connections, the nearest and the dearest, have been struck down.

With true regard and affection, yours,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, May 28, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I was glad to hear from you, a week ago, and hope to hear soon again. You must write as often as once a week. Ask Mr. Shaw to state at once, in a letter to me, Mr. Sawyer's lowest terms for the land; and when he must have his money. We ought to know now, as the grass must soon be cut.

How do the teams get along with their work?

Yours,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PERRY.

Washington, June 10, 1848.

My dear Sir,—Notwithstanding results, it is a duty which it gives me pleasure to perform, to thank you, as I do, most cordially, for your friendly, well sustained, and vigorous efforts. I hope a time may come, when I may signify my feelings better than by words.

I hope and expect to spend the summer, after the early part of July, at home; if any thing should bring you over the mountains, I should esteem it a great favor if you would pay us a visit.

With most sincere esteem, and regard,

Your friend and obedient servant,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, June, 1848, Thursday morning, eight o'clock.

My dear Son,—I have watched the storm since four o'clock, in hopes of seeing signs of abatement, but it rages still, and is so fierce I dare not go out. If it subsides, I shall take the next train, and be up at seven this evening. If it should last through the day, without relenting, which is not probable, I shall breakfast with you to-morrow morning at half-past eight.

I send a Marshfield trout for Mr. Ashmun to taste to-morrow morning, unless you choose to make some other disposition of him. Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, June 20, 1848, Saturday, twelve o'clock.

Dear Fletcher,—We have a telegraphic rumor about "Mediation," but no substantial information yet. I leave here with Mrs. Webster, and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Wednesday morning.

Dine and lodge at Philadelphia. Go to New York to dine Thursday. There leave Mrs. Webster, and be in Boston Friday morning, I hope, in season for the early train to Kingston. If not, I must take the first boat; shall stay Friday and Saturday at Marshfield, and immediately return here. I can spend no time in Boston. Be prepared, if you can, to go to Marshfield with me, and rehearse your oration on Brant Rock. I shall stop at the United States Hotel to get a cup of coffee, then right off. I hope you will stay in town Thursday night.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Boston, July 12, 1848, Wednesday morning, six o'clock, Tremont.

MY DEAR SIR,—There has been a disagreeable hiatus in our correspondence. I have neither written to you, nor heard from you for several days. Last week I spent at Marshfield, with no company but my wife, except Mr. Haven for one day. The weather in general was cold and wet. This week I have some professional business at Lowell, and may run up to Franklin for a day.

I have no news here except the French news. France must be governed, and can only be governed in one of two ways; either a fierce democracy, in the shape of a directory, or some such thing, or by some individual holding imperial power. As to a government of regulated, restrained, constitutional liberty, it cannot exist in France, in my opinion, for any length of time. Her present rulers are poets, editors, pretenders to literature, and idealists. They have none or few, who are men of sense, comprehension, and experience in affairs. Look at their constitution. It undertakes to guarantee to all Frenchmen, not only liberty and security, but also, "employment and property." How can any government fulfil such a promise?

But enough of this.

Yours, truly always, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, July, 1848, Wednesday morning, five o'clock.

MY DEAR SON,—I found Caroline here yesterday, at five P. M. All well at Carswell. I am going to bring Black Mount over the Island House, and the Gurnet Light on the descending side of the inner saddle of the Monumet, and to look at a shed as I go along, which I hear is all laid out, and probably pretty well.*

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Marshfield, July 13, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a short line from Boston yesterday. I could not get away to Franklin; as it was hot, I came down here to keep cool, for a day or two. Next Tuesday, I have business in Lowell, which will last one or two days. From Lowell, I propose to go to Franklin.

I wish to visit you for several reasons. First, to see how you all are, and how haymaking and farming business gets along. Second, some of your neighbors have claims for money, which must be attended to.

In the third place, I have a plan which I wish to consult you about. We have abundance of feed for cattle, and probably shall have through the fall. Now, if you could get any thing else to consume the grass in your pasture, I should incline to have the twenty steers driven here, at once. Can you buy young cattle at this season of the year, on reasonable terms for cash?

Think of all this.

The boys are well and doing well. It is now five o'clock in the morning; at six, Charles will be on his way to the post-office with this letter.

Henry has taught our people here to rake hay with a horse. They find it is a great matter. I hope you got a fish.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

* These are well-known landmarks for the fishermen.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Elms Farm, Wednesday, July 19, 1848.

MY DEAR SON,—I arrived safe at four P. M. yesterday, and feel remarkably well to-day. After all, this is the very sweetest spot in the world. I feel with Pope, in his boxwood,

"Here let me live, here let me die"—
And a *small* "stone tell where I lie."

Look for me to-morrow evening, at eight or nine o'clock.

Yours, affectionately, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Tremont House, Sunday morning, 1848.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—I was most happy to accept your invitation to dine with your family to-day; but when I came home last evening, Mr. Olmstead was very desirous that he might be allowed on his own account, to make a little dinner for myself and family friends.

I have thought I should comply with this kind request, and if you and Mr. Paige would come after church, say about a quarter past four o'clock, and would ask Fletcher and Caroline, and Mr. Appleton, unless he shall be kept at home by his friend, and perhaps Cordelia. What say you to this? You need only put your nightcap outside the curtains, and say "Ay" or "No."

Yours, affectionately, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. KETCHUM.

Boston, July 21, 1848.

My dear Sir,—I received yours of the 18th last evening on my return from New Hampshire.

If my health is good, and the weather not too oppressive, I intend going to Washington next week. But really, I feel no disposition to make a speech. In the first place, I have nothing new to say, and in the next, I am so much disgusted with our northern politicians, Whigs and all, that I am out of all humor of making further effort. We are wise "behind the hand." We lock the stable fast, after the steed is safely off, with the thief on his back. I see no longer any important practical question. There will be no slaves in Oregon or California, and all that part of New Mexico where slaves could be employed, will probably be made part of Texas. The annexation of Texas did the business mainly, and the ratification of Mr. Polk's treaty with Mexico has finished what remained. I have steadily resisted all annexation and all acquisition, but there are those who would have territory, or pretended that they must take it. I feel much inclined to leave it to them to say what they will do with it, now that they have got it.

You need not fear that I shall vote for any "compromises," or do any thing inconsistent with the past. But as to new efforts, I cannot see that I am called upon to make them. The counsels of others have been followed, and it is but reasonable that they should work out from them their proper results themselves. At any rate, I am tired, and since I do not see now pending, especially since the report of the Oregon committee, any question of great practical importance to the country, I am disposed to indulge a little my desire for quiet and silence.

Yours, always very truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Saturday morning, seven o'clock. August 25, 1849.

My dear Son,—If the weather continues mild and fair, I think I shall go to sea this morning, and pray you to give my compliments to Mr. Dehon, and Mr. Inches, and ask them if they will accompany me.

You will go with us, of course. We cannot get The Lapwing out of the river earlier than ten o'clock, before which hour I will call at your house.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Marshfield, August 28, 1848. Monday morning.

My dear Sir,—A member of the House of Commons *tempore Car.* 2d in debate on the Exclusion Bill, is said to have spoken these lines:—

"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him out, or shall we let him in,
And see if we can get him out again?"

Now, can you tell me where these lines are to be found? Are they in Hume, Burnett, or where else?

Yours,

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Franklin, September 4, 1848.

Porter Wright,—I understand the whole crop on Blackmount is gone. Let the land be ploughed as soon as possible, and tops and every thing ploughed in. We will decide what to do next, when I reach Marshfield, next week. Meantime, you may consider whether the land shall be sown with winter rye,

and with grass seed, or without? Or shall grass seed be sowed alone, this fall or next spring?

However we may decide on these, the land ought to be immediately ploughed.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Bay Side, Mr. Appleton's. Quincy, September 18, 1848.
Monday morning, ten o'clock.

My dear Sir,—Mrs. Webster, Miss Birckhead, and myself, came up from Marshfield on Saturday, overland, against a northwest wind. I have been none the better for this, and was yesterday quite sick. To-day we have the equinox upon us, and do not expect to be able to get to town. I shall try to send this up.

The thing to be settled is, when I shall come to New York; and this must depend upon your convenience as well as mine. As to myself, the first thing is to learn how soon, probably, my health will allow me to go so far. I fear I may not rely upon an earlier day than the first of October, if quite so soon. Much may depend upon the weather in the mean while. Some days I feel quite well, and can keep out without inconvenience, if the weather be fair. On other days I cannot go out at all, fair or foul. Last Thursday was fair weather; I went over to the Gurnet, caught some very fine fish, felt well all day, and suffered no inconvenience from it. Since then my catarrh has been continually quite severe. I hope it will soon begin to taper off.

I have promised Mrs. Webster to make a short journey to Maine, sometime this autumn, and I have one professional engagement; time not yet fixed. With these exceptions, I can go to New York, at any time when health permits. It now remains to know what time will be most convenient to you.

You speak kindly of my speech, and I should be glad if it did some good. Of course, there are many in your circle that it will not satisfy. They think General Taylor is a miracle of a man, knowing every thing, without having had the opportunity of learning it, and the fittest man in the world, by a sort of inspira-

tion, to administer a constitutional government, and discharge the highest civil trusts. My purpose in this speech was exactly this: First, to make out a clear case for all true Whigs to vote for him: Second, to place myself in a condition of entire independence, fearing nothing, and hoping nothing personally, from his failure or his success. I would not therefore flatter either him or his more ardent friends. Thirdly, and most especially, to show the preposterous conduct of those Whigs who make a secession from their party and take service under Mr. Van Buren.

I am, dear Sir, very truly, ever yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Have you ever been to Edgartown and Nantucket? They are great places for blue fish at this season of the year, as I am told. The black fish abound at New Bedford.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[September 20, 1848,] at home, Wednesday evening, seven o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received yours in Boston this morning, and afterwards came home. My catarrh is greatly relieved. I will be in Boston to meet you any moment I may expect you there.

On Thursday of next week, September 28, I have an engagement I should like to keep. Every and any other day I am at your service, here or in Boston. Pray inform me at what day, hour, and moment I may see you in Boston.

I am so well to-day, and the weather is so fine, that if I get through the night without a paroxysm of catarrh, I mean to set the lark an example of early rising to-morrow, and to listen to the "murmurs of the Atlantic surge," before the sun fairly purples the east. I will write you in the evening.

All well at Carswell, and here.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, October 1, 1848, Sunday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I presume you are now in Auburn, from which place I learn you are expected to return on Tuesday. I write this in my little office in the garden, having returned from morning service at Hanover, and leaving Mrs. Webster and Juliet at our own church for an afternoon service.

The weather is too warm and damp for me. I came into this little corner, that I might have a fire, and a dry atmosphere. It is many days since I wrote you, and I have now only old stories to repeat. Till my cold goes off, I shall have neither head nor heart. A week of cold weather I hope will finish it, but while it lasts, I am in a condition to join the most stupid party, whatever it may be, in law or politics.

I left home last Wednesday. On Thursday was at Lynn, among cattle and pigs, and with a terrible cold all day. Friday I spent in Boston, mainly in a little room in the Tremont, and yesterday P. M. came down here with Fletcher.

I have the honor to be a delegate to the county convention to nominate Senators next Tuesday, at Abington, and have agreed to go. But thereupon comes out a notion, "that after the business is over, Mr. Webster will address the people, in Island Grove." I trust Tuesday may bring such a rain as that I cannot possibly encounter it.

I think of making our short trip to Maine this week. Then I shall be ready to go to New York, any day. I shall not set out from Boston for Maine till Thursday, the 5th, at eleven or twelve o'clock. Fletcher thinks you may possibly be in Boston before that time.

I have meditated on many things since I saw you, my dear Sir, with a tendency to certain results, which we must talk about. I feel that I am too old to dally with the little which remains for me to do in life.

Always truly yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, October 4, 1848, Wednesday, seven o'clock, A. M.

My dear Sir,—This is the third day of the storm. It began with violence Monday morning, four o'clock. For twenty-four hours it blew a gale; yesterday the wind was more restrained in its fury, and all the time it has rained copiously with short intervals. We see no wreck on the shore this morning. The storm has blown the Abington meeting all over. If one has no pressing occasion to go out, it is not tedious to keep in-doors for three days. I like it, and should like it for many days more.

You will see Mr. Otis's letter. It is a vigorous production for a man of his years. If you were to sit down and thank him for it, in a short note, he would be gratified.

We shall all probably run up to Boston to-morrow, if the weather clears up.

Five P. M.—The storm continues. Four vessels on shore between Scituate and Boston; some of them with important cargoes.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[October 6, 1848,] East Boston Depôt, Friday, eleven o'clock.

My dear Sir,—Since writing you at ten o'clock, half of Plymouth County has been upon me, and I am obliged, forced, compelled, to go to Abington on Monday, to make a speech.

I wish it might be possible for you to leave New York, Saturday evening, to-morrow, with a friend or two, or without, so as to be at the Tremont House Sunday morning, and go to Abington with me. You can return to New York, if you choose, Monday evening.

I thought I was rid of this occasion for a speech, but I was mistaken.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WILLIAM DEHON.

Tremont House, November 28, 1848.

My dear Sir,—My farmer from New Hampshire has brought down two or three little muttons, fattened on my native hills.

May I ask your acceptance of one of them, which looks pretty well, and may be worthy, perhaps, a week hence, to make its appearance on your table.

Yours, with all regard,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Marshfield, Thanksgiving morning, 1848.

Dear Mrs. Paige,—Here are a wild black duck and a summer duck, or wood duck, which have been fed in our poultry yard. I send them with their feathers on, that you may see what beautiful productions of nature the voluptuous human biped devours every day, with no other thought than whether they "taste good."

Yours, always, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Boston, November 28, 1848.

My dear Sir,—I was not at all surprised to hear of your resignation of the Presidency. From the first, I have been afraid of your health, under the labors of that office, as I was of Judge Story's, when he went to Cambridge.

I wish I could have an hour or two's talk with you. Some change is likely to take place in the course of my own life; but I hardly see what it will be. I am tired of Congress. The long sessions wear me down, with their tediousness, as much as with their toil. In the mean time, life is running off, while I make no progress towards accomplishing an object which has

engaged my contemplations for many years, "A History of the Constitution of the United States, and President Washington's Administration." This project has long had existence as an idea; and as an idea I fear it is likely to die. My remarks before the young merchants, were heads of what I have thought might fill a chapter or two. If my time were not all frittered or wasted between a little attention to politics and a little attention to professional and personal duties, I might possibly yet achieve part of my purpose.

Yours, very truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, December, 1848.

FLETCHER,—Ask Mr. Peirce, under your office, for a clean box, which will hold one bushel; divide it into two compartments; in one put half a bushel best beans, such as Boston people use to make a dish of baked beans, for Sunday; in the other half a bushel of best pease, such as the same sensible people use, when they wish to make that delicious dish, a good pea soup, and send the box to me in some way, not too expensive. Perhaps by a coaster to Baltimore, and thence here by the cars. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, December 14, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I arrived here last evening, in good health, except a slight cold, taken in the cars. On the way I fell in with Governor Hill, and had another talk with him about potatoes. He says he has raised two thousand bushels this year; and sold one thousand in Boston, at over three dollars per barrel. He says his potato crop has paid all the labor on his whole farm. His land is pine land, sandy, and with a thin soil. He ploughed it, and subsoil ploughed it. He thinks subsoil ploughing excellent for all lands; that it doubles the crop. His principal kind of potatoes is the York red, sometimes called the Pennsyl-

vania red; it is not much like our long reds. He uses compost for manure altogether, ploughing or harrowing it in, and puts none in the hole. He plants as early as he can. He says he has twenty acres now under way for next year. There is also a Mr. Kimball, living on Long Island, on land much like ours, who says his potato crop this year has given him one hundred dollars per acre.

These statements have half led me to think of one more trial, on a large scale; that is, the whole field opposite your house. The only difficulty in making the trial, will be the manure. Can we make compost enough? That is the question. With mud and manure from the ox barn, with a hundred bushels of bone dust, together with some lime, and some ashes, can we make three hundred loads of compost manure? I am afraid it would be difficult; but I wish you to consider it. We have strength of team enough to do the work. If we could be getting the mud and the barn manure, and hog manure together in a pile, in January and February, we might, toward the 1st of March, pitch it over, and mix with it the bone dust, ashes, and lime, and put all in a heap, and by April it would be heated, dissolved, and fit for use. Think of all this. I do not wish to break up a small field. If we make trial, it must be on a large scale, and exactly according to the approved course in such husbandry. The main mass must be mud. If you have resolution to undertake the job, I will get the lime and bones when I go home, and the ashes when we can. I repeat, the great ingredient must be mud, heated and dissolved by barn manure, bone dust, lime, etc.

I believe there is no doubt I shall return about Christmas. I presume you have killed nothing yet. The weather is too damp.

Yours, always, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. If this weather holds, you might, perhaps, be drawing mud, if you can drain the pond so as to make it dry enough.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Boston, January 19, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose the ox is dead. You did all you could. If you have another creature sick in the same way, treat him as you treated this, except 1. Repeat the bleeding; bleed him very freely. 2. Cut off the end of his tail. 3. Put red pepper into vinegar, and dash it up his nostril, frequently, with a syringe, or some such thing. If you examined this ox after death, tell me what seemed to be the seat of the disease.

I am glad to hear your family is well. Be sure to write every week punctually.

Yours, &c., D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Boston, January 20, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wish to place in your possession some memorial of the friendship which has so long subsisted between us, and the regard and esteem which I cherish for you and yours.

Harding, at my request, has painted a portrait, which I have directed to be sent to you, and which I hope you will be willing to accept.

Yours, always most truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, January 22, 1849

MY DEAR SIR,—You are acquainted with a little occurrence which took place here last year, between Mr. Ogden and myself.

Mr. Ogden took offence at a remark which I felt it my duty to make to the court, and has not called to see me since, when I have been in New York, as used to be his friendly habit. I do not like that any coldness should exist between myself and a gentleman with whom I have been long on friendly terms, unless such be his pleasure. The occasion has passed by; I feel no unkindness towards Mr. Ogden. I have eaten bread and tasted wine at his hospitable table in times long since past. I have never lost and shall not lose a just appreciation of his character, professional and personal, and shall always be far more willing to show kindness than to do injury to him or his friends.

You may show this to Mr. Hall, and if you and he think proper, he may suggest the contents of it to Mr. Ogden.

My real motive in this, is that if Mr. Ogden feels any degree of unhappiness at what has occurred, he may dismiss it from his mind.

Yours, truly always,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 1, 1849.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I have received a letter from Thomas this morning, and he gives therein an account of things in Marshfield. I wish you would tell me the weights of the hogs and the cow.

I am sorry the ox does not thrive better than he does. Mr. Thomas thinks he is not yet fit to kill. It will be best, therefore, to keep him a little longer than we talked of.

I wish you to inquire of Mr. Willis about ashes. I want to know how many bushels he can let us have, and at what price. I have written to Boston to inquire about crushed bones.

Please look well after all the cattle. Henry says the Phillips cow looks thin. James must give her more meal.

We are quite well here. Our weather is raw and cold, with some snow and sleet.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

In the Senate, a quarter past twelve,
Thursday morning, February 1, 1849.

My dear Sir,—A cold and raw morning, the pavements all ice, no sunshine, and dark and lowering. But Mr. Edward Curtis was up at five this morning, out walking as soon as it was daylight; was in the market before the candles were out; brought over for Paul a grand turkey; then walked round the Capitol Square, touched the toes of Washington's statue, found he had cold feet, and came back as far as our house, in time to read the newspapers before breakfast. I heard him calling up Paul, to take the turkey, as I was kindling my fire.

I am a little disappointed this morning at not receiving any thing from you, but I ascribe my misfortune to the interruption of the crossing of the river at Havre de Grace, by means of the ice.

I do not hear a particle of news this morning. If any "on dit," circulates before five o'clock, I will give you a note of it.

Yours, truly, D. Webster.

N. B.!! P. S.!! Judgment may be expected on Tuesday morning!

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[February 3, 1849.] Saturday, one o'clock. At home.
No court and no Senate to-day. A clear cold winter day.

My dear Sir,—I was delighted to get a line from you this morning, although it bore date back as far as Wednesday. There is great interest here to hear the opinions of the judges on Tuesday. I wish you could be here. Several opinions will be read, drawn with the best abilities of the writers. In my poor judgment the decision* will be more important to the country, than any decision since that in the steamboat cause. That was one of my earliest arguments of a constitutional

* In the Passenger Tax Cause.

question. This will probably be and I am content it should be my last. I am willing to confess to the vanity of thinking that my efforts in these two cases have done something towards explaining and upholding the just powers of the government of the United States, on the great subject of commerce. The last, though by far the most laborious and persevering, has been made under great discouragements and evil auspices. Whatever I may think of the ability of my argument, and I do not think highly of it, I yet feel pleasure in reflecting that I have held on and held out to the end. But no more of self-praise.

We are all well. Mr. Curtis is here, going on grandly.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

February 4, 1849, Sunday, twelve o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have now yours of Thursday evening. This interruption of the ordinary communication is quite disagreeable. I am sorry to hear nothing yet of Fletcher.

Mr. Truman Smith's anticipations may very probably be realized. I feel at present as if things were not unlikely to take that turn. It is strange that there should be nobody here by this time possessing General Taylor's confidence. Many things require attention before the 3d of March, and indeed at this moment; among others the matter of a provision for outfits, in those missions in which changes may be contemplated. I fear that neither he nor those about him take a proper view of the state of things, and of what the future requires to be attended to now.

I have a good deal of cold, and stay in to-day. Mrs. Webster and the young ladies have gone to church with Mr. Curtis. I am looking into the latest edition of Boswell's Johnson. I read this book a great many times formerly, and remember much of it, but with the notes of the recent editions, it contains new and interesting matter. My life has been an unimportant one, and my stock of information never large. Nor have we had in this country associations, clubs, &c., where conversation has been cultivated. And yet I have often wished, that what

has passed, when I have been with some eminent men on some occasions, could be recalled and preserved.

Mr. Gore, Mr. King, Mr. Mason, the Buckminsters, father and son, Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor Kent, Judge Story, Mr. Madison, Samuel Dexter, Mr. Gaston, &c. &c. have all said things worthy to be remembered; and yet only some of them have left any thing valuable on record. Of Mr. Ames's conversation, I am not old enough to have heard much. Jeremiah Smith was perhaps the best talker I have been acquainted with; he was full of knowledge of books and men, had a great deal of wit and humor, and abhorred silence as an intolerable state of existence.

When I first came here, there were several old men in Congress, whose remembrance of public things went back beyond the Revolution, such as Colonel Pickering, Mr. Findlay of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Schureman of New Jersey. With these, it used to delight me to pass time. I was young and eager to learn; they had well-stored memories, and were willing to talk. Egbert Benson was also a very pleasant and communicative man. He delighted to converse about New York things, before and during the revolutionary war. I ought not to forget John Adams, of whose conversation I heard but little; but that little was always striking. I think if his conversation could be collected, it would do him more credit than his writings or his speeches.

In the small and obscure circle of my early days, I remember several, both men and women, by whom my attention was always fastened, so that when I could hear them talk, I would neither work nor play. John Bowen, of whom you have heard me speak as having been a prisoner with the Indians; Robert Wise, a Yorkshire man, who had been round the world in the English service, army and navy; George Bayly, a yeoman of humor and mimicry, and some neighboring women, who had lived on the border from the felling of the first trees. Oh, I shall never hear such story-telling again!

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, February 5, 1849.

My dear Sir,—At that poor place called Marshfield, which you have never thought it worth your while to visit, and I am afraid never will, there are a few bottles, though but a few, of good old Madeira wine, introduced in the country through your agency, and some of it the fruit of your bounty. But here, in this great city, I have not a single drop of such wine as I have now mentioned. Not having fallen into the Sherry heresy, I like a glass of Madeira sometimes myself. But that is not important. There comes our new President, however, and I should like to be able to offer to him and his attendants a glass of what you and I regard as fit to drink.

Therefore, I will be obliged to you to send me a dozen or two of such a quality of wine as you think likely to make a favorable impression on the taste of the chief magistrate elect, and I will cheerfully defray cost and charges.

Mr. Edward Curtis is now with us, with health marvellously improved. Yours, with constant regard,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, February 10, 1849.
In the Senate, two o'clock, Monday.

[Mr. Hale making a speech on the "flogging of sailors," and Mr. Atherton raising a question of order. A gloomy day,—snowing out doors.]

My dear Sir,—I write to you to-day from habit, and from pleasure of thinking of you, and speaking a word or two without having any thing to say. If I meet a friend in the morning, I say, "How are you," and offer him my hand, and say five words about the weather, the ladies, &c., without having any thing of importance to communicate or expecting to hear any news.

If writing and sending were as ready and easy as talking and shaking hands, these morning salutations of friends would be equally pleasant on paper. Perhaps electricity will help us to

the means of all this yet; so that when you are giving advice or receiving fees, in your office in Hanover street, I may speak to you from on board my boat, at "Sunk Rock," and tell you when I have a bite.

Mr. Badger is making a very able speech in reply to Mr. Hale.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 12, 1849.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I have written Mr. Breck to send down, by cars, fifty barrels of bone dust, good quality and not coarse.

I suppose if you could pitch and shovel over the manure heap in the first ten days of March, mixing some of this bone dust with it, and throwing in three or four casks of lime, the whole would be in a good condition to be used as early as you will be able to plough.

I trust you will see that the ploughs and carts and all things are in order, so as to take hold strong when the time comes to begin spring work; and if posts and rails are needed, see that they are spoken for or obtained.

My opinion is, that I shall leave Washington for home just about four weeks from this day.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, February 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are always doing me acts of friendship and kindness. I have now to thank you for the boxes of "Ceylon," which you say are on the way, and which will probably arrive to-day.

Remember it was "Ceylon" which Lord Ashburton used when the Treaty of Washington was in progress of negotiation.

I thank you cordially for this repetition of favors.

Yours, with true and steady regard,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, February 15, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I have had but one letter from you; it is time for another. I suppose you are still in the woods. You must keep the oxen well, and give them some corn; especially the old oxen. You must cease drawing wood, in season to give the oxen a fair rest before spring's work comes on. As soon as the snow goes off, the ground will be open, and you must be ready to put the plough right in. See that carts, and ploughs, and harrows, &c., are all repaired, and in readiness.

You need not send Porter Wright any more corn at present. Take good care of the cattle; keep them well. I hope they will all be in good order, when they go out in the spring.

Do you mean that Henry shall go down to work for us again? If so, at what time?

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Let me know if you want any thing.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, February 15, [1849,]
In the Senate, Thursday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—My last letter from you was your early letter of last Monday morning. I hope you had a bright day, found all well and all things right at Boston, had a safe return, and found all right at Astor House.

Our mornings here have been fine, cold, and bright, and the middle of the day warm. It is what we farmers call sugar weather, and if it shall last a month or six weeks, the productions of the year will be great. When the nights are cold, the days warm, and the wind west, the sugar maple or rock maple yields its sap freely. If the wind shifts, and brings warmer nights and cloudy days, the flow of the sap stops. And now, learned reader, "mark a distinction," as Lord Coke says. Good sugar weather is bad wheat weather. Wheat, sown last fall,

shows itself, you know, as soon as the snow is off. If then there be cold nights and warm days, the young plant suffers. Under the warmth and heat of the sun, it vegetates, expands, and becomes full of sap and tender. And then the cold of the nights chills it, and often kills it, though it may spring again from the root. This is winter killing. It is indeed the same process of things as that which injures the peach-trees when their vernation is too early. Now, my dear Sir, you know many things; but I doubt whether you knew before that when you buy a maple orchard in Western New York, and a wheat farm by the side of it, the weather in March and April, which shall be favorable to your sugar crop, will be unfavorable to your wheat crop; so, you see, you grow daily wiser by my elaborate correspondence. And there is another thing, which I do not believe you can make much of a guess about, and that is the amount or quantity of maple sugar, made annually in the United States. I suppose it may be thirty or forty millions of pounds,—say thirty-five millions. It sells frequently, perhaps usually, for ten cents per pound. At that rate, here is an item of income, from the wooded and mountain region, of three millions five hundred thousand dollars. Did you expect that? The estimate is low.

But I have wandered far from your early letter, and from cold mornings.

Mr. Edward Curtis left us last evening. We feel his loss heavily. He is one of the sensible and the agreeable members of the human race.

I say nothing of politics, for I have nothing to say. Fletcher and I dine with Mr. Gales to-day.

Yours ever,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Shall you be here by the middle of next week? There is such a thing as a wild turkey and a sprig-tail duck.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, February 16, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a letter yesterday, and this morning have received one from you.

I am glad to hear that you are all well. You seem to have snow and cold weather enough. The snow will be likely to remain for some time, and when it goes off, the ground will be open.

Be prepared to put in the plough. How large a piece of potatoes do you think you can manage? The ground must be ploughed, you know, with two ploughs.

It will be a very good thing to get some timber to the mill. We shall want boards. But I do not wish to cut any timber for sale. What I sell, I shall sell standing.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO DR. PERKINS.

Washington, February 18, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to hear from you in the way of a friendly, old-fashioned letter. Mrs. Webster says it is the best and kindest letter in the world; and that you must and shall have a post-office at Holly. I should think that object could be easily accomplished, and will cheerfully join an application to the postmaster-general to effect it.

It is true, my dear Sir, that both you and I are already old men. We have had our share of the blessings of life, and our share of its sufferings. I wish to be thankful for all mercies, and submissive under all chastisements.

Your view of the state of public affairs very much corresponds with my own. The country is very well, if extremists and ultraists would let it alone. There is a strong feeling of union, North, South, and at the centre; and I do not think folly and faction can easily extinguish it.

For the last year I have taken political labor rather easily; nor do I see that I need worry myself for a year to come. I

hope we shall get along pretty well, with a new administration.

We expect to leave Washington about the 15th March, and find our way to Marshfield as soon as the weather is mild enough. I hope another year will not pass off without our meeting. Few of us are left, and we must try to "strengthen the things which remain."

Mrs. Webster joins me in affectionate regards to you and Mrs. Perkins.

As formerly, as always, so now, I am, my dear old friend, truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PERRY.

Washington, February 22, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have yours of the 17th instant. You may be well assured that I should take an interest in accomplishing any wishes of yours, especially if they regard any purpose or object personal to yourself. I will keep your letter and do what I can with propriety. But I am not of the councils of those who hold and exercise executive power. I am slow to interfere with any advice or recommendation of my own; but if called on, or referred to, it will give me pleasure to advance the views of worthy men.

I beg you to be assured, my dear Sir, of the high esteem I entertain for you, and the pleasure I shall have, always, in preserving and cultivating your acquaintance and friendship.

With cordial respect,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO DR. JOHN PORTER.

Washington, February 23, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have heard with much regret and sympathy of your severe and long-continued illness. A letter from Mr. Henry Thomas, received this morning, gives the gratifying information of your convalescence, and to such a degree as that

you can sit up and take a little food. I hope to hear of your further progress in the recovery of your health.

We are near the close of the session, and we are involved in the confusion and hurry usual on such occasions.

The new President is expected to-night. He has signified that Mr. Clayton is to be Secretary of State; but further than that, nothing is generally known.

With my best regards to Mrs. Porter, and good-will to all the children.

Yours truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

P. S. If there be any thing here in the way of documents, which you would like to read, I shall be glad to send them on.

MR. BINGHAM TO MR. WEBSTER.

Cleveland, Ohio, February 24, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—No one but yourself can conceive the heartfelt pleasure attendant upon the receipt of your kind favor of the 5th instant. The retrospective Glimpse as you were pleased to call it, seemed to bring up many of the pleasant reminiscences, and strong associations and recollections of our youth, manhood, and, must I say it, old age. In short, I consider your letter, at this time of my life, and under my present circumstances, a legacy, far more valuable than any thing pecuniary to me, notwithstanding my needs in that respect. The assurance that time or place has not abated the affectionate regard of strong early attachments, is a source of continual comfort.

The difference in our situation and standing in society, for the last thirty years, and the superior manner in which all the duties of your various stations have been performed, have inspired me with a certain awe and respect for you, which the familiarities of our earlier years have not been able at all times to overcome. It is not a little difficult sometimes, to draw the proper line between friendship and respect. But it would seem

as if your letters might always put a friend at ease on that point.

Speaking of the old "Laus Deo," which, by the way, I fear you have no great reason to remember for good, I have it still on hand, and have endeavored almost every Sabbath, for the last eighteen months, to increase therewith the praises of God in the church. My execution upon the instrument is not quite so free and easy as in days gone by, but I think exercised with more feeling and judgment.

The lady to whom you wished me to present your love accepted it with much pleasure, and would reciprocate a large share to you and your good lady.

"The same,"

J. H. BINGHAM.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 6, 1849.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Fletcher insists on setting out for home to-day; but I must keep him two or three days longer. It is indispensable to his good as well as mine.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. C. B. HADDOCK.

Washington, March 9, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is utterly impossible for me to think of such things as orations, addresses, conciones, and all things of that sort. Younger men must perform duties of that kind.

A century ago, there were doggrel lines addressed to Bostonians. I take two of them to myself:—

"Solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations,
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations."

I am on friendly terms with all the members of the administration, but not among their annoyers. If I could, in due time,

do any thing substantial for you, I would make an effort. But I do not interfere with small things.

I am glad you are going to see your brothers. We expect to be in Massachusetts by the first of April.

Yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 9, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry about the steer, but why do you not tell me how his leg got broken? You must know. I am afraid there was some carelessness, something left out of place. Was there not a cart, or a harrow, or something else in the yard or in the shed, which ought not to have been there? A steer does not break his leg in play or in fighting with other cattle. Why did you not tell me in your first letter what caused the accident? Let me know the whole truth immediately.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, March 11, 1849. Sunday. After morning service.

MY DEAR SIR,—For two or three days I have been under a heavy cold, or influenza, and stay in to-day to try the benefit of Dr. Lindsley's advice and prescription.

I have yours of Friday. There are but two objections to my spending a month in New York, 1. It would cost me more than I can afford to pay for a month's subsistence and forage. 2. In and amidst the hospitality of the city, I should do no work.

My present purpose is to stay here till you come. Then stay a week longer. Then go to New York, stay there a few days; thence go to Boston, visit Marshfield, and then go to New Hampshire for a good month. You may think this odd, as New Hampshire mountains are cold in the spring. But Franklin is behind the first ridge from the sea, so that the damp and

dreadful east winds do not reach us. The house has been fitted up a little since you were there, and is more comfortable, and there is plenty of dry oak chips. At that season there will be no out door attractions, and in one unbroken month I can do some useful things. It is easier to slip down to Boston and back, than it is to slip up from Marshfield.

Nominations will be made to-morrow. You will hear of them by telegraph, or I would tell you what they will be, as far as I know. Very few appointments at present, except to fill vacancies. Mr. Hudson will be naval officer in Boston, and some other little appointments in that State. New York will have a larger batch. Governor Seward can tell you better about that than I can. If they do not turn out some persons at once who have been in long enough, I suppose they will do it before long.

Yours, D. W.

MRS. E. B. LEE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, March 16, 1849.

My dear Friend,—In the memoir of my father and brother, which is just completed, I have made a short extract, of half a page perhaps, from the autobiography, which you were so kind as to give me many years ago. It is the passage relating to your receiving instruction from my brother at Exeter Academy, and the difficulty which you found in taking part in the declamations of your class. The anecdote is equally honorable to you and to him, and I mention it to you only, because I did not wish to take from that biography one word, or use any liberty with it, unless favored with your permission.

Will you be so kind as to let me know, before it is too late, if a shadow of objection should occur to you.

I am, very sincerely yours,

E. Buckminster Lee.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter about the steer. It is all well. I am satisfied there was no carelessness, and that is all I wished to know. But it was a strange accident.

You must now keep the cattle well. All the steers should have a little cob meal, to get them in good heart, before they go to pasture. The old oxen, especially, should be well fed. You may write me one more letter. I shall soon be leaving Washington. Be sure to have carts, and ploughs, and harrows, all in readiness. I shall come to see you as soon as I reach Boston. See that there is plenty of dry wood. Remember, that to plant ten acres of potatoes, is no small job, and that they must be planted very early. Porter Wright will do his best to beat you. But you have the best land.

We are all well. DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. S. A. APPLETON.

Washington, Sunday, March 18, 1849.

MY DEAR SON,—A telegraphic despatch from Fletcher on Friday morning, informed us of the death of dear little Constance. Our last accounts had been quite favorable; but I must say for myself, that from the first moment I heard of her sickness, I had a presentiment that she would not recover. I felt that it was destined that she should immediately follow her mother.

> Bright, early, transient as the morning dew,
> She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven.

Not only on your account and that of your other children, but on our own, my dear son, this new bereavement affects Mrs. Webster and myself deeply. Every thing that is sweet, lovely, and engaging in infancy, belonged to the dear little lost one. But God has seen fit to call her away, and to leave us only a tender and affectionate recollection of her. I must confess, that her death brings back to my heart that of her mother, and seems to open again that fountain of tears and sorrow. Never was

daughter loved more than I loved Julia, and never was a bereaved husband commiserated more than I have commiserated you. But you and I, and all must submit to the will of God. We must bear these afflictions with resignation and patience, knowing that, like all other events, they are controlled and directed by unerring wisdom and goodness. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. All is not dark and dreary in the soul, while the lamp of religious faith and hope continues to burn.

You have yet four beloved ones around you to console and comfort you. Nearer and dearer to you than to me, I yet cherish them as precious blessings to myself, and as objects of affection on whom the heart still fondly leans, for happy family association and kind endearments. In all these feelings of sympathy and love, Mrs. Webster, as you know, fully and entirely partakes. Wherever you and your children are, there our affections will be with you; and we hope that Heaven may still have bright days in store for us all.

Mrs. Webster has been a little unwell for a day or two, but she is better this evening, and joins with me in the sincerest love and condolence to you and the children.

Your affectionate father,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, March 18, 1849.
Sunday morning, nine o'clock.

[A wet showery morning, and not yet very warm. We have had a good deal of rain since four this morning.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your two letters of Friday this morning. It is not without much regret, that I give up the hope of seeing you here. I shall stay through this week, and then make the best of my way North. By the 1st day of April, I must see the plough started at Marshfield; but think at present that I shall spend most of that month in New Hampshire.

Edward Curtis proposes to leave us on Tuesday morning and go straight through to New York. Miss Kate Le Roy will go with him.

We understand the nominations are all made. We shall take up those which are disputed, to-morrow, and get through with them as fast as we can.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 19, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—If you have a couple of wethers in pretty good order already, I wish you to feed them, so that they may be getting fat. We may want a little mutton next month.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I shall not leave Washington before the 27th.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. J. PRESCOTT HALL.

Washington, March 19, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have confidence in your fidelity to promises, and some trust in your judgment of horseflesh. But both must be brought to the test.

I want a riding horse with these qualities, namely: Cheap, stout, gentle, sure-footed, easy, a good walker, a good stander. He may be ugly, provided he is free in the fore shoulder, and high and strong in the hip.

If you can find such a horse, so that I can take it along ten days hence, in the Fall River boat, why then, I shall have a saddle-horse; if not, not. I shall call him "Prescott."

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

[INDORSEMENT BY MR. HALL. I never could find "the" horse herein described, although I searched for him by self and agents faithfully and for a long time. A dealer told me that Mr. Webster had described an animal rarely seen, and his description of what he wanted is that of an almost perfect saddle-horse, so far as good qualities are concerned.]

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 22, 1849.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I have written to Mr. Breck, Boston, to supply you with whatever grass seed and seed oats you may send for.

Put the plough in, where the turnips and beets grew, as soon as you please. Do as you think best about putting other grass seed in with the clover seed. I suppose we shall not leave it down long, as the ground has had no body of manure.

The field on the island may be sowed with oats and grass seed. As to the cottage, keep along as you can till I get home, or write further. I shall see you some of the very first days of April.

My present plan is, 1. To have a good field of potatoes. 2. To put beets, and perhaps some other things, where we put the kelp and broke up the ground last fall. 3. To plant the new orchard, principally with corn, unless you chance to sow some oats there. 4. I think of putting the ashes on Black Mount, and sowing turnips. But of this hereafter.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 23, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—We shall not want our horses for a month or more. I hope to be in Boston by the 1st or 2d day of April, and I think it very likely that Mrs. Webster and I shall spend a part of that month in Franklin if we do not find it too cold.

I am content that you should employ two good men; and hope Mr. Mills and Mr. Campbell will both stay if you wish them to do so. Employ none but first-rate hands. You have a good deal of work before you, and I trust you will prosper.

Turnips will do well where potatoes were last year. They will want some fine and old manure, or some dressing loam. You can make a manure heap, and have it in good order by the time when you sow turnips. This should be attended to at once.

I hope you will get the ground in good condition for the potatoes, and get them in early. I rely on that crop to get money to pay for labor. I think I shall leave Washington about the 27th.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Washington, March 24.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CURTIS,—When we wrote last, Mrs. Webster was still up stairs. She came down yesterday morning, quite bright; and as I had little occasion to go out, we had a homekeeping, family day.

We dined alone, to all visible appearance, but I put a spoon on one side of the table, to represent Mr. Curtis, and a decanter stopper on the other, for Mrs. Curtis. We offered to help these guests, and to drink wine with them, and so we made a pretty comfortable Swedenborgian dinner of it. ☞ We had shad.

I pity you, if you find it colder in New York than we have it here. The mornings and evenings are really winterish, and require good fires.

P. S. We have your short note, and marvel at the speed of your progress home.

Mem. Could you not get Mr. H.'s letter, in the Intelligencer of this day, printed in the Courier and Inquirer, with the remarks?

Mem. *Vide* Intelligencer of to-morrow.

Yours, with Mrs. Webster's love,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 28, 1849.

PORTER,—It continues very cold here. Yesterday was very severe. The wind changed towards night, and we have had a great fall of snow.

I have some things to attend to here, and as the weather is

so very cold and bad, I do not think I shall get home so soon as I expected; perhaps not till 15th or 20th of April.

You must go on with all things, as well as you can. Write me often; if you wish for any directions, state your wishes. I believe you know the general plan for the business of the year. What is best to be done with regard to the cattle? We have now a strong team of oxen and four-year old steers, and we must be thinking what is best to do with them. Some of them, I suppose, must be turned out, in due season, for beef. Some, perhaps, sold for good prices. But I shall be home in season for all this, unless somebody should offer a handsome price for some of the working cattle.

You have not said any thing lately about the sick sheep, nor any thing of any calves.

Please keep me well informed, and write often.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 4, 1849.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I told you last fall, and now repeat that I wish to plant the whole field with potatoes, or else no part of it. I want no small pieces. The land must all be ploughed, and subsoil ploughed, every furrow of it, and the manure must be spread, and ploughed in.

If this can be done, I shall be glad; but if it cannot all be done, let it all alone. I thought you had teams enough, and could get hands enough to do it all, pretty promptly. But if you cannot, then let it all alone, and leave the manure heap where it is. I want very much to get home, but must stay here a little longer, to earn a little money, to pay the expense of putting in a potato crop.

Do you need any more money? If so, speak your mind.

Of course sell the pigs, as fast as you can get a fair price for them; don't sell too cheap.

We will not raise any small steer calves; but keep all the heifers, and if you find among the neighbors any large and handsome steer calves fit to make oxen, buy them.

You may sell some of the inferior cows, if you have a chance.

You may get stores for the cottage, at Mr. Bournes's, till I get home. We are well.

What I now send makes up a thousand dollars in all, I think.

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, April 6, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to hear from you, and particularly happy that you are relieved from the cares and anxieties of your recent situation. It gives me true pleasure to think that our intercourse, always most agreeable and useful to me, may now resume something of its former frequency and intimacy.

I feel that you are among the foremost of those, who, in the course of the last thirty years, have helped me along, by favor, by good advice, and by large contributions to my stock of knowledge.

I propose to return to Massachusetts about the 1st of May. You remain, I understand, at Cambridge. I hope it will be convenient for you to visit us, with Mrs. Everett and your daughter, in the fine weather of June. Marshfield is usually pleasant at that season; and at all seasons it is a good place for uninterrupted talk.

I think it best that my letters to Mr. Brooks should be returned to me. They may be put up in a package, and left at my office in Court street.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 10, 1849.

PORTER,—If you pluck up courage enough to take hold of the potato field, which I rather doubt, you must be particular about the seed. The object is, to raise such potatoes as ripen early, and bring a good price in the market. Daniel Wright knows something about this. I hold Mercer's to be Nc.

1, but perhaps they are not the greatest yielders. I would not plant all of one sort; nor should I have too many sorts. Get what seed you think best, even if you have to go to Boston for it.

We have warm weather here; the peach-trees are in blossom.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 12, 1849.

PORTER,—I am glad to hear of your progress in farming. You seem to be going on well. I have already written about seed potatoes. It is wrong to plant the young orchard with corn. But as you seem to prefer it, it may be done this year, but not again. Remember two things: 1. Manure it heavily, if you have the manure, as I suppose you have. Go heavier than we commonly have done, so that next year the land may bring potatoes without any manure. 2. If you plant corn, go the whole field. Let us have no scraps and patches. But I shall be home before the 1st day of May.

We must look up a place for beans, pumpkins, and late potatoes when I get home.

What is to be done with the manure at Fletcher's barn?

I approve putting ashes or plaster in the potato hill, or perhaps a mixture of both. Do all this exactly right.

You and I may never try so large a plantation of potatoes again.

Write me a letter when you receive this, and there stop.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, April 18, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—In consequence of the present scarcity of money, the secretary has had under his consideration the idea of anticipating, in whole or in part, the payment of the Mexican indemnity, which is to fall due on the 31st of May, and which

is I think, two millions seven hundred thousand dollars. It has been strongly urged that such an anticipation of payment would very usefully release a large amount of specie from the sub-treasury, and suffer it to circulate in the general currency of the country. But objections have been raised which have not been and are not likely to be overcome.

In the first place, it is said that such a measure would only be a temporary expedient; that the vice is in the system, and that, until the system itself is altered, these sudden fluctuations in the currency, and in the price of money, will constantly occur.

In the next place, it is doubted whether the state of the treasury, considering what other demands it has to provide for, is such as to make such an anticipation of payment quite safe, unless on the ground of being able to fall back, in case of necessity, on the power of issuing more stock, a resource in itself not desirable.

At any rate, I believe it is settled that so far as the treasury is concerned, things will be suffered to go on and take their ordinary course. I thought it might be desirable to you to know this, as the matter has been the subject of considerable conversation and of some expectations.

Yours very truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Steamboat "Curtis Peck," James River, forty miles below Richmond,
April 21, 1849. Nine o'clock, A. M.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—We left Washington yesterday morning for home, commencing our journey by a little trip through the lower part of Virginia. But we have constantly regretted that we had not postponed our departure till spring. We find winter travelling in these parts very disagreeable. The sun is clear and bright to-day, but the weather quite cold, and all the stoves removed from the saloon of the boat because it ought to be warm weather. Mr. Seaton and Mr. William A. Bradley accompany us, and Mary Scott came as far as Richmond.

James River is a fine stream for steamboats; I have never been on it before. It is crooked, like all other rivers which creep through meadows and level countries, and the alluvial lands on

its banks, are rich. Further down, they grow thinner and poorer. Here were the ancient aristocratic families planted, from which comes the saying, still in use, and now always laughed at, "First Families in Virginia," or "F. F. V." These great estates were broken up by the abolition of the right of primogeniture, which took place soon after the Revolution. The great houses remain, many of them, but half deserted and desolate, the estates divided or sold; horse-racing and fox-hunting done away with, or fallen into vulgar hands, and the ancient and affluent hospitality of Virginia, known no more.

In the mean time the perverse practice of tobacco planting has worn out and impoverished the lands, and they are only now recovering under the better husbandry of wheat-growing. At the moment of writing this, the boat is passing the hand some house and large estate of Mr. Hill Carter. It was the seat of the ancient family of that name, so distinguished in Virginia. The original proprietor, it is said, was possessed of fifty thousand acres of rich land in one body. So much has been retained, that the present owner is independent and affluent. He is a good farmer, or planter, a sensible and thrifty man, a "prosperous gentleman," and withal one of the best Whigs in the State. The place is called "Shirley." Mr. Carter has ten children, so that "Shirley," one of the last great landed properties, must ere long, probably, be laid off in parcels for sale, or for separate properties.

The law of primogeniture never prevailed fully in the northern colonies. Yet there were some resemblances of it. In some of the States, the oldest son was entitled to a double portion of the estate. The last instance I remember of this, was Mr. Jabez Smith, whom Mr. Paige remembers, and who had a double share in the high and handsome hill farm, two miles from "Elms Farm," and which hill you passed over when we drove up to the "South Road," to give Mrs. Worcester, alias Pettingale, the pleasure of seeing "Sweet William" once more.

No wealth, but wealth in land, can be transmitted from generation to generation for any length of time; and that species of wealth cannot be so transmitted, it is evident, in a country where estates are divided equally, among children, both sons and daughters. I have seen one effect very obvious and prominent resulting from the former state of things in Virginia, and which

is still quite discernible. It is an uncommon and eager appetite for employment in the army and navy. Every young man, so provided for, saves another subdivision of the patrimonial property, and as young men in this region are not bred to business so generally as with us, this seems to be one of the chief resources for maintaining the cadet of old and decaying families. Virginia has always had, and has now, vastly more than her just proportion of officers in the army and navy, and as she has had, through so great a part of the last fifty years, the executive government in her hands, she has taken good care of herself in this, as well as in other respects.

While writing this we pass "Berkeley," the seat of the Harrison family. Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lived here; and here President Harrison was born. Henry Harrison, a descendant, now lives in the family mansion. A lady, who sits in the saloon with us, and who showed us the house, observed that a great many pieces of the old estate had been sold.

The first settlers of Virginia were cavaliers, adventuring abroad for fortunes. They cared little for trade or commerce; their objects were immense grants of land, and large plantations. Their beau ideal of human happiness was a landed aristocracy, though it were an untitled aristocracy. Mechanic art and employments they utterly despised. The nature of the labor employed on their estates, led to this, as well as to other traits in their character. Their workshops were in England, and Mr. Jefferson, in one of his earlier publications, exhorts his countrymen to "let their workshops remain in Europe."

Every gentleman's wardrobe was supplied by the semi-annual arrivals of ships from England. We even find General Washington not unfrequently writing to give orders for "blue coats, buff waistcoats, and deer-skin breeches."

Something of this sort of pride has been transmitted from father to son, when there are no longer houses or lands to transmit with it. And here let my disquisition on Virginia stop.

We pass Westover, the residence of the "Bird" family, lately sold to pay debts, and which brought nearly or quite one hundred thousand dollars. Five minutes later, we stop at "Canons," a landing-place, from which Mr. Tyler's house is two miles off, a

good house and fair estate, lately purchased; twenty-five minutes after ten o'clock, ten miles below "City Point," to which, and no higher, large ships can come from the sea. It is at the mouth of the Appomatox.

If to-morrow were not Sunday, we should land and go to Mr. Tyler's, and pass the day. With no more approbation of his public conduct in the latter part of his administration than other Whigs, I have yet softer personal feelings towards him. He always showed me great kindness, and especially, I shall not forget the promptitude with which he came to Washington, and put down effectually Mr. C. J. Ingersoll's attempt at defamation. Nor shall I cease to remember his concurrence in the tariff of 1842, or his steady and really able coöperation in, as well as his official sanction of, my own poor labors, in the treaty of Washington. We send ashore a civil note to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler. Ere long we shall pass old Jamestown, the Plymouth Rock of the South.

But here I will give both you and myself a respite. Mrs. Webster sends a great deal of love, and so does Cordelia, and hearing this, Mr. Seaton adds his. We expect to be in Norfolk at four o'clock. Adieu!

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Norfolk, April 23, 1849. Monday morning, six o'clock.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—I am rather apt to look at maps with attention, and to form tolerably accurate ideas respecting the situation of places, but confess my notions of the localities, at and near the outlet, or inlet, of the Chesapeake, were not precisely just. The entrance into the bay, between the Capes, is twenty miles wide; the great breadth of the bay then stretches away to the north and east, but opposite to the entrance, and nearest to its southern side, is the mouth of James River, coming down from the west, and here about eight or ten miles wide, and running into the bay between Old Point Comfort on the north, and Willoughby Point on the south. Above these points, the

river widens considerably; and here is the celebrated riding-place, or anchorage-ground, Hampton Roads. And into Hampton Roads, coming from the south, is a short river, the Elizabeth River. Up this river on its eastern side, six or seven miles from its mouth, is Norfolk. Opposite to Norfolk is Portsmouth, and a little further up the river is Gosport. All these waters are deep, and here is the great naval station of the South. The largest ship of war in our navy, and one of the largest in the world, The Pennsylvania, now lies in the river between Norfolk and Portsmouth, the navy yard and dry dock being at the latter place.

Since the war with England, an immense fortress has been built, Fort Monroe, at the extremity of Old Point Comfort, at an incredible expense. A mile, or a mile and a quarter further south, towards Willoughby Point, and where the water is not so deep, the foundation for a strong fortress has been made, merely by bringing stones and dropping them into the water. This has been so far accomplished that guns might be mounted here, in no long time, if war were apprehended with a maritime power. All large vessels must pass into Hampton Roads between these two fortresses, so that if they prove sufficient to defend the pass, Hampton Roads, Norfolk, the navy yard, and all the James River country are safe. You will not take the trouble, but William, who may be an admiral yet, for aught I know, may look at the map and observe what an admirable position here is for a naval station, safe against both enemies and the elements, close by the ocean, and at the outlet of a noble bay large enough to be called an inland sea.

A century hence, when negro labor shall have been done away with, and white men become willing to work; when clearing the swamps, draining the marshes, and a better general husbandry shall have not only improved the soil, but expelled, as they would do, a great portion of the causes which produce autumnal fevers, this will be a most agreeable region.

Below the mouth of James River, outside of the fort and inside the Capes, is Lynn Haven Bay, formed by a curvature of the southern shore. This is but an open roadstead exposed to the ocean. All the region is flat, but much more cultivated and cleared of the original growth than the regions further south. A canal runs from Elizabeth River through the Dismal Swamp

to Albemarle Sound, so that here is a vast extent of inland communication by water. I hardly find an acquaintance here, except Mr. Tazewell, and Mr. Myers, a respectable merchant. Mr. Tazewell, I knew well in the Senate. I suppose he is the ablest man in Virginia, certainly the most fluent and eloquent talker. Twenty years ago, he was one of the best-looking men in the country. He is now seventy-five years old, and quite retired. In half a year, he does not leave his own home, except to pass over the bay to his estate on the eastern shore. I called on him, with Mr. Seaton and Mr. Bradley, yesterday morning, after church, and had an excellent visit. And to every body's amazement, he came to see Mrs. Webster at the hotel, towards evening, and sat three hours talking finely, and laughing heartily all the time. He and I have been personal friends a great while, though always differing on political matters. He endured me, notwithstanding my distaste of Virginia notions, and I admired him for his knowledge, his talents, his vivacity, and his infinite volubility of discourse.

This morning we go to visit the navy yard, after that I give myself to receive calls from the citizens till two o'clock. At that hour we dine, and at four take the boat for Baltimore.

P. S. Half-past eight.—This is a famous place for fish. For breakfast, we had a gray sea-trout, and a "round-head," that is, a sea-mullet, weighing three or four pounds, and a very nice fish. For dinner, we are to have a "Sheep's head," the first of the season, and perhaps also a "hogfish," of which, or his race, I know nothing.

We must stay one day, by promise, in Baltimore, but please say to Fletcher that I hope to see him and all of you before the week is out.

The weather has grown warmer, and this day is delightful.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Boston, Sunday evening, April 29, 1849.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I arrived here last evening, leaving Mrs. Webster in New York. I intend going down on Tuesday morning, as I wrote you, unless prevented by some business, or the weather.

Your letter of the 18th has gone the rounds, and come to hand here.

The manure at Fletcher's barn must be hauled out, as the barn is to be moved, and he will wish to smooth off the field.

I am thinking of ploughing up a piece on the west side of the old orchard, as large as this manure will extend over, at the rate of fifty full loads to the acre, and planting it with corn and pumpkins, in the same hill.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. Of course, you will send for me Tuesday morning.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Marshfield, Wednesday evening, May 2, 1849.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I am sorry you cannot come; but you do right to attend to business. If the weather is fair, I shall go to Plymouth Friday morning.

To-day I asked Commodore Peterson to go out with Mr. Hatch, at high water, seven o'clock, and go to "Ned's Ground," and there to fish, patiently, till after low water. I told him by so doing, he would get a halibut, or some large cod. The commodore obeyed instructions, and came in to-night with a noble halibut, and a fare of the largest cod ever remembered to have been brought into the river.

The secrets were two; first, he went to the right place for the season; second, I brought down seven fresh mackerel for bait; and as the schools of mackerel have not yet got into our bay, but have been daily expected, the halibut seemed ready to taste the first bit.

I grow stronger every hour. The giants grew strong again by touching the earth; the same effect is produced on me by touching the salt seashore.

Love to Cara and the children.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Green Harbor, May, 1849.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I send a quarter of lamb to roast; and if not too rainy, will come to dine with you. Tell Mr. Baker the hour.

Potatoes. Let these potatoes be peeled early, and thrown into a basin of cold water, till time to cook them. Let them be boiled in a good deal of water. When done, pour off all the water, shake up the potatoes a little, hang on the pot again, and let the potatoes dry two or three minutes, and then bring them to the table. I remember when we heard Hannah Curtis shaking her pot, we knew that dinner was coming.

I should be glad to know what Reverend Mr. Stuart says.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, May 6, 1849, Sunday morning, 8 o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came down on Tuesday. We have had a few agreeable days, and one very warm one, but in general the weather has been chilly and cold, and the wind east. On Thursday, though cold, I went after trout with Mr. Appleton, and with that exception, have not disturbed the finny race. This day is like its predecessors. It is clear, but there prevails a raw, penetrating east wind. Fletcher came down Friday evening. He goes to town to-morrow morning, and I presume to New York the afternoon of the same day. Mr. and Mrs. Joy are now at his home.

Notwithstanding all these chilling influences, Marshfield is getting to be green. The grass, I think, is more than usually

Fletcher Webster

From a Photograph in the possession of Mr. Samuel Appleton

ahead of the trees, which still are in a great measure leafless. The work of the farm has gone on well. The spring, though very cold, has been dry, and the weather therefore favorable to field labor. Porter Wright has planted twelve or fifteen acres of potatoes in one field. They are "Mercers," "Pink eyes," and "Peach blossoms," and are intended for early market in Boston. Another piece of as many acres is receiving corn. By the ancient rules of husbandry in New England, corn should be planted by the 1st day of May, old style, which is the 11th by the new style. But this was arbitrary, and had no reference to the actual advancement of the warm weather. The Indians rule was a better one; namely, "to plant corn when the new leaf of the white oak has got to be as big as a mouse's ear." The field where the beets and turnips were last year, twenty acres, is laid down in clover. You remember it, on the left hand as you go down to the gate. The ploughed land inside the gate, on the right hand, is to rejoice in a crop of millet, and be put down to grass. Opposite, in the old orchard, two acres of pumpkins are to show what land we live in. I believe you were here in the early part of last autumn, when our hands were putting kelp on part of Fletcher's enclosure. Beets are to have the enjoyment of six acres of that, and a large kind of field pease, sowed in drills, of the remainder.

Cherry Hill, near the garden, will make a show of an acre or two of beans; and if all human purposes shall be accomplished, the north side of Black Mount, facing the house, which you know has had the appearance of a dry and arid pasture, will be planted with turnips by the 1st day of July.

The cattle have been well taken care of, and look well; the sheep especially. We have lambs, both South Downs and Cheviot, as fine as I have ever seen. In regard to the piggery, I omit particulars; the general state of things in that department is satisfactory. The progenitor of all the porkers, now eighteen years old, if not nineteen, still bristles up if you come near his habitation.

Morrison's garden is quite up to the season, and is indeed all that the weather will permit it to be. Mr. Colt sent us in the fall hundreds of selected fruit-trees, which are all planted here, or at Fletcher's.

And here you have, my dear Sir, the progress of farming in

Marshfield thus far this year, and a programme of what remains to be accomplished, time and circumstances permitting.

Very truly, always yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. F. WEBSTER.

Green Harbor, Monday evening, May 7, 1849.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—I have been in hopes to be able to go down to-day, to take my leave of you and the children, but have not been able. All the forenoon, as you know, it rained hard; and this afternoon, when the rain held up, I was obliged to drive to Duxbury with Henry Thomas, for a few minutes.

I leave my best love for you and the children, all of whom have very much improved since I saw them last, and I hope I shall continue to hear of your and their health and happiness.

Yours, affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Boston, May 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you may have judged rightly in not going to Washington with ——. He will not receive the wished-for appointment, nor is it probable any other, either now or hereafter.

I returned yesterday from New Hampshire, and found Mrs. Webster here. I go to Marshfield to-morrow or next day.

Mrs. Webster wrote me, that Mrs. Curtis said that I never sent her any messages of remembrance. I should be sorry she should suppose that she is ever out of my mind, when I am thinking of those for whom I feel the most fervent regard.

You have had a fearful mob, and got through it, and I rejoice that there was vigor enough in the government of the city to suppress such a riot. It is lamentable, however, that such bloody scenes should be caused, and so many lives of innocent persons lost, on the question whether a particular playactor

should be permitted to follow his vocation. "What dire effects," &c.

Mrs. Webster sends her best regards, and I must add, "Please remember me to Mrs. Curtis."

Yours truly, always,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, May 22, 1849, Tuesday morning, five o'clock. My little office in the garden.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came down on Friday. Saturday, Sunday, and yesterday we had warm weather. To-day comes a change. The wind is north, the skies look rainy, and the air is cold. The last three days have done wonders with the trees. There is every appearance of a great bloom. Saturday and yesterday I was fishing on the sea, or among the brooks, and feel much better for the exercise. The fishing at sea is very good. Poachers and regular sportsmen spoil the trout brooks.

Last night I received your letter. I am sorry you must go to Canada, but trust you will make it profitable. I am glad little Julia goes with you. I expect to stay here this week, with one short trip to Boston, and probably the greater part of next, and to leave for Washington about June 4. While here, I shall be at work on my speeches, when the weather will not allow me to be better employed out of doors.

I shall hear from you, I trust, more than once before you set off for Canada.

Mrs. Webster is quite well, and finds much to do in getting her house in order.

Yours, ever truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. I should have been so particular as to have said, that I took one of your fish on "Ned's Ground."

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. E. B. LEE.

Boston, May 25, 1849.

My dear Mrs. Lee,—I was quite willing to trust your discretion in publishing any thing said or written by me, respecting your father and brother. But the extract which you have published from the "manuscript" says quite too much about myself, while it says little of your brother; and I regret that it should be known, publicly, that any such thing as my "autobiography" should exist anywhere. Under the permission which I gave you, I do not see but you are entirely justified in publishing what you have published; yet I fear it will set people to talking on things in relation to which I wish nothing to be said in my lifetime. I trust, therefore, to your tried and ever faithful friendship to resist all importunity to make any other portion of the manuscript public, or to suffer any person whomsoever to peruse it or any part of it, or become acquainted in any way with its contents.

I do not know but my feelings are peculiar; but, truly, I am distressed whenever I see any thing in print about myself, which does not regard my public acts, conduct, and character.

With the truest attachment, always your friend,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. LEE.

Marshfield, May 29, 1849.

My dear Mrs. Lee,—I have received yours of the 26th. All that you say is perfectly reasonable and just, and entirely satisfactory to me. Give yourself not another thought on the subject. I am anxious to read the book, which I have a good account of from a common friend.

Yours, with true and affectionate regard,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(EXTRACT.)

Washington, June 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—

* * * * * * *

Our friend Harvey does his work effectually. * * * I imagine that he has scotched some other influences which have been thought to prevail here rather too much. I have been round among the departments this morning, and heard gentlemen speak of him. One said, "He must have been bred a lawyer." Another remarked, "that it was a pity that just such a man had not come here two months ago." He has talked himself right into men's confidence, by his boldness, his frankness, and his disinterestedness. When a man had said a good thing once, where Dr. Johnson was, the Dr. said, "rest your colloquial fame on that."

I do not know but we should advise Mr. Harvey to rest his fame, for effectual talk, and the immediate accomplishment of his objects, upon the results of his last visit to Washington.

* * * * * * * * *

Yours truly,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, June 16, 1849, Saturday, two o'clock.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I should be very glad of a fish now and then, if the transportation should not be too costly. You know there is but one species of fish ever found here. One gets tired of it. It is called "Rock;" I suppose because it is everlasting.

I am through with the court for this term. It has not been a term of many results or decisions; on sundry constitutional questions, the judges are divided and puzzled. These cases all go over, and must be argued again.

Our good State acts very foolishly in enacting doubtful laws,

passenger tax laws, &c. I wish our wise men had a little more discretion.

I hope now for a little rest, intending to take the duties of the Senate quite easy, for some time.

Yours affectionately,

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Give love and kisses to mother and the children. I must resume something more of family correspondence.

D. W.

Patent-Office report not yet out. Last year's plenty in my office.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, June 16, 1849, ten o'clock, A. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—I telegraphed you this morning, to ask you to write me by mail, and inform me what the people thought and said of the success of your expedition.

Yesterday I was about the departments a good deal, and among others, saw Mr. Meredith, and had some conversation with him. I am to see him again.

Mr. Dimmock writes me this morning that his bank has made its arrangements about counsel. That is all very well.

Mr. Edward Curtis arrived to-day. I shall take him in your stead, and keep him till I go North myself.

Pray ask Mr. Haven to keep me solvent at his bank till I get to Boston.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, July 17, 1849, Tuesday morning, seven o'clock,
Clear, but still cool. Mercury 51.

MY DEAR SIR,—The blue fish did not bite well yesterday morning. They were dull and flat. We returned at ten o'clock,

intending to call in the P. M. But finding Mr. Thayer and his family here, to spend the day, I was better employed at home. Fletcher went out towards evening, and found it much better fishing at the "Second Board." He got ten, and had large stories of lines broken, hooks carried off, fish jumping ten feet out of the water, &c. He went up this morning.

I lose no time in writing to Mr. Edgar, and hope it may not be too late.

I see the cholera is on the increase in your city. Why should you stay there? Although you may not feel yourself and family to be in any great danger, yet it is unpleasant and depressing to be hearing of the occurrence every ten minutes, of fatal cases of an epidemic disease. If you will come here, with all or any of your family, we will do as well as we can for you. As you have no residence out of town, you may as readily come here as go elsewhere. You need not feel afraid of being burdensome, but if you are, we will find you comfortable lodgings in this neighborhood or at Duxbury. If you choose to bring a man-servant and a cook, you could live very nicely, I dare say, with Mr. Henry Thomas.

Yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, July 18, 1849.

[Wednesday morning, five o'clock. Warmer, glass 63. Wind S. W., a little breeze—looks to me like rain this P. M.]

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of Monday, last evening. Mr. Ogden's sudden death is striking. So is Dr. Haddock's of Buffalo, who was distantly connected with my family.

I see the cholera is on the increase, and shall not feel quite at ease till you and yours get out of the city. No wonder that little Julia was homesick, and is now glad to see her mother. I think you are all as well off in Fourteenth street, as you can be in the city.

Yesterday, I stayed in, except driving with the ladies in the P. M. Fletcher returned hither last evening, it being Commencement to-day at Cambridge, and, by law, a holiday in Boston.

Mrs. Webster and Miss Downs, propose to drive up to Quincy

this morning to see Mr. Appleton and his children; to return to-morrow. Unless Fletcher wishes to betake himself to field or flood, and desires my company, I shall stay in. It is a noble time to go to Provincetown, or Sandwich, or Nantucket, at which last place blue fish abound. But I have nobody to go with me.

Pray give my love to your wife and daughters, especially to Julia, whom I congratulate on getting home.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

July 19, Thursday morning, half-past five.

[A cloudy morning, looking much like rain, thermometer at 66. But the wind is S. W. and the sun may burn up the clouds.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you had an agreeable visit to Mr. Colt.* It would have suited me well to have been one of the party. I know no pleasanter house, and hardly a man of stronger sense in any house. If he had been bred to the law, he would have made a famous chief justice.

We are all dried up. If no rain comes in two days, I shall give up my potato crop for lost. Nothing done in our line yesterday but a few perch for dinner. Mrs. Webster went to Quincy, to return to-day, if fair.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Boston, Sunday evening, eight o'clock. August 5, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—According to arrangement, we came up yesterday, in the ten o'clock train, but so many people came to see me, for one purpose or another, that I could not find time to write a line to you or any body else. I found here your letter of Friday, and received this morning that of Saturday. I am

* Of Paterson, N. J.

grieved that little Julia does not find the sea-coast air to agree with her. Probably it is too tonic. I am not a practical judge in these matters, but as a general fact, I believe the air is of mighty importance in all these cases.

We had a fine rain of three or four hours last night, which I hope reached Marshfield. It looks as if this might also be a wet night. If to-morrow should be fair, we think of going to New Bedford, and perhaps to Nasahwn, Martha's Vineyard, or Nantucket. Our objects are not yet exactly defined. We were almost willing to get away from Marshfield, till it should be refreshed with rain.

Like you, I am disposed to ramble. I have no urgent professional business on hand, and am disposed to play. But in three weeks I must be looking out for the return of my annual affliction. What can I do with it? If they tell me it has not been known in Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, I shall stay there. Perhaps I am as likely to be benefited there as I should be at Halifax. I will write you "from the first port." I have been talking about blue fish and bass in the Vineyard Sound, and parts adjacent; but shall say nothing to you, until I shall have had some personal experience.

Fletcher came up yesterday morning, and went down last evening.

Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Monday morning a quarter before five.—The weather looks promising; we shall be off at eight o'clock. Take good care of yourself, and keep out of New York. I shall write you this evening from somewhere.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Edgartown, sometimes called Old Town,
Martha's Vineyard. August 7, 1849.

[Half-past five in the morning, and not another soul up in the house. A little rain last night, but a pretty fair and cool morning.]

MY DEAR SIR,—We left Boston yesterday at eight, arrived at New Bedford, originally named "Bedford," by a Mr. Russell, in

honor of the ducal family, then however only an earldom, of that title, at half-past ten. Waited some time for the boat, which the ladies occupied in driving round the city. Left New Bedford a quarter before two in the steamboat, dined on board, stopped to land passengers at Nasahwn; came through Wood's Hole, where the tide runs like Hellgate; stopped here also for passengers; this place is eighteen miles from New Bedford; then crossed the Vineyard Sound, seven miles to Holmes Hole, then landed, took seats in a public stage wagon, crossed over a level sandy country covered with shrub oaks, and arrived here at six exactly. Ten hours from Boston.

I thought I knew nobody here, but the hotel was soon full of friends, some of whom I well recollected, all tendering boats, men, tackle, &c., for fishing; guns and company for the plover plains; and carriages, with attendants, for the ladies. All sorts of expeditions were planned before we parted at ten o'clock. Among others these, namely; to-day blue fish; to-morrow, shooting on the plains; next day sword fish; the next a party to Gay Head, and so on. The ladies are delighted. I am looking round and meditating about locality, climate, ocean scenery, &c., that is, I have meditated in bed, and am now looking round by daylight.

It is a singular and charming spot. But of this more hereafter. I am going to see the blues this morning; and shall try to get this into mail this morning. You will hear again from me next mail, but I fear there is a mail only every other day.

Yours always, whether blue fish bite or not. But they will bite to-day.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Ibid. Wednesday morning. August 8.

My dear Sir,—Yesterday morning I went forth for blue fish. The boatman steered direct for the Sound, five miles north, then doubled the eastern chop of the harbor, Cape Poge, called Pogue, where the light is, and ran along close to the shore on the eastern side of the island. The wind was unsteady and baffling, and much thwarted and perplexed the

boatman, who intended to make a great day of it. At half-past nine o'clock we found fish, and practised our vocation at intervals, as the breeze would allow, till half-past one. We took forty-three fish, I think my takings were twenty-five. The boatman took a few, and a gentleman with us the rest.

Now to compare this with Duxbury Bay. The fish are more plenty, the range of going for them larger, and they are sure of being found every day somewhere. On the other hand, the best fishing is not so much protected by land, as the fishing in Duxbury. It is outside, as our fishing at home would be, if we fished from the mouth of Green Harbor River along the shore to the Gurnet. This is all very well when the wind is off shore, but when it blows on shore the sea of course would be rough.

In point of size, the fish are not much different from those we found in Duxbury Bay, perhaps a little larger, but this may be owing to the advance of the season. I thought them remarkably fat and plump, and they pulled like horses. Once or twice we saw schools of them above water, leaping and frolicking. I thought as good fishing as any we had was when we lay at anchor, and threw the hook, at the end of a long line, into the foaming and roaring surf. One thing was new to me. You have seen on the surface of the sea, those smooth places, which fishermen and sailors call "slicks." We met with them yesterday, and our boatman made for them, whenever discovered. He said they were caused by the blue fish chopping up their prey. That is to say, these voracious fellows get into a school of manhaden, which are too large to swallow whole, and they bite them into pieces, to suit their tastes. And the oil from this butchery, rising to the surface, makes the slick. Whatever the cause may be, we invariably found fish plenty whenever we came to a "slick." Passing to the southward, we came into the harbor, through an opening at the south end, three miles from the town. In reality, this opening is the best fishing-ground, and we should have done better to have proceeded to it directly in the morning. But our captain was ambitious, and hoped, I believe, to find greater fish outside. The Island of Chippaquiddick lies opposite the town here, and very near it, and is generally said to be an island in Edgartown harbor. This is not exactly so; you cannot navigate round the island keeping within the harbor, and not going to sea. In strictness,

it is not an island, but a peninsula connected with the main land on the seashore, at its southeast corner, by a narrow isthmus. See the map.

So much for blue-fish catching at Edgartown, August 7, 1849. To-day we have a bright morning, after rather a cool night. I am to try my hand at plover-shooting at seven o'clock.

Yours truly, whether fishing or shooting,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Ubi Supra. Wednesday evening, nine o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have made a poor hand to-day, among the plovers, though I have had a good deal of pleasant driving over the plains. The mode of shooting is from a wagon, after the manner of Hampstead. My eye is hardly quick enough to see the birds in the grass, and I am a little too much out of play to be sure of them when they rise. I remember once at Sandwich, having Fletcher in the chaise, and Julia in my lap, and holding them both, and also the reins in one hand, and shooting a plover on the wing, holding the gun in the other, the bird being so directly over head as to fall within two rods of the chaise.

My companion to-day, Dr. Fisher, a principal man here, is an excellent shot. He killed a dozen birds. To-morrow we go to Gay Head with a number of ladies and gentlemen. It will be a long and sandy drive, thirty-six miles, going and coming. If the weather be good, I propose to try the blue fish again, and on Saturday to return to the main land. The boats have been out for sword-fish to-day; I shall see them in the morning. Good-night.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Ibid., August 10, ten A. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—We went to Gay Head yesterday, a distance of twenty miles, and returned, tired and covered with dust, in the

evening. The eastern end of the island is a sandy plain, the western a region of high, rocky hills. In both the roads are bad. But Gay Head is a place worth seeing. It is a remarkable promontory, at the western extremity of the island, one hundred and fifty feet high, with a naked face, or escarpment, toward the sea. The cliff is not perpendicular, though nearly so, nor is it smooth or unbroken. It presents alternate ridges and depressions, or ravines, not always running in straight lines. The great peculiarity is the geological structure, which is exposed to view. The whole hill, generally speaking, seems to be clay, but this clay is of various colors, black, white, red, green, &c. Some of these colors are exceedingly bright, so that they present a very gay aspect; hence the name. In the afternoon sun, and especially when recently washed by rain, the appearance is splendid and gorgeous. Fossil remains are found, from the water up to the surface, in several of the clay strata. We picked up, or rather picked out, shark's teeth, and the vertebræ of some large fish, besides numerous shell-fish. Whales' teeth have been found very near the surface. Iron is also found, and pieces of charred wood, apparently limbs of trees, being exactly like charcoal. I do not know, or remember, what the geologists say of it, but I think it a great curiosity. It must have had, I imagine, a volcanic origin.

A light-house stands upon the height. When originally built it was found too high. It raised the lantern so far above the horizon, that mariners mistook it for a star. It became necessary, therefore, to lower the building. If this place were more accessible, it would be much visited. It is what Niagara would be, if instead of one hundred and fifty feet of falling water, it exhibited a perpendicular bank of that height, composed of lines strata, and sections of various earths, of brilliant and highly contrasted colors. From this place, New Bedford and Newport are to be seen, and even Block Island, in very clear weather. To-day we have a strong southeast gale, which forbids all fishing, and indeed all riding. I was in hopes of another morning with the blue fish. Yesterday, a gentleman took fifty in two hours, one weighing thirteen pounds. I do not know what is to happen in our waters from the enormous increase of these fish. It is a common opinion that they destroy or drive off several of the other valuable finny tribes. If this be so, it will be the more

patriotic in you and me to take as many of them to the land as we can.

We propose to leave this place to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, take the boat at Holmes Hole at half-past eight, and be at Wood's Hole, (Falmouth, on Cape Cod,) by nine. There is a good house, and we shall probably stay till Monday, making in the mean time a call on Mr. Swain, on the near island of Nasahwn. I doubt whether we shall go to Boston on our return. I think of sending for our wagon to meet us either at New Bedford or Bridgewater.

Yours, truly, D. W.

MR. SAMUEL HALL TO MR. WEBSTER.

East Boston, August 11, 1849.

Dear Sir,—Your favor of 3d instant has been received, expressing your indebtedness to Captain Forbes and myself, for the beautiful schooner Lapwing, which we have fitted up for your enjoyment. If we have accomplished the object we had in view, that is, to give you something as a token of respect to you, both as a public man and a private citizen, it will be gratifying to me, and I am sure it will be to Captain Forbes.

You express a desire that I should visit your place and ascertain how well The Lapwing sails, and also what these waters yield in the way of cod and haddock. Sir, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to pay a visit to your mansion and my native town, which is Marshfield, and take a trip to Brant Rock, where I have spent so many days, in days gone by, with Seth Peterson, Chandler Oldham, Wm. Barstow, Captain Samuel Baker, and Uncle Charles Baker, as we were wont to call him, and many others that I could mention, in shooting coots and loons, and catching the cod and haddock; but I am doubtful if I shall be able to do it this season, as the business is very pressing, and, together with my private affairs, makes it difficult for me to leave even for a few days.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, yours,

Sam'l Hall.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Wood's Hole, August 12, seven A. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—This place, sometimes called "Woodville," is the southern point of Falmouth, in the county of Barnstable, and is exactly opposite to the eastern end of Nasahwn Island. There is a passage or strait between the two, through which vessels bound from New Bedford to the East, or *vice versâ*, usually pass. The current is rapid at the flow of the tide, the water not very deep and full of rocks. It has long been distinguished as a place for trailing for bass. It is a high promontory of some extent, and uneven surface, with a snug little harbor, which causes it to be called a hole. It has a fine view of Buzzard's Bay and New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, the Sound, and Nasahwn. In point of position, and in regard to prospect, it is the handsomest place in these regions. Mr. Ticknor has passed several summers here. He says it is most remarkable for the uniform temperature of its atmosphere, hardly varying a few degrees for weeks, and even months, in the summer. It is almost an island.

We arrived here yesterday at ten, in the boat from the Vineyard, and should have gone at once over to Nasahwn, to visit Mr. Swain, but the morning was quite rainy, and we deferred that pleasure to Monday. In the afternoon, I went out in the boat, and caught some fish, namely, tautog and skippog, the same, I suppose, as are called "Porgie" in New York. They were all small.

To-day we go to church at Falmouth town, a very handsome village, four miles off. Falmouth is a large, handsome township, with Buzzard's Bay on the west, and Vineyard Sound on the south. To-morrow we propose to visit Mr. Swain, and on Tuesday proceed either to Boston or Marshfield. I have had no letters since I left Boston last Monday, the 6th. When I get my letters, I shall find among them, I trust, some from you, informing me how you are, and where you are, and what you propose. For myself, I think I shall stay at home this week, and go to New Hampshire early in the week ensuing, say 20th, 21st, or 22d. Very likely I shall be at Franklin when my catarrh arrives; but there is nothing to restrain my movements

to particular days, or to require a fixed plan. My health is exceedingly good. I have hardly had a complaining hour since I arrived at home in July.

From the room in which I write this, I overlook the Vineyard Sound, and see the land of the Vineyard, of course, quite plain; it being but five miles off. The number of vessels which pass up and down this Sound is prodigious. A hundred of them sometimes put into Holmes Hole in a day, if a head wind arise. Nearly all the coasting trade between the East and South, goes through this passage, as do often ships from South America, the West Indies, and India. I was told that in the height of the late Mr. Gray's business in navigation, five ships of his from China and Canton, were in Holmes Hole at the same time. Ships come this way to avoid the south shoals of Nantucket, which stretch off fifty miles to the southeast from the visible part of that vast and extensive sand-bank. Of late years, however, since improved chronometers make shipmasters more sure of their longitude in thick weather, it has become more usual to keep to the eastward, and make no land till they see Cape Cod.

You will be glad that I have arrived at length to the bottom of the last page.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Boston, August 15, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been with Mrs. Webster and Miss Downes on a visit to Martha's Vineyard, making a call on our return at your friend Swain's.

We came back last evening, and I find yours of the 10th here. I have nothing that should prevent me from meeting you and Mr. —— at any time, and like the idea of selecting Franklin as the place of conference. There are but two things to be considered on my part.

1. In seven days, I shall begin to sneeze and blow my nose; and the first week this catarrh is usually most severe.

2. I must be hereabouts when the President arrives, if he should live to get here.

The 1st of October, mutton and chickens would be good in New Hampshire; pretty good the middle of September. Now, write the Governor to name his time, and give me ten days' notice. Let us all meet first in Boston, and then take a fair start together. If the Governor prefers Marshfield, we will go to that place, and shut ourselves up in the office in the garden, and do the work right off. We shall find there more means of reference to law-books, &c. Come on. Let me know what you and the Governor have to say.

Of all the intelligence, foreign or domestic, which I have received for the last two months, by far the best is that which assures me of your improved health.

We go to Marshfield this forenoon.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Boston, August 15, Wednesday, ten o'clock.

My dear Sir,—We got back last night, and go to Marshfield to-day, at two o'clock. We had a fine time. I shall write you to-morrow, from Marshfield.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. I found two letters from you, the last dated the 9th. You must arrange to come to Marshfield within ten or twelve days, and either go to Edgartown with Fletcher, or to Seconet Point with me. For blue fish merely, nothing can be quite so good as Edgartown. For blue fish, bass, and tautog, altogether, Seconet is better.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Revere House, Monday morning, August 20, 1849.

My dear Sir,—Being at Plymouth at church yesterday, I there found Lady E. S. Wortley. She has kindly promised to

come to our house on Wednesday morning, and to stay with us till Friday morning.

The object of this letter, is to communicate a very strong wish, felt by Mrs. Webster and myself, that you and your wife and daughter should take this occasion to pay us a visit. We shall regard it as a very great kindness.

Our route is by the Old Colony Railroad to Kingston. The trains run three times a day, at eight or a quarter past; at a quarter past two, and at twenty minutes past five. If you can stay but a single day, we shall be obliged to you for so much.

A good way is, I think, to take the first train, if it be not too early for you. This will give a long day for Marshfield; and leaving us at nine next morning, you are in this city at twelve.

I send this by Mr. Sargent, a young gentleman in my office.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Revere, Boston, Thursday morning, August, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I did not come up till yesterday, ten o'clock train, and here I found your two letters of 23d and 24th.

This house seems strange to me. The faces are all new. But every thing is right, and I shall feel at home I dare say, by and by. In truth, I dislike all such changes. If I were shut out of the Astor, I would never go to New York again.*

I think highly of taking Julia to some place of salt-water bathing, which I suppose is to be had in perfection at Rockaway.

I write this at seven o'clock, and hope to get a line from you at nine, saying you and Linda will be here to-morrow morning. We will all go off for Marshfield together.

I shall write again to-day.

D. W.

* The second paragraph alludes to his quitting the Tremont House, and taking up his quarters at the Revere House.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Franklin, August 30, 1849.

My dear Friend,—You have indeed had a severe trial, in which no one out of your own home sympathizes with you more sincerely than I do. Dear Julia must have suffered immensely. I do fervently hope she may now attain to restored health. Make my kindest remembrances to her, as well as to her mother and sisters. I arrived here with General Lyman, Monday, half-past three P. M., from Marshfield, that morning.

My cold was severe coming up in the cars, but since Monday evening, I have hardly felt it. My eyes are weak, and I am obliged to avoid the sun; but, so far, I have suffered nothing in comparison with former years.

This place looks charmingly. It is the delight of my eyes to behold. Some of the crops were short, but the rains have revived every thing, and this beautiful meadow before me seems the sweetest spot on earth, verdant and smiling as it is, and surrounded by high hills. It was the view of some such spot which Dr. Watts spiritualized—

A little spot, enclosed by Grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

I go to Boston to-morrow, where I hope to hear from you, to learn something of the President's movements, and to be able to write you again.

The weather is warm, but the mornings and evenings are delicious. Salted meats are plenty, the chickens are tender and good, and the water so exquisite, as strongly to induce to teetotalism. Yours,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, September 5, 1849,
A quarter to three, and just before dinner.

My dear Sir,—I read your letter of the 3d, with very great interest and concern. Your own illness, and the apparently more severe illness of your dear daughter, have created great

sympathy, which both Mrs. Webster and myself would gladly express. I have had a bitter taste of the affliction of daughters attacked by dangerous disease. My two, and my only two, have left me. One in early life, a sweet child of seven years old, and my first; and the other, as you know, recently, a lovely woman, and the head of a family. I fervently hope that all yours may live, and that you may not see your children going before you to another world.

Saturday morning, five o'clock, September 8.—I wrote the foregoing on Wednesday. Thursday I had occasion to go early to Boston, and returned yesterday. The two days were hot and close, and I suffered a good deal, though I avoided the cars as much as I could, and went in my chaise, and by the boat. My cold goes on, not in its worst train, but with occasional severe turns. Last evening I received yours of the 4th, namely, Tuesday. Its best information is that which speaks of your dear little daughter's progressive restoration to health. In Boston, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Edward Curtis on their return from the White Hills. They seem highly pleased with the mountain scenery in that quarter, as well they may be.

Fletcher will return, I suppose, on Monday, and make report of Seconet. There are no fish in our bay. I have a world of talk when I see you, on the phenomena of the season by sea and land. I understand the fish die by thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Chesapeake and the rivers of Maryland, and are washed on shore. We have seen nothing like that here.

The weather has been excellent for a fortnight. Marshfield looks green, and the latter crops, beets, turnips, &c. are quite promising.

I shall write you as usual, and hope to hear daily from you till we meet again.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CHIEF JUSTICE LIVERMORE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Plymouth, New Hampshire, October 5, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—Our friend Burnham sent me word yesterday afternoon that you were expected at his Inn, at four or five o'clock, but his message did not reach me till six. The evening being dark and lowering, it seemed too late, considering my burden of eighty-four years, with limbs feeble, almost to decrepitude, for me to leave my fireside, so I delayed my visit to you till eight o'clock this morning, and have to regret that you had been some time on your way to Boston when I asked for you at Burnham's.

Although I will indulge "a certain hope" that I may once more take you by the hand, yet a concurrence of circumstances renders it probable that we shall meet no more in time.

I am, &c.,

ARTHUR LIVERMORE.

P. S. Our mails are uncertain; therefore I ask of you the favor, if you receive this, to write me a single line that you have it.

MR. WEBSTER TO CHIEF JUSTICE LIVERMORE.

Boston, October 11, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am extremely obliged to you for your letter. You may be assured it gave me great pain to come through your country without seeing you. If I had not been with a large company of ladies and gentlemen, I should have stopped at Plymouth, and gone up to your house.

I now go rather more frequently than heretofore to my father's farm. When there in the spring, you may look for me for a night at Campton. It was most gratifying to hear of your continued health; and I see that your handwriting indicates no decay of strength or firmness.

Our party stayed one night at Centre Harbor, where we found a hotel which might rank with some of the best in Boston. I

remember when I was there with you and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bigelow, and Loammi Baldwin. It was hot weather, and Mr. Bigelow proposed, the second night, to sleep on the floor, having first surrounded himself with a cordon either of tar, or molasses, against the attacks of the fleas. The change is marvellous through that whole country, and the drive through the region of the White Hills, quite agreeable and striking.

I trust once more to see you, my dear Sir, before either of us quits this scene of things.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, October 25, 1849. Thursday evening, eight o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—A very short note from you of yesterday, revives me, and calls me back to a correspondence which has been dormant for an unusually long time. I hardly know how it is that I should have suffered the tares of the world so much to spring up, and choke the true seed of social and friendly life. I have been very busy for a month, and yet when I look back upon it, it seems but a "strenuous idleness." I have done nothing. This week I am engaged with Mr. Edward Curtis and Mr. Coxe, on Mexican claims. They are both now here. Mr. Coxe has been to sea to-day, and caught a fish. Mr. Curtis and I have given the day to work in the office. Last week we went on a visit of two days to Mr. Haven at Beverly, after Mr. Colt left us. He was with us, to our great gratification, for near a week.

Marshfield is green and beautiful. It has seen no such October since I knew it. But autumn is here. Harvesting is in progress, the leaves are fading, and the year prepares for its closing scenes. I shall hardly be here much after next week. Caroline says you will be in Boston next Tuesday morning. Nothing happening, I will be there to receive you. Perhaps we will run down to Marshfield, for a day, to take the last look.

Among my present occupations, one is the arrangement of a Cemetery for my family. I do not find it disagreeable to dwell on thoughts connected with the end of life, and the gathering

together those I have loved, and with whom I must, in God's due time, be associated again.

I am, dear Sir, with unabated regard and kindness, your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Marshfield, October 23, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have thought I would send up Michaux at once, as you might like to look into the volumes while you are yet among your trees.

While in New York last spring I noticed a tree with which I was not familiar; it looked much like a Catalpa, but some differences were apparent. On inquiry, I found it was from Japan, and they called it the "Japanese Catalpa." I happen to have preserved a leaf in my portfolio. This leaf you will find at the 63d page of 2d volume of Michaux, where there is a drawing of the leaf of our Catalpa. Your trees, which we looked at, are these Japanese strangers. The Tree of Heaven, so called, is from China, and is quite a different thing. We have many Catalpas, and there cannot well be a handsomer tree.

Evening, eight o'clock.—Mr. Davis has just come in to see us. He talks much of our visit to Beverly.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

[Marshfield,] Sunday evening, October 28, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sit down to say a word upon the expected pleasure of a visit here from yourself, Mr. Loring, [C. G.] and Mr. Harvey. The season is fast advancing to the days when cold weather may be looked for, and we live here, you know, in a bleak place. I have business in Boston on Wednesday and Thursday next. What I propose is, to bring you and Mr. Lor-

ing and Harvey down in the early train on Friday morning. Our wagon will be at the Kingston depôt to meet us. I shall hope to detain you till after an early dinner on Saturday; and this will allow you comfortably to return to Boston in the afternoon of that day. Less time than this will not suffice to show you all the nakedness of the land. Taking the chances of the weather, this is indeed a very short time, and really I wish that I could be at home on Thursday, and that you could come down on that day. I am aware that what I suggest may not enable you to join your family, if still at Beverly, on Saturday evening; but they will, I hope, consent to spare you a night longer, and as a change of conveyance is sometimes agreeable, if you must go down before Monday, I trust for our sakes you will reconcile yourself to a passage on wheels which are not car wheels.

We have lost Miss Scott; not, however, before she had had time to express her great gratification with her visit at Beverly, of the pleasure of which Mrs. Webster and Miss Birckhead continue to speak warmly. These last-mentioned ladies desire their kindest regards to Mrs. Haven and your daughters, as well as to yourself. I pray also to be remembered to all, by no means forgetting my companion, Master Edward. I think Franklin and I, in another year, shall quote a little Latin to each other.

I am, dear Sir, most truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. M. M. NOAH TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, October 31, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Board of Trustees of the Hebrew Benevolent and the German Hebrew Benevolent Society of this city, to solicit the honor of your company to their anniversary dinner on the 13th of November. In performing this pleasing duty, I cannot but call to mind that your Puritan ancestors lived, a hundred years ago, under the Mosaic laws, and flourished under the same government to which David and Solomon added power, glory, and splendor; and your long public and private life has been exempt from any prejudices

against the chosen people. We have now in the city a Jewish population of thirteen thousand, and increasing daily by emigration, and hope, ere long, to be worthy of attaining a position among the governments of the earth. The societies will feel proud in seeing you among them on this festive occasion, and I need not add the sincere pleasure which it will afford to,

Dear Sir, your friend and obedient servant,

M. M. NOAH.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. NOAH.

Boston, November 9, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am afraid it will not be in my power to attend the anniversary of the "Hebrew Benevolent Society," and the "German Hebrew Benevolent Society," on the 13th of the present month. I am, however, grateful for having been remembered on this occasion, and desire to present my acknowledgments and thanks to the committee.

I feel, and have ever felt respect and sympathy for all that remains of that extraordinary people who preserved, through the darkness and idolatry of so many centuries, the knowledge of one supreme spiritual Being, the Maker of Heaven and Earth, and the Creator of Man in his own image; and whose canonical writings comprise such productions as the books of Moses and the Decalogue, the prophecies of Isaiah, the psalms of David, the Book of Job, and Solomon's prayer at the Dedication of the Temple. The Hebrew Scriptures I regard as the fountain from which we draw all we know of the world around us, and of our own character and destiny as intelligent, moral, and responsible beings.

I wish, my dear Sir, for the associated societies who have honored me with their invitation, a gratifying anniversary, and am, with respect, your obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Tremont House, ten o'clock, November, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I understand that of the supplies got together for yesterday's feast, there remains an uncooked canvassback duck; and Mr. Tucker proposes to send it to my table to-day. I wish you would come, at three o'clock, and try its quality.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. I have escaped headache, and hope you have.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Boston, November 29, Thanksgiving morning.

PORTER,—I suppose the oil meal went down yesterday; and probably forty bushels of oats will go down to-day. These are for seed; they are from Prince Edward's Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; you will find them very heavy. Please keep them out of the way of mice. I do not know whether the pig and turkeys have gone down. The box of hens and chickens will go down Saturday morning.

If the weather should continue dry and cool, it will be best to kill the beef cattle, or some of them, on Monday. I shall go down on Monday. If the weather is not right, put all off. It will be best to be strong-handed; get Jabez Peterson and Ezra Wright; and I should like to have Mr. Weston to pack my little tub.

I want to see old Mr. Watson. Send him word to come over on Tuesday morning.

Be sure that you have good salt.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, January 10, 1850.

My dear Friend,—I have received your kind letter this morning. You always keep me in remembrance, which you manifest by continued repetition of beneficent acts. A little Ceylon, I am sure, will not only taste well, but will be also consoling and strengthening in this gloomy weather, and at this rather stormy party time.

I am greatly obliged to you. When the first bottle is opened, I shall call in Mr. Edward Curtis, and your health will be drunk with cordiality.

Your old and true friend,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, January 10, 1850.

Porter Wright,—Mr. Thomas has written me of the burning of the Island House. If you have no room for the cattle at home, or think it better for any reason to keep them on the island, you may get the black man to take care of them. Possibly you may want the oxen there to draw. I wish you were more willing to write to me; I have not heard a word from you since I left home. I should like to know what cattle have been sold, and all about the stock, and other things.

Yours,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, January 19, 1850.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Stevens, of the Revere House, wants all the potatoes we can spare. Please tell me what quantity you can part with, and I will write to him. He must wait for warmer weather to take them down.

I receive your letters regularly, and am always glad to hear from you. As you appear to have more hay than stock, you may buy a few more young cattle, if you have a chance to buy them cheap; say to the amount of one hundred or one hundred and twenty dollars, and you may promise the money, as soon as you inform me that the cattle are in your barn.

Did you send the turkeys to the Revere House? What has become of the blue ox? I expect Mrs. Webster next Tuesday. Mr. Edward Curtis is well.

I suppose you have heard that my Island House is burned down. Remember me to your family

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, January 23, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I have received your letter of the 19th, and hope you will continue to write once a week. I like to hear how things go on. You appear to be doing well.

I have no objection to sell one or both the boats which you mention, at a fair price. Mr. Weston can build us some others, if the manhaden come next year.

How does your hay hold out? How do the fatting oxen thrive?

I am glad to hear you are all well, both people and cattle. I hope you have all good food, and warm lodging. It gives me pleasure when I can think that all connected with me are comfortable and happy. Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, January 24, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think I may say that there is no manner of doubt about your confirmation. Having some leisure yesterday, I made use of it to see a good many gentlemen on

the other side, not so much about any particular case, as about the general disposition of gentlemen of that party, as to the manner of treating the President's nominations. Our committee on foreign relations also met, and I had then an opportunity of learning something of the general feeling, and general purposes. I am quite sure that at present there is no general idea of acting an illiberal or proscriptive part. Some obnoxious individuals are nominated, and probably, therefore, there will be some objectors. There are also sundry nominations, especially in Pennsylvania, which are not acceptable to all Whigs; and in these cases there also may be rejections. Any leading Whig Senator, who should be so inclined, might produce rejections in plenty. But I suppose in general, the nominations will be acquiesced in, though they be not very satisfactory. In regard to the highest diplomatic appointments, there is a strong feeling that they are such as were "not fit to be made." It would be the easiest thing in the world to upset them, but I think they will be allowed to pass.

You have observed the resolutions offered by Mr. Bradbury. I believe the party intend to pass them in substance; and I believe also that it is intended to defer acting in general, in cases where persons are in office under appointment made in the recess, until the President's answer shall come. But I am not sure that there is any settled purpose of this kind. It is a thing talked about.

You may expect to hear from me again in three or four days.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. I expect Mrs. Webster this evening. She has been detained in New York by the rain.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

January 25, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Webster and myself are fully resolved on essaying a visit to McLellan House this evening. Your directions as to the route are so precise, we have full confidence in being able to find our way. It is true the night is likely to

be dark, and we shall be favored by no guidance from the stars. But I have always near me, for such occasions, a pocket compass.

"If dark and boisterous prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;

"Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way."

Be pleased, therefore, to be ready to receive us, weary and wayworn, about half-past seven o'clock. D. W.

NOTE. The house occupied by Mr. Curtis in Washington, was very near Mr. Webster's house, but he had to turn two or three corners to get to it. The above is a notice of an intended visit.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, January 27, 1850. Sunday evening.

MY DEAR SIR,—

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

As to the surveyorship, I do not know whether Fletcher had not better starve than take it. It is a profitable office, but it is temporary. I fear he cannot discharge its duties without being drawn away from his profession; and, if that should be the case, what would become of him, when his office expires?

It is disagreeable, but not disreputable, to starve. And, to say truth, I do not wish to see him dependent for his bread on the income of a subordinate place in the custom-house. I would rather starve with him. Besides, General McNeil will hold on, and expect to be continued. He is poor, and has daughters to support. He is a wounded soldier; his father was a most excellent man, and was a subordinate under my father's command at the battle of Bennington. I do not want to have any hand in turning him out.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The President's message is rather better received by the Whigs here than it seems to be with you. In some particulars, certainly, it might have been better.

I am very glad that you are coming to New York, this week

or next, and that we may expect to see you here, for a day or two. As Mrs. Harvey is coming as far as Philadelphia, you ought, by all means, to bring her to Washington. We have not, I wish we had, a house large enough to offer her a room; but if you will give me notice, I will look up a comfortable lodging, and Mrs. Webster will be most happy to do all in her power to make her comfortable. Bring her.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. FURNESS.

Washington, February 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was a good deal moved, I confess, by reading your letter of the 9th January. Having great regard for your talents and character, I could not feel indifferent to what you said, when you intimated that there was, or might be, in me, a power to do good, not yet exercised or developed. It may be so; but I fear, my dear Sir, that you overrate, not my desire, but my power to be useful in my day and generation.

From my earliest youth, I have regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil. I think it unjust, repugnant to the natural equality of mankind, founded only in superior power; a standing and permanent conquest by the stronger over the weaker. All pretence of defending it on the ground of different races, I have ever contemned. I have even said that if the black race is weaker, that is a reason against, not for, its subjection and oppression. In a religious point of view, I have ever regarded it, and ever spoken of it, not as subject to any express denunciation, either in the Old Testament or the New, but as opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel and to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of kindness, justice, and brotherly love.

But slavery is not kindly affectionate; it does not seek another's, and not its own; it does not let the oppressed go free. It is, as I have said, but a continued act of oppression. But then, such is the influence of a habit of thinking among men, and such is the effect of what has long been established, that

even minds, religious and tenderly conscientious, such as would be shocked by any single act of oppression, in any single exercise of violence and unjust power, are not always moved by the reflection that slavery is a continued and permanent violation of human rights.

But now, my dear Sir, what can be done by me, who act only a part in political life, and who have no power over the subject of slavery, as it exists in the States of the Union? I do what I can to restrain it; to prevent its spread and diffusion. But I cannot disregard the oracles which instruct me not to do evil that good may come. I cannot coöperate in breaking up social and political systems, on the warmth, rather than the strength, of a hope that, in such convulsions, the cause of emancipation may be promoted.

And even if the end would justify the means, I confess I do not see the relevancy of such means to such an end. I confess, my dear Sir, that in my judgment confusion, conflict, embittered controversy, violence, bloodshed, and civil war, would only rivet the chains of slavery the more strongly.

In my opinion, it is the mild influences of Christianity, the softening and melting power of the Sun of righteousness, and not the storms and tempests of heated controversy, that are, in the course of those events which an all-wise Providence overrules, to dissolve the iron fetters by which man is made the slave of man.

The effect of moral causes, though sure, is slow. In two thousand years, the doctrines and the miracles of Jesus Christ have converted but a very small portion of the human race; and among Christian nations, even, many gross and obvious errors, like that of the lawfulness of slavery, have still held their ground.

But what are two thousand years in the great work of the progress of the regeneration and redemption of mankind? If we see that the course is onward and forward, as it certainly is, in regard to the final abolition of human slavery; while we give to it our fervent prayers, and aid it by all the justifiable influences which we can exercise, it seems to me, we must leave both the progress and the result in His hands who sees the end from the beginning, and in whose sight a thousand years are but as a single day. I pray you, my dear Sir, accept this, the product

of half an hour of the evening, and unread by the writer, as a respectful and grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and friendly letter. DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 16, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I felt very much obliged to you for your letter of the 9th of January. I am preparing an edition of my speeches, with notes to all or most of them. They will make, I think, five volumes. Your suggestions are exactly what I needed. Early next month I expect to be in Boston, and one considerable object of the intended visit is to arrange with some bookseller for the publication. I shall need your further advice.

I think that the clamor about disunion rather abates; and I trust that if, on our side, we keep cool, things will come to no dangerous pass. California will probably be admitted, just as she presents herself.

Mrs. Webster's eyes are open, expecting to see Charlotte early next week.

Yours very truly, always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 17, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—You seem to have done pretty well about ice, and I hope you will fill up both houses. It would be well if we could get some rather thicker than you have got; but do not wait too long. You seem to have done quite well also on Fletcher's road.

You may kill the old Alderney bull whenever you please. I wish you could sell some of the oxen for fair prices. I fear you will have to buy hay.

I expect to go home rather early in March, if we get through the California business, and decide whether she is to come in as a State. And I never shall come back till I settle up every single

Marshfield account. Those accounts I know nothing, or very little about, and they must not remain any longer, without my knowing all about them.

If you need help in getting them together, get somebody to assist you. But you can do it very well.

I do not care about particular forms, but I want to know every debt exactly, and see how it is made up.

This business shall be done hereafter every year, as long as I live. Let us set out this year, on the 1st day of April, with a set of new books.

Can you do nothing with Greyback?

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

In the Senate, Friday, February 22, two o'clock, 1850.

My dear Sir,—Fletcher's nomination was concurred in this morning, under the most pleasant circumstances. His conduct in relation to General McNeil was stated, and everybody seemed disposed to compliment him for his honorable conduct towards an old soldier, and all concurred in immediate confirmation without delay. I wish it had been a different office, but under all the circumstances, it is right for him to take it. He will have left Boston, probably, before you receive this.

I mean to speak on Wednesday, or as soon after as I can get a chance. I fear it will be later than Wednesday.

As yet no nominations of assistant treasurers have been sent in. Unless in cases of actual vacancies, there seems at present no disposition to act upon nominations.

As time goes on I will keep you advised by telegraph, as well as I can, on what day I shall speak. As to what I shall say, you can guess nearly as well as I can. I mean to make a Union speech and discharge a clear conscience.

I hope you will be here, and give good advice.

Yours, D. W.

MR. ARMSTRONG TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, March 12, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—As one of the citizens of Massachusetts, I may be permitted to express opinions as to the course of her public men, especially in approval of their course.

I have this moment finished reading your speech in the Daily Advertiser; it seems to me to be likely to do great good; and I think, upon sober second thought, our people will generally coincide with your views. I like the spirit and tenor of it.

Yesterday at a dining party, the approbation was unanimous among the guests. As there is said to be dissatisfaction, I thought that even my opinion, and that of those whose opinion I have learned, would be agreeable to you.

I remain very truly yours,

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 16, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I believe you have stated our farming plans for this year about right, and I am content. You may kill the mountaineers, if they are fat enough, as soon as you find it convenient, and have proper weather. Let some of the coarser pieces go to the cottage, and dispose of those parts of the hind quarters, which are not for salting; and put the rest into my cellar; a small tub for Fletcher, and the rest into good sweet tubs for our own use. For the last two years, our beef has not been what it ought to be. This year, let it be put up perfect. Tell Mr. Weston he must stretch his abilities upon it.

It is uncertain when I shall be able to go home. You must open the cottage, when you find it necessary. Fletcher thinks Mrs. Cotter could cook for the men, but I doubt. You must do what you think best.

I told you before I left home what I thought about help, and you must conform as nearly as you can. We must have cheaper labor or give up farming.

Mr. Morrison wishes to have James Kearney with him; but I do not know but I shall be obliged to engage a cheaper hand; although I think James one of the best men we have ever employed.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—You must buy a pair of oxen. Do not get a very expensive pair. Let me know the price, and when the money must be paid. Let the Stevens oxen and the great steers be turned into the great pasture.

Send the horse down to Marshfield, and bring back "Greyback." Can little Charles ride one down and the other up? Or if Henry is doing nothing, he might go down in your light wagon, and bring up a codfish. You might pay his expenses up and down, if he would like the visit and is not so engaged that his time is valuable. Have you engaged your sumner's help? I believe you have stated the farming plans for this year, pretty much as we arranged things last fall. Go ahead. I cannot get away from Washington till I give my vote on the admission of California. Where will you get your grass seed?

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. GEORGE TICKNOR.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 13th came along yesterday. I have wished very much to go home this month, but it looks now as if I should hardly accomplish that purpose, as I cannot leave till I vote on the California bill, and that may not be for a fortnight. Then I must be here on the first day of April, on account of business in court. So that if you and Anna present yourselves here the first week in April, or thereabouts, you will find me here. My impression is, that I shall not get away to

the North until about the middle of that month. We shall be most happy to see you whenever you may come.

My poor speech is launched forth, and is a good deal tossed upon the waves. I am happy that Mrs. Ticknor's good wishes attend it. There is one comfort, and that is, that if its fate should be to go to the bottom, it has no cargo of value, and only one passenger to be drowned. As soon as the printer gets out a readable edition, I will send Mrs. Ticknor a copy. Meanwhile, give our love to her and Anna, and "Lizzy."

Yours, D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. DR. HITCHCOCK.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter, which contains thoughts and suggestions lying below the common surface.

It may be very true, that it was part of the economy of the Divine Government, before the advent of the Messiah, to Judaize all such Gentiles as should come within the immediate contact of the Nation; whereas it is certain, that when the Gospel of Jesus Christ was introduced, it was intended for all nations; and commandment was therefore given to preach it to every creature under the whole heavens.

There is, my dear Sir, a difference between the spirit of the old system and that of the new, which is wonderful and marvellous to me and which appears to result from those ways of God which are past finding out. In the Old Testament, the general tone of command, respecting the Gentile nations, is, "root out and destroy." In the new, it is, "convert and save." Nevertheless, I cannot but think that slavery was regarded by Christ and his Apostles as an evil, an injustice to be overcome, by inspiring individuals with that meekness and that love which the gospel enjoins.

There is no direct denunciation of slavery, none of despotism, or monarchy, none of war; although we are well informed whence wars and fightings come. The great end of his teaching, who taught as never man taught, seems to me to be to probe and purify the heart, and to enjoin the performance of personal duties, religious, moral, and social. Christianity con-

firms and recognizes the Decalogue; but the Decalogue is but a list of commandments for the observance of personal duties. But more than all, and above all, the Divine Sermon on the Mount, that heavenly summary of Christian instruction, addresses every one of its precepts to the heart and conscience of individual man, telling him what ought to be the affections of his heart, and what his performance of the private and personal duties of life.

My dear Sir, I am getting out of my sphere and beyond my depth; but I am happy to be called by your friendly letter to enjoy an hour, in the freshness of the morning, in conversing with you upon subjects of such vast and enduring interest.

With most sincere regard, yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

March 19, 1850.

I think you may as well feed a couple of the steers till I come home, in order to have beef for the cottage, unless you made some other change or arrangement. What has become of Mr. Delano's oxen?

I think we were of opinion last fall that the north part of last year's potato-field ought to have a little extra manure.

It is important to sow wheat, rye, and oats as early as possible. Where do you get your wheat?

Let me know your arrangements about work as soon as you can.

I shall write Mr. Breck to let you have whatever you want in his line; seed wheat, hay seed, bone dust, &c.

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. The earlier you can get the potatoes in, the better.

D. W.

CHARLES L. VOSE AND OTHERS TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, March 28, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—In behalf of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Geo. W. Egleston, now in California, we transmit to you a golden chain, manufactured under his direction, from the mineral products of that portion of our country, and which he desires to present to you, as a fitting symbol of that glorious Union, of which you stand preëminently the ablest defender.

As sons of New England, and merchants of New York, we ask leave to unite in this testimony of respect, by appending to it the accompanying token, which we beg you to accept as an evidence of our high sense of the patriotism and ability which have marked your whole public career,—and never more conspicuously than in your recent speech in the Senate, which maintains so strikingly the necessity of fraternal feeling between the different sections of our common country, and the solemn duty of adhering faithfully to the provisions and the spirit of the national constitution.

With high regards, we remain your friends,

CHARLES L. VOSE,	PAUL SPOFFORD,
GEORGE GRISWOLD,	THOMAS TILESTON,
MOSES H. GRINNELL,	J. W. ALSOP, JR.,
CALEB BARSTOW,	HENRY CHAUNCEY,
JOHN THOMAS,	GEORGE WARREN,
ALFRED G. BENSON,	S. J. BEALS,
JOSEPH HOXIE,	DAVIS, BROOKS, AND CO.

To the Honorable DANIEL WEBSTER, Washington, D. C.

NOTE. On the slide of the chain, referred to in the foregoing letter, is engraved on one side the following inscription:—

"To the Honorable DANIEL WEBSTER, the Defender of the Constitution, and the Advocate of the Union."

On the other side:

"From G. W. Egleston, manufactured by Woodruff & Addison, San Francisco, California, Sept. 29, 1849."

On the inner case of the watch are engraved the names of the donors.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. VOSE AND OTHERS.

Washington, April 13, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—Your communication of the 28th of March, and the gold chain and watch accompanying it, have been safely delivered to me by Mr. John R. Bacon.

Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with your fellow-citizen, Mr. Egleston, I may be allowed to regard his elegant and valuable present of the chain as a testimonial of his approbation of my efforts to uphold and perpetuate the union of the States. I shall lose no time in communicating to him my sense of his kindness, and of signifying the value which I attach to his favorable opinions.

But I have an obligation to acknowledge to you also, gentlemen, for the beautiful watch which you have appended to Mr. Egleston's gift.

I accept this from your hands, as sons of New England and merchants of New York, with grateful respect. We are personally known to each other, and I cannot desire a measure of regard from any of you, greater than that which I entertain for you, each and all.

The events of life have drawn you from the land of our common origin, to the great commercial metropolis of the country. You are merchants; and under the flag of the Union you have prosecuted an extensive and useful intercourse with most of the civilized world. At last, you have seen our own country stretch from sea to sea, and a new highway opened across the continent from us to our fellow-citizens on the shore of the Pacific. Far as they have gone, they are yet within the protection of the Union, and ready, I doubt not, to join us all in its defence and support. They are pursuing a new and an absorbing interest. While their eastern brethren continue to be engaged in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, and the fisheries, they are exploring a region whose wealth surpasses fiction. They are gathering up treasure, in a manner and in a degree hitherto unknown, at the feet of inaccessible mountains and along those streams

"Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold."

Over them and over us stands the broad arch of the Union, and long may it stand, as firm as the arches of heaven, and as beautiful as the bow which is set in the clouds.

I am, gentlemen, with very true regard,

Your obliged friend and obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

TO MESSRS. CHARLES L. VOSE AND OTHERS.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, Thursday, March 28, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—The letter* is admirable; too good, too good. I don't deserve the one hundredth part of what it says. Let it come immediately, as Mr. Edward Curtis wrote you yesterday. It is looked for here with interest.

We got the northern mail so late to-day, I have hardly time to write the shortest note.

Things look well here, and improve every hour.

I will find time to write, both to you and Fletcher to-morrow. Say to him, that about some things there is no occasion for haste. Time enough yet.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 31, 1850. Sunday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SON,—Mr. Calhoun died this morning at seven o'clock. It is remarkable, that his body servant, who has waited upon him for thirty years, died also last night.

Mr. Calhoun was just about my own age, born in the same year. I found him a prominent member of the House of Representatives when I first took a seat in that body, in May, 1813, the year of your birth.

The Secretary of the Senate has come to signify Mr. Benton's wish that I should say something in the Senate to-morrow, which I shall try to do.

* A letter signed by Hon. T. H. Perkins, Hon. Charles Jackson, and a great many others, on the occasion of Mr. Webster's speech of March 7, 1850.

I have your letter of Friday, which Mr. Curtis likes very much. He is anxious to know, a great deal more than I am, how things move in your quarter.

The "speech" continues in demand. One hundred and twenty thousand have gone off. I am sending a handsome copy to each member of the legislature, and shall send the speech also pretty generally to the clergy of Massachusetts. But the great mass throughout the State ought to be supplied freely. Every man that reads the Atlas ought to have a copy.

I am pretty well, though a little rheumatic.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

My dear Sir,—Above you find the note which you suggested. I have just come from the Capitol, where Mr. Calhoun's death has been announced with more than usual circumstance. He leaves but three of us who were his associates in 1813, Mr. Clay, Mr. King, and Daniel Webster.

Three o'clock.—I have only time to get this off.

Yours,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Baltimore, Sunday morning, April 7, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I came from Washington yesterday morning, to pass the day here, and dine with the Historical Society of Maryland. I shall return to-morrow morning. The "letter" was published in The Republic of Friday, and The Intelligencer of yesterday. It really produced much surprise. It was supposed before the letter came, that I might perhaps weather the storm in Massachusetts, but it was still expected that there would be a storm, and a violent one. The short article in The Courier was very well written; and this and the letter itself will go through the whole country, and be read everywhere. The demand for "speeches" still continues; and I suppose that

There is a strong majority in both Houses for bringing in California, and it could be done in ten days, if it were not for the notion, which is entertained by some, of uniting several measures in one bill. In the end it will be done; and bills for the government of the territories will pass the Senate without the proviso.

I propose to go to Boston when the committee leaves Washington with Mr. Calhoun's remains; as it is not likely any important questions will be taken in the Senate during their absence. I shall have but a very few days to pass in Massachusetts, and they must be mainly spent at Marshfield.

I have just received yours of yesterday, sent down from Washington. All seems well. This business of the State Committee is of great importance. I had already, this very morning written to Hon. Myron Lawrence, and now enclose the letter for you to deliver if you see fit. Your friend, always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 10, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I shall be in Marshfield, if we all continue well, just about the 20th of this month. If the fat oxen are still alive, you may keep them, if you see fit, till I come.

The weather is cold here. March is apt to last till April, Old style. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, April 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter and The Courier of Saturday came together this morning. I am infinitely obliged to you for the pains you take to keep all things in order which respect me, and my speech. The editorial in The Courier is excellent; it is exactly in the right spirit. It convinces people. As to the Atlas I do not regard its course as important. Public opinion will either control it or go on independent of it.

I am very glad you inserted Mr. Sturgis's name, and Mr. William Appleton's.

From the South, the West, and some parts of the middle States, addresses, letters, and calls for speeches, continue to come in without number. It is evident that there is a milder feeling in the country, though I cannot yet say what will come of it. I meant to intimate, in my answer to the Boston letter, that nothing could be done with the tariff till this slavery question should be adjusted. You may depend upon it things are yet ticklish. Our good friends from the North seem to come here, with no other notion than that they are to make speeches, in daily succession, against slavery. I am sorry to say, no one seems to take any comprehensive view of things, or labors for adjustment.

As to the time of my going home, my present hope is to reach New York next Saturday evening. It depends upon the time when the committee goes South. I will keep you well informed.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

In the Senate, April 18, Thursday, 1850

MY DEAR SON,—I received yours this morning. You appear to have a fierce storm. Here the weather has been quite cold, and it is feared the fruits are all spoiled, or nearly so.

I have been in court in a very important cause, and all the while kept running up to the Senate. I am harassed and tired; but I have no other case for three weeks.

I suppose the committee of thirteen will be appointed to-day. We shall then see a little what will be the course of things, and when I can probably leave for home. I learn that my name is on the list for the committee, but I shall not serve on it.

Again, perhaps, to-morrow.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

In the Senate, Wednesday, ten o'clock. April, 1850.

MY DEAR SON,—I was glad to receive your letter this morning, and to learn the health of yourself and family. I hardly

knew what had become of you. I should be glad to hear from you every day. Any thing from home seems a solace, among letters of business and letters of politics. Let me or Mrs. Webster hear from some of you every day.

I shall hardly get to Virginia, except so far as to Harper's Ferry, perhaps.

Yours truly, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PROFESSOR STUART

Boston, April 30, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I cannot well say how much pleasure it gave me to see a name, so much venerated and beloved by me as yours is, on the letter recently received by me from friends in Boston and its vicinity, approving the general object and character of my speech in the Senate, of the seventh of March. I know the conscientiousness with which you act on such occasions, and therefore value your favorable sentiments the more highly.

Is it not time, my dear Sir, that the path of Christian duty, in relation to great and permanent questions of government, and to the obligations which men are under to support the constitution and the fundamental principles of the government under which they live, should be clearly pointed out? I am afraid we are falling into loose habits of thinking upon such subjects; and I could wish that your health and strength would allow you to communicate your own thoughts to the public.

We have established over us a much better form of government than may ordinarily be expected in the allotments of Providence to men; and it appears to me that the consciences of all well-meaning and enlightened individuals, should rather be called upon to uphold this form of government, than to weaken and undermine it by imputing to it objections, ill considered and ill founded, dangerous to the stability of all government, and not unfrequently the offspring of overheated imaginations.

Allow me to conclude, my dear Sir, by offering you my highest respects, and my affectionate good wishes for your health and happiness.

D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Astor House, Saturday morning,
May 11, six o'clock, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had a fine passage yesterday and was at Canal street at four o'clock. I hope to reach Baltimore this evening, and Washington to-morrow morning, all in time. The New Yorkers have sent Mr. Curtis seven hundred dollars, for the distribution of the speech, all of which and a good deal more has been expended, and the demand is far from being satisfied. If our Boston friends feel like doing some thing in the same way, it would like keeping up. It might be best to send whatever may be collected, to Mr. Curtis, who, I doubt not is already a good deal in arrears with the Printers.

We had a fine time on Thursday evening. It was particularly gratifying to me, as it furnished an opportunity of meeting many respectable and spirited men of a younger generation, whose acquaintance I have not had heretofore the means of cultivating. For a *crushed man* I enjoyed the occasion remarkably well. If others felt as much pleasure, innocent enjoyment was extensively experienced.

Yours, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, May 13, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Mr. Frothingham prefers the young cow; so, when she calves, you may take away the calf, and have the cow taken up, carefully, to "Samuel Frothingham, Jun., Milton Hill." I suppose he would be glad of her, as soon as he can get her.

I have heard so much of guano, for grass land, since I left home, that I have determined to try it on the Cushman field, from the road down as far as hay seed has been sown.

I wish, therefore, that you would obtain two tons of the best Peruvian guano. It will cost, I suppose, about forty-five or fifty dollars a ton. Perhaps you had better go up yourself, and see

Mr. Breck, and consult him as to the best place of getting it. As the season is advancing, no time is to be lost.

It is to be applied at the rate of four hundred pounds to the acre. Two tons, therefore, would be enough for ten acres. I believe there are about ten acres in the piece. At any rate, put on four hundred pounds to the acre, and stop there, or keep the residue, if it should overrun.

The guano must be pulverized, and sowed like grain or grass seed, on the grass. If there are lumps among it, they must be broken and pounded.

Take care to sow it in wet weather, or just before a rain. It will be necessary to wet it a very little, to keep it from blowing into the eyes of the sower.

Now see how soon you can accomplish it.

I arrived yesterday morning at eight o'clock, two days from Boston, and a whole afternoon in Philadelphia.

I suppose you will be writing me soon, about all things.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. F. HAVEN.

Washington, May 18, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—The success of the "Compromise Bill," as it is called, depends on the number of Southern Senators who may fall off from its support. It is said Virginia and South Carolina, and one member from Alabama, will vote against it. If more than six Southern Senators refuse their support, the bill will fail in the Senate.

In my opinion it is unfortunate that the measures were all put together. When I left the committee to go home, it was agreed that they should not be, but that vote was rescinded in my absence. The situation of things is singular. There is an unquestionable majority of votes in the Senate, in favor of every one of the propositions contained in the bill, perhaps with some amendments, and yet I have fears that no majority will be found for them altogether. The policy of putting all in one bill was founded on calculation respecting the best chances of votes in the House of Representatives.

I believe it is true that many leading persons of all parties in

the South and West, out of Congress, urge the passage of the bill as it is. I shall of course vote for it, and for all measures, and almost any measure, intended to settle these questions; but I am sorry to say, I fear our Eastern members will hardly go the same way.

It is a strange and a melancholy fact, that not one single national speech has been made in the House of Representatives this session. Every man speaks to defend himself, and to gratify his own constituents. That is all. No one inquires how the Union is to be preserved, and the peace of the country restored. Meantime all important public measures are worse than stationary. The tariff, for instance, is losing important friends through the irritation produced by these slavery debates. I suppose no history shows a case of such mischiefs arising from angry debates and disputes, both in the government and the country, on questions of so very little real importance.

But we must persevere. The peacemakers are to inherit the earth, and our part of the inheritance would be a very good one if peace could really be made.

Yours always, truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, May 19, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am writing an answer to the Newburyport gentlemen, in which I shall state, fully and legally, the matter of the Fugitive Slave Bill. It will be visible in Boston in the course of this week, and I should be glad the newspapers would publish it, as many of them as choose.

We notice a good article on Mr. Mann and his letter, in the Courier of the 7th. Notice will be taken of Mr. Mann by gentlemen here of whom he speaks in his letter, but not by me. I may say one word of him, in my answer to the Newburyport letter.

I am glad you are going to Andover to see Mr. Stuart. Pray give him my warm regards. I am anxiously looking for his pamphlet. Yours always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PROF. STUART.

Washington, Monday morning, June 3, 1850, six o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—The "book," has arrived in parcels, the last coming to hand yesterday. Your kindness to me is so overwhelming, that I dare not trust myself to speak of its merits; nor have I been able to keep it in my hands long enough to read the whole of it. Your old pupil, Mr. Edward Curtis, now here, seized it as soon as the second part arrived, read it all, and speaks of it with unqualified approbation, indeed, with admiration. From his hands Mr. Ashmun got it last evening, and has it now. I shall have it again, I suppose, in an hour or two.

I remember, my dear Sir, that as I stepped into the carriage to leave you, at your own door, you said, putting your hands together, and looking up to the sun, "I see the scriptural argument like a path of light." This path, you have shown to others. The attitude of slavery, in the Old Testament, is the part I have read, and it appears to me absolutely conclusive. How much error have you dissipated; how much shallow reasoning exposed!

Of the book itself, I shall write you again in a few days; but now, to matters of business.

D. WEBSTER.

MR. VENABLES TO MR. WEBSTER.

Washington, June 7, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I promised to give you the remarks which were made in relation to yourself by our lamented friend Mr. Calhoun. As they were in a social conversation in his room, I would not have repeated them, but for the fact that there has been placed before the public a statement which, although materially true, does not convey what I had frequently supposed him to mean whilst referring to yourself and other individuals, with whom he had been associated in public life. In more than one conversation, he was induced by questions proposed by those present, to speak of the statesmen who had mingled in those scenes which are so remarkable in the history of the country. When your name was mentioned, he remarked that "Mr. Webster has as high a standard of truth as any statesman with whom I have met in debate. Convince him, and he can-

not reply; he is silenced; he cannot look truth in the face and oppose it by argument. I think that it could be readily perceived by his manner when he felt the unanswerable force of a reply." He often spoke of you in my presence, and always kindly and most respectfully. It was due to the memory of our friend as well as to yourself, that this communication should be made.

Yours, very respectfully,

A. W. VENABLES.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Sunday morning, June, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I truly lament that my arrangements for the week prevent my acceptance of your invitation for Tuesday, to meet what I am sure will be a most agreeable party of friends.

Mr. Edward Curtis and myself, with Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Webster, propose to leave the city as early as Monday evening or Tuesday morning, for a short journey into Virginia, to occupy the expected days of recess of the Senate.

As long as I have passed a great part of every year here, I never yet saw the "passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge." We propose to go by the railroad to Harper's Ferry, thence to Winchester or further up the valley, and to return by the way of Charlottesville.

I assure you it gives me pain to miss the opportunity of seeing, at your house, the distinguished strangers mentioned in your note. Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Friday.

DEAR SIR,—A year ago, I put into your hands a paper, respecting the authority of States to authorize bridges to be built over navigable waters. Can you send me that paper? I want it for the case of a proposed bridge over the Connecticut at Middletown, part of the straight railroad from New York to Boston.

I wrote Mrs. Webster yesterday. We have no news this morning. The rain has ceased, and we have good weather.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Astor House, Tuesday morning, eight o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—You are quite right. I advise you to let neither business nor pleasure, friend nor foe, principalities nor powers, separate you from that devotion to your own health which the case requires. I love you so much, that I thought a day spent together, in the quiet of Carmans,* would be like a good drink of stolen waters. But nothing, after all, connected with yourself, satisfies me so well, as to know that you are taking care of your health.

Mrs. Webster and I came in town last evening. She looks for a wedding on Thursday. I may stay for it. On the other hand, I may get a summons to Washington forthwith.

Where is "South Orange?"† Could a body find it? Mrs. Webster will be most happy to see Mrs. Curtis, and not more than I shall, if she should be this way before I leave. Don't be surprised if I borrow some "Traveller's guide," and find my way to South Orange, if I should not be off for Washington immediately.

With the truest affection for you both, yours.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Monday morning, six o'clock, June 16, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your communication in whole and half sheets, yesterday. The most important part told a story of which I was not aware. I shall be delighted beyond measure, if Dr. Cox shall succeed as well as present appearances lead to expect.

Washington is very still, and very few people in it. There is little doing in my department, and I believe not much in any other. The President goes to Old Point Comfort and Norfolk, about Friday. Some of the gentlemen go with him, and I stay

* A trouting-place on Long Island.

† A water-cure establishment in New Jersey.

behind. Mr. Corwin sets off for Ohio to-day or to-morrow. I intend to make a desperate effort to leave Washington, as soon as the President returns, and to get to New Hampshire for a day, and Marshfield for another. I am warmly pressed to pass through Concord, before the last day of the month. Things appear to be going on well in Massachusetts.

In regard to my own movements, when hot weather arrives, three things present themselves. First, The talked-of voyage; second, a trip to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada; third, a trial of the Virginia Springs.

In case this was resorted to, Mrs. Webster could go with me, and perhaps you and Mrs. Curtis might join us.

I understand the water has no lime in it; that the mountain air is delicious, and the scenery beautiful, and the living scant and poor. If on trial, this should be found to do no good, I might still go North. I much prefer the voyage, but the drawbacks are, the expense, and the necessity of rushing into high company. Then there is one other consideration, namely, where is it best for me to be, if there is to be a real campaign?

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, June 19, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I verily believe our prospects brighten. It is certainly now the opinion at the White House, that the bill will pass. There is one difficulty yet to be got over, namely, the amount to be given to Texas. I hope, however, we shall agree on something.

It keeps us hard at work. We are obliged to have frequent conferences and agreements, and then we have something to do in debate; and then again, as you will see, I have become like an old school-book called the "Complete Letter-Writer."

The Senate adjourns from Thursday to Monday. I believe I shall try to get a little air in the mountains, or go to some cool place, down the river. My health is good, uncommonly good, and I feel pretty able to fight through this contest. When

the bill shall be put on its passage, if it shall ever reach that step, I must make a speech as good as I can.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. I have no time to write to our good friend Harvey. Please show him this.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, June 19, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Make the turnip-field wherever you think best; but be sure to make a good and large one. Have you sent some turnip-seed to John Taylor?

We shall not need Mr. Ames's geese.

Ask Henry Thomas to write me a long letter, all about the farm. It may be long before I see it.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Sunday, half-past ten o'clock, June, 1851.

DEAR FLETCHER,—After writing you this morning, I received two letters from you, for which I thank you. I shall now go to Marshfield before I go to New Hampshire, and will push right off for Marshpee, Waquoit, Red Brook, or elsewhere in those foreign parts.

This morning, after breakfast, and before church, that is, between half-past seven and eleven o'clock, I struck out the whole frame and substance of my address for the Fourth of July. I propose to write it all out, which I can do in three hours, and to read it, and to give correct copies at once to the printers.

So, if I find a trout stream in Virginia, I shall not have to be thinking out, "Venerable men."

Your mother wrote Caroline yesterday, and sends you her love to-day.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, July 11, 1850. Thursday morning, eight o'clock.

My dear Sir,—It is not easy to say what will be the extent of the changes in consequence of General Taylor's death, and Mr. Fillmore's accession. It is at this moment supposed that there will be an entirely new Cabinet. Certainly not more than one or two can remain. Who will succeed to the vacant places, I have no means of saying with any certainty. One thing I feel sure of, and that is that they will be sound men. The President is a sensible man, and a conservative Whig, and is not likely to be in favor of any "isms," such as have votaries at the present day.

I believe Mr. Fillmore favors the Compromise, and there is no doubt that recent events have increased the probability of the passage of that measure. Nothing will be done in congress this week. The funeral ceremonies will take all that remains of it.

P. S. Two o'clock.—I am rather confirmed in the expectation of a total change. Beyond this I know little, and nothing which I can communicate. The idea is now general that the Compromise will go through. I have a few words to say on Monday or Tuesday.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, July 12, 1850. Friday morning.

My dear Sir,—You will hear various rumors respecting appointments to the Cabinet, but none of them will deserve credit any further than they rest on general probability. Nothing is decided as yet. The present Cabinet have all tendered their resignations, but they will not be answered till after the funeral.

The three important departments are State, Treasury, and Interior. I have no doubt some man known to be thoroughly sound in revenue matters, will be appointed to the Treasury. As

to the State Department, I have no idea who will have it, although, if the power were with me, I think I could find a man* without going out of Massachusetts, who has talent enough, and knowledge enough; but whether he is at this moment so fresh in the minds of the people that his appointment would strike the public mind favorably, may be a doubt. Nobody can well be Secretary of State who has not fortune, unless he be a bachelor. The Secretary of State is the head of the administration, and he must have a house, sometimes to receive guests in. He is of course necessarily in daily communication with the diplomatic corps, which I believe is twice as numerous now as it was twenty years ago.

My dear Sir, you see the spirit of good-will which is manifesting itself here. This is the golden hour of opportunity, be assured. The opposition gentlemen are determined, all the conservative part of them at least, to give the administration fair play; and Mr. Fillmore is well-intentioned and discreet. He will meet with annoyances from the rather overbearing spirit of a certain quarter, but I hope he will stand stiff. If he is successful in forming his administration, I verily believe a prospect is before us for a better state of things than we have enjoyed for twenty years.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

July 16, 1850. Tuesday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—The President goes slow, but I trust will come out well. He will undoubtedly have a sound Cabinet, and one acceptable to all good Whigs. How able he may make it, I cannot say. As yet, I believe he has not committed himself.

I hope we shall at last finish this so long protracted measure in the Senate. The story yesterday was that the extreme South would join the extreme North, and lay the bill on the table, judging it the less evil, in their opinion, to let California come in at once, and the territorial bills go over.

Yours, truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

* Mr. Everett.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Sunday, July 21, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours came to hand yesterday, together with one from Mr. Mills, and one from Mr. Haven. I yielded to what has been suggested from so many sides, and gave up my own wishes to the wishes and opinions of my friends. I must leave myself in their hands. There is work enough before me, and anxious duties in plenty; but if I can preserve my health, I will toil through a hot summer here, though I confess it does seem hard, that at my age I cannot enjoy the comforts of my own home. I was persuaded to think it was my duty, in the present crisis, to accept a seat in the cabinet, but it made my heart ache to think of it.

Yours, truly always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

July 21, 1850. Sunday, one o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—My brain has been in such a whirl for a week, that I have hardly been composed enough to write any body. I am well, and that is about all I can say of myself, except that I sometimes feel that I have done a very foolish thing. A hot and anxious summer is before me; I dread its heat and its fatigue, and I shrink from its responsible duties. Indeed, indeed, my dear Sir, to give up home and rest for such a prospect of things, is bad enough. But I must try to go through it.

Pray let me hear from you.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, July 23, 1850.

My dear Son,—I gave directions yesterday, to have my old rooms arranged for me. This morning, at ten o'clock, I was sworn in, and I write this at my old high table, in my little room. The rooms are all clean, and very nice. Mr. Zantzinger is appointed agent and superintendent of the building, and Charles Brown* is put again on "Continental Establishment." Some other things must be done, which, with Mr. Derrick's advice, I shall dispatch at once, so as to avoid importunity.

Would Mr. Sargent come here, and be my private and confidential clerk, for eight hundred dollars a year? Or do you think of anybody who would do better?

The weather is cooler, and I am well. D. W., Mr. Corwin, and Mr. Hall were sworn in to-day. Mr. Crittenden and Mr. Graham accept; Mr. Pearce, doubtful. Mr. Bates, not heard from.

Remember me to Mrs. H. and Mr. H.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, July 25, 1850,—Friday, twelve o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for all the good wishes and kind expressions in your letter, and hope my transfer to this position may be in some measure useful to the country.

If we could only get the measure now pending in the Senate passed into a law, we should have a glorious prospect before us indeed. But you see how decided is the hostility of the Massachusetts members. With their consent, it would become a law in a week. If it fail, we must try something else.

An eminent Northern Senator came to me last night to know what he could do to insure the passage of this bill. He was ready to do any thing but to vote for it. Half a dozen others are in exactly the same condition. They became committed to a favorite measure of the late President before his death. All

* A colored man who had been with Mr. Webster for many years.

that holds them to it now, is the notion of consistency. I was not without hopes last night that the bill would pass the Senate.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. C. H. THOMAS TO MR. WEBSTER.

Duxbury, August 6, 1850.

DEAR MR. WEBSTER,—I have now all your cattle at the farm, in my eye, and shall try to make you see them as nearly as I possibly can—

Cows at homestead with James	10
Cottage cows (the twins)	2
Yearling heifers at home with James	10
Spring calves " " " "	8
	30

Lower Farms.

Working oxen	10
Two year old heifers	7
Two year old steers	7
Twin steers	2
Grizzled Canada oxen	2
Yellow steers, (Nat.'s)	2
Oxen at Fletcher's	2
Cows at Fletcher's	3
Beef oxen, Ames and Noyes	4
Beef cows	4
Year old steers	3
Bulls	3
Whole number,	82

I said in the commencement that I had all before me, still, it is possible I have not; I have, however, put down exactly, as far as I have gone.

The cattle are in fine condition. Beef cattle not yet fit for the market.

I have put down ten working oxen, this includes Durhams. lack and red, white faces, Hasletons, and Jumpers; one pair had better be turned off for beef, and there will be enough left for work. Porter thinks and says with me that it should be the Hasletons. This will give thirteen for beef; eight working oxen, which will well do, with the steers.

I shall look over again in a day or two, and see if I have missed any of the young cattle which are not named; if I have, I will put them down in my next. All right so far.

Calves, five, heifers; one pair steers; one bull. Home calves, Alderney two; Ayrshire, two; Devonshire, one; heifers, three; Red, (Ayrshire part,) one; Noyes, one. Total, ten.

Fletcher's cows, Morehead, one; Twin cow, one; Durham Ames's cow, one. Three.

Poultry I will speak of in my next. The weather has not cleared yet; wet with occasional scorching sun. The grain holds on yet without much damage; they raised it all yesterday; saw no harm except coloring the straw. Oats not cut yet. By the way, they are very fine, and Porter thinks they can be cut without taking with them any or but little foul seed.

You mentioned about the orchard. The apple-trees are on the whole No. 1; it is a great year for trees to grow, there are a few apples on some of them, though not to count much.

Peach-trees a good deal injured this last spring. Many of them have grown well, yet as a whole rather sickly; they are not to be depended on.

Potatoes bid well for a good crop. Porter says they are now fair size, but few in a hill. They will be large; the wet and the dark green color now make it certain of a crop.

The house is damp, no injury yet, however; a little mould on some of the books in the library.

Mrs. Baker put in a coal fire to-day, and made it warm and dry. This wet weather has brought up the green grass abundantly. Feed? why the cattle can only take a look with now and then a bite. I wished for you to-day sitting in the wagon on the hill above Fletcher's south view; twenty acres of clover field now just in blossom, perfect green; ten acres of corn as perfect as you ever saw; a little beyond in the distance, wheat cut, lying in rows; then the trees, with their greenest foliage; it was beautiful.

There is to be a fence put across by the corn; cows to take a bite at the clover half a day at a time.

Your boat went down the river to-day; Fletcher is to take a codfish to-morrow, and I have engaged to help eat him at three o'clock. I wish I could send him along on the electric wires. I can see you now take up the fish-knife and look at him.

You will hear from me again in a few days.

All well here. My best love to Mrs. Webster. Tell her Mr. Bradford's family are not with us this year.

Yours truly,

C. H. THOMAS.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, Wednesday, August 7, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter this morning. I do most fervently hope that Mr. Fearing will come to Congress. We need him. I am tired of standing up here, almost alone from Massachusetts, contending for practical measures, absolutely essential to the good of the country. All must see that it cannot but be disagreeable to me to struggle day after day, and waste my health, in the Senate or in the Department, to bring about a settlement of national difficulties, and yet have no Massachusetts following. I will not say I am altogether alone; Mr. Ashmun is acting a very proper and a vigorous part; I rely on him entirely. And I hope that a better feeling is beginning to inspire others of the members; but there has not been one of them as yet, who has ventured to stand up and say that he would stand by me, or my principles, or my views of policy. This is disagreeable and mortifying; although instead of discouraging me, it only puts me up to greater efforts to maintain myself, and to defend my position. I feel that something has been accomplished by my feeble efforts, aided or unaided; and if ever Massachusetts should leave me altogether without succor or encouragement from her, there will be no fainting in my heart, no slackening of my exertions. But if Mr. Fearing would come here, I should feel that I had a friend near me, free and independent, above all pledges and commitments, and having a single eye to the great good of the country.

Coming fresh from Boston, since these great measures have been under discussion, he would have great weight, and with Mr. Ashmun's assistance, might exercise a salutary influence with other representatives. He will be able to speak for Boston, and her voice is wont to be respected.

I thank you for the kindness expressed in other parts of your letter. I am busy enough, but my health is good, and I hope I may yet live to see the return of a better state of things.

I am, dear Sir, with regard, always truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PROFESSOR STUART.

Washington, August 10, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—So many things have occupied my attention of late, that I have neglected those I love most, and am most indebted to. I have no other apology for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered.

The cabinet is not yet full, but will be if Mr. McClelland accepts the Department of the Interior. They are all sound men, of fair and upright character, sober minds, and national views. The President himself is a man of sagacity, entire fairness, and a good deal of vigor.

There is yet to be a warm contest in the House of Representatives, extremes coöperating as usual. The southern gentlemen, in number about forty, had a meeting last night. They resolved to resist, and try to amend the bill for the settlement of the Texan boundary, but not to make any factious opposition, by calling ayes and noes, &c. It is probable the bill will pass the House, as it went from the Senate.

It is hoped the California bill will get through the Senate on Monday.

All Southern men of intelligence and fairness, admire your pamphlet, and they intend, in a quiet way, to give it extensive circulation. The most learned and respectable clergymen this way, all say the scriptural argument is unanswerable. Mr. Badger, who is learned and discerning in such things, particularly admires it. I shall join very cordially in an attempt to spread

its influence and usefulness. No matter who, or how many attack you. If they will only quote you fairly, you have nothing to fear. But some periodicals, calling themselves religious, have an abominable habit of misrepresenting an adversary's statements and arguments.

I am rather ashamed of my change of position.* I fear I've come from home; but here I am, and shall do as well as I can. I have great occasion to be thankful for excellent health.

Yours, with affectionate regard,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. DEMING JARVES TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, August 17, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken the liberty of sending to your mansion in Marshfield, a large glass bowl, which please accept as a token of my respect for you personally, and as a mark of my entire confidence in your political course, through the many years you have so patriotically devoted to the welfare of our country. I trust your late efforts in the United States Senate will be crowned with success, and a nation's gratitude be awarded you.

The glass bowl will claim the merit of being much the largest piece of flint glass made by machinery in any part of the world; two machinists were employed by the Boston and Sandwich Glass Company, six months, in forming the mould, and the bowl sent is the first made in it; it is called the "Union Bowl." The name, I know, will not make it less valuable.

With respect and esteem I remain,

Your obedient servant,

DEMING JARVES.

* Leaving the Senate for the Department.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Tuesday, two o'clock. September 10, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have heard how all things have gone, so far. I confess I feel relieved. Since the 7th of March, there has not been an hour in which I have not felt a "crushing" weight of anxiety and responsibility. I have gone to sleep at night, and waked in the morning with the same feeling of eating care. And I have set down to no breakfast or dinner to which I have brought an unconcerned and easy mind. It is over. My part is acted, and I am satisfied. The rest I leave to stronger bodies and fresher minds. My annual cold is now heavy upon me, weakening my body, and depressing my spirits. It has yet a fortnight to run; and perhaps will sink me lower than it did, when strong excitement enabled me to withstand it. I have lost a good deal of flesh, and you will think me thin and haggard. I have had little sleep, not four hours a night, on an average for the whole six months. Now I mean to grow stupid and lazy, and, if I can get rid of my catarrh, to eat and drink like an Alderman.

It is a day of rejoicing here, such as I never witnessed. The face of every thing seems changed. You would suppose nobody had ever thought of disunion. All say, they always meant to stand by the Union to the last.

Boston, ever true and glorious Boston, has helped us immensely. Mr. Eliot's triumphant election awakened entirely new hopes. Up to that period, they had no hopes of the North. I never knew an election, by its mere character of an election, on certain principles, produce half so much effect. He is quite a lion here. He is decided, straightforward, without any shadow of turning. It ran through the whole city, on Friday after the main vote had been taken, that Mr. Eliot said, "Now we have trodden Satan under our feet." I mention this, only to show with how much eagerness every thing is listened to, that a sound northern man says against abolitionism and all the other "isms."

Pray remember me to Mr. T. B. Curtis, Mr. Mills, Mr. Haven, and other friends. There is a host of them I shall never cease to love. Boston forever.

My eyes allow me to write only about one hour a day.

I hope to see the State House and the Common, and the Steeple on the old South, two days after Congress adjourns. Among others, remember me kindly to Fearing.

Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

P. S. I look to hear from you to-morrow morning.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, September 12, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I use the confidential hand of another to write you a short letter, my eyes holding out only to perform a small part of the duty expected from them every day. I am in the midst of my periodical catarrh, or "hay fever," or whatever you please to call it, but which you know all about. I read nothing, and hardly write any thing but signatures. The disease is depressing and discouraging. I know that there is no remedy for it, and that it must have its course. It produces loss of appetite and great prostration of strength, but since the event of last week terminated, I have some little time for rest, and shutting myself up very much, I keep as quiet as I can.

My dear Sir, I think the country has had a providential escape from very considerable dangers. I was not aware of the whole extent of the embarrassment likely to arise till I came here, last December, and had opportunities of conversation with General Taylor, and the gentlemen of his administration. General Taylor was an honest and truly patriotic man; but he had quite enough of that quality, which, when a man is right, we call firmness, and when he is wrong, we denominate obstinacy. What has been called the President's plan, was simply this; to wit, to admit California under her free constitution, and to let the territories alone altogether, until they could come in as States. This policy, as it was thought, would avoid all discussion and all voting on the question of the Wilmot proviso. All that matter it was supposed, might be thus postponed, and the

slavery question staved off. The objection to this plan, was the same as that to poor King Lear's idea of shoeing a company of horse in felt, and stealing upon his enemies. It was flatly impossible; that's all. But the purpose was settled and decided. General Taylor told me, in the last conversation I had with him, that he preferred that California should not come in at all, rather than that she should come in bringing the territories on her back. And if he had lived, it might have been doubtful whether any general settlement would have been made. He was a soldier, and had a little fancy, I am afraid, to see how easily any military movement by Texas could have been put down. His motto was, "*vi et armis!*" He had a soldier's foresight, and saw quite clearly what would be the result if Texan militia should march into New Mexico, and there be met by troops of the regular army of the United States. But that he had a statesman's foresight, and foresaw what consequences might happen in the existing state of men's opinions and feelings, if blood should be shed in a contest between the United States and one of the southern States, is more than I am ready to affirm. Yet long before his death, and in the face of that observation which he made to me, as already stated, I made up my mind to risk myself on a proposition for a general pacification. I resolved to push my skiff from the shore alone, considering that, in that case, if she foundered, there would be but one life lost. Our friend Harvey happened to be here, and with him and Mr. Edward Curtis, I held a little council the evening before the speech. What followed is known. Most persons here thought it impossible that I should maintain myself, and stand by what I declared. They wished, and hoped, and prayed, but fear prevailed. When I went to Boston soon afterwards, and was kindly received, and intimated that I should take no march backward, they felt a little encouraged. But truly it was not till Mr. Eliot's election that there was any confident assurance here that I was not a dead man. It would be of little consequence, my dear Sir, if I could only say that Boston saved me, but I can say with all sincerity, and with the fullest conviction of its truth, that Boston saved the country. From the commencement of the government, no such consequences have attended any single election, as those that flowed from Mr. Eliot's election. That election was a clear and convincing proof, that

there was breaking out a new fountain of brilliant light in the East, and men imbibed hopes in which they had never before indulged. At this moment it is true that Mr. Eliot is the greatest lion that exhibits himself on Pennsylvania avenue. He is considered the personation of Boston; ever intelligent, ever patriotic, ever glorious Boston; and whatever prejudices may have existed in the minds of honorable southern men, against our good city, they are now all sunk and lost forever in their admiration of her nationality of spirit.

But I must stop here. There is much else that I could say, and may say hereafter, of the importance of the crisis through which we have passed. I am not yet free from the excitement it has produced. I am like one who has been sea-sick, and has gone to bed. My bed rolls and tosses by the billows of that sea, over which I have passed.

My dear Sir, this is for your own eye. You are much younger than I am, and hereafter possibly you may recur to this hastily dictated letter not without interest. If you think it worth reading, you may show it to T. B. Curtis, Mills, Fearing, and Harvey, &c. It is but half an hour's gossip, when I can do nothing but talk, and dictate to a confidential clerk.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, D. C., September 13, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read to-day your exceedingly kind letter of the 11th instant. Your heart is full of joy, at recent occurrences, and your friends are apt to imbibe your own enthusiasm. I see you have a good deal of rejoicing in Boston, and I am heartily glad of it. Nothing has occurred since I wrote you last, except the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill through the House of Representatives. I am afraid it is too late to do any thing with the tariff, except to make preparation for action at the commencement of the next session, now only a month and a half off. I am considering, however, whether some decided expression of opinion, by the House of Representatives, might not now be obtained, and be useful; it is a

subject upon which I have been occupied with friends all day. Possibly, something stronger than a mere expression of opinion may be produced. There are several gentlemen here, interested in that subject, principally from Pennsylvania. I shall be glad to see the Boston friends who you say are coming. I wish you would come with them. Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, Monday, September 16, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your two very gratifying letters were received this morning. It is my purpose to remain here till Congress adjourns, and then, so soon as the cars shall be a little cleared of the crowd, to go North. I shall be content that the people of Boston dispose of me just as they see fit. They have been accustomed to do that, and as they have always treated me much better than I deserved, I shall not now oppose any of their wishes.

You will all know when I shall be coming along. Of course, Mr. Eliot must be invited to any proceedings intended to be complimentary to me. He has acted a noble part, and deserves all commendation.

The weather is so cool, I write a few lines with my own hand this morning, but must not tax my eyes too far.

Yours always, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Thursday morning.—This should have been sent three days ago, but it got mislaid. No great news here to-day. Congress is working along, and I hope will get through by the 30th.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

Louisiana Avenue, September 18, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Frothingham, of the State Bank, takes a great interest in Mrs. Eustis's case. He says she is on the very

verge of penury. Will you have the kindness to write to him, to-day if you can, and tell him whether any thing can be done for her.

Meantime, if it be in my power to contribute a single mite, that mite shall be thrown in.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Thursday, two o'clock, September 19, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been to the Senate and House of Representatives with Amin Bey, and given the members an opportunity of looking at his red cap.

He is a man of common stature, and about middle age, with nothing striking in his appearance, and as "grave as any Turk."

To-morrow at twelve o'clock, I propose to present him to you. He will make you a speech in the Turkish language. I shall have a translation of it in English to put into your hands by ten o'clock to-morrow, so that you may be prepared with your answer. I think I would amplify a little, just to say that it is striking as well as agreeable to see a public functionary coming on a mission of peace and commerce from the eastern extremity of Europe to the banks of the Potomac; that he has stepped at once from the regions of the East, into the Republic of the West, and into the midst of the European races here established; that our merchants are enterprising; that they extend their voyages over the world, and that the government seeks to preserve peace and promote useful intercourse with all nations.

You will think of something much better.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Tuesday morning, seven o'clock, September 27, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—There is no chance of doing any thing for the tariff, this session, for want of time, and from the crowded state

of business in Congress. If we had three or four of those precious weeks which were spent in making speeches on the Wilmot Proviso, the revenue of the country might be settled, I think, on a satisfactory foundation. There is a clear majority in the House of Representatives in favor of a reform in the tariff of duties, although some Southern Whigs feel very angry. Three of the North Carolina members, for instance, good men and good Whigs, were found hanging off. I was asked to speak to them, or cause them to be spoken to. They said that the Northern members, Whigs and all, had done little else for six months, than assail their rights, their property, and their feelings, as Southern men, and now those Northern men might take care of their own interests. These gentlemen, however, will come into their places in the ranks, after a little cooling and reflection.

I hope the important measures, such as the appropriation bills, may get through to-day and to-morrow, yet I am afraid of some mishap. Such a mass of unfinished things never existed before, at so late a moment of the session.

It is a great misfortune that Mr. Ashmun should leave Congress. The Whigs in the House of Representatives need a leader, and if he could stay, he would be that leader by general consent. He is sound, true, able, quick in his perceptions, and highly popular. I hardly know how his place could be filled.

At the other end of the avenue things go on very smoothly. There is entire confidence and good-will between the President and all those about him. Mistakes will be made, no doubt, but nothing will be done rashly, and no step is likely to be taken which shall endanger the peace of the country, or embarrass the general business either of the government or the country.

Some day next week I hope to set out for the North. I never wanted to see home more. My catarrh is going off, or else is having a long intermission; and, for whichever it may be, I am truly thankful.

I pray to be remembered most kindly to Mrs. Haven and your daughters.

Yours always, truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. DICKINSON.

Washington, September 27, 1850.

My dear Sir,—Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session, you are about to return to your home; and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again two months hence, for the discharge of our duties, in our respective stations in the government. But life is uncertain; and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note, containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear Sir, occurrences took place, which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known of you, the greater have been my esteem for your character, and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly, and patriotic conduct, in support of the great measure of this session, which has entirely won my heart, and secured my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country; but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis, in which you may be able to do so much, either for your own distinction or for public good. You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced, with firm and manly step, where others have wavered, faltered, and fallen back; and for one, I desire to thank you, and to commend your conduct, out of the fulness of an honest heart.

This letter needs no reply; it is, I am aware, of very little value; but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and, perhaps, to leave it where it would be seen by those who shall come after you. I pray you, when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to your wife and daughter. I remain, my dear Sir, with the truest esteem, your friend and obedient servant,

Daniel Webster.

MR. DICKINSON TO MR. WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

Binghamton, October 5, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I perused and reperused the beautiful note which you placed in my hands as I was about leaving Washington, with deeper emotion than I have ever experienced, except under some domestic vicissitude. Since I learned the noble and generous qualities of your nature, the unfortunate occurrence in our early acquaintance to which you refer has caused me many moments of painful regret, and your confiding communication has furnished a powerful illustration of the truth, that "to err is human,—to forgive is divine." Numerous and valued are the testimonials of confidence and regard which a somewhat extended acquaintance and lengthened public service have gathered around me, but, amongst them all there is none to which my heart clings so fondly as this. I have presented it to my family and friends as the proudest passage in the history of an eventful life, and shall transmit it to my posterity as a sacred and cherished memento of friendship. I thank Heaven that it has fallen to my lot to be associated with yourself and others in resisting the mad current of disunion which threatened to overwhelm us; and the recollection that my course upon a question so momentous, has received the approbation of the most distinguished American statesman, has more than satisfied my ambition. Believe me, my dear Sir, that of all the patriots who came forward in the evil day of their country, there was no voice so potential as your own. Others could buffet the dark and angry waves, but it was your strong arm that could roll them back from the holy citadel.

May that beneficent Being who holds the destiny of men and nations, long spare you to the public service, and may your vision never rest upon the disjointed fragments of a convulsed and ruined confederacy.

I pray you to accept and to present to Mrs. Webster the kind remembrances of myself and family, and to believe me friendly yours,

D. S. DICKINSON.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, October 2, 1850.

DEAR FLETCHER,—It is my hope to reach Boston on Monday evening next. For the two or three weeks, more or less, which I may be at Marshfield, I shall need a good coach, a handsome pair of horses, and a proper driver. If these could be had at Foster's, I should prefer it; if not, please look them up elsewhere.

My cold is taking leave, and "it could take nothing I could more willingly part withal."

Tell the Judge,* I have something to say to him about California. Everybody is off, and Mr. Curtis † and I quite alone, except when Colonel March falls in.

Yours, affectionately,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

October 3, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have directed the proper clerk to send you a copy of the letter of Mr. Hülsemann, received yesterday. We shall have a quarrel with Austria. I have foreseen it for some time. As you have leisure, I pray you to reflect on the subject, so that we may decide on my return, in what form we shall manifest our opinion of this letter.

Yours, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 14, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Leaving Washington Friday, the 4th, I came that day to Philadelphia, and the next to New York, and staying on Sunday in that city, reached Boston Monday evening,

* Honorable John P. Healy. † Mr. Edward Curtis.

the 7th, feeling tolerably well. Tuesday, the 8th, I was to have gone into State street to meet the people, but did not find myself well enough. The next day, Wednesday, I came down to my house, a good deal sick, and have hardly been out of doors from that day to this. My catarrh has held on uncommonly, and for three or four days last week, I was quite ill with it, so much so, that I called in a physician. Very sensibly, he recommends nothing but rest, patience, and herb teas. It is usual enough for the disease in its last stages to assume the form of a kind of asthmatic cough. This I have had, and hope I am now nearly over it. To-day the weather is cold, the skies bright, and every thing out doors looks well, and I hope to go over the farm. To-morrow the Turkish commissioner and suite are to be here, and I have asked some friends to meet them. It is difficult entertaining a guest, with whom one cannot exchange a word, and whose habits and wants are so unknown. We shall take care to keep all swine's flesh out of his sight; give him beef, poultry, and rice, and let him get on as well as he can, having always coffee in plenty.

Of political occurrences, and the political state of things in New York, and further south, your information is, of course, fuller and fresher than mine. In New England, affairs and opinions stand thus:

All true Whigs are not only satisfied, but gratified with every thing done by you, since the commencement of your administration. Men of property and business feel a degree of confidence and security, which it is certain they did not feel under the late administration. Indeed, I am at a loss to account for that want of confidence which appears to have prevailed. A gentleman of discernment said to me in Boston, that within a week after you had taken the chair, men met together, and, without saying a word, sufficiently manifested to one another, that, in their judgment, a highly important and conservative change had taken place.

The respectable portion of the Democratic party incline to treat the administration with respect.

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Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Elms Farm, October 23, 1850.
Wednesday morning, half-past seven o'clock.

My dear Friend,—The morning is damp, and I am not out early as usual. A dense fog lies all along the valley of the river, so heavy that I can scarcely see Mr. Noyes's house. John says the wind is in the right quarter, and that the sun will show his face by nine or ten o'clock.

I drove over the hills, thirty miles yesterday before dinner, and in the afternoon had an entertaining visit from Governor Hill. He was quite agreeable. We talked no politics, but he is a most intelligent farmer, and we had much to say about cattle, potatoes, &c.

I am rather looking for Mrs. Webster to-day, with Miss Downs, and Mr. Chew, for a call; to return to-morrow.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

My wagon is harnessed, and as soon as the sun appears, I go forth.

Yours, always truly,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Franklin, October 24, 1850.

Dear Fletcher,—I have yours of the 22d. I am growing so fat here, I hate to think of leaving. My cough spasms are pretty much gone off. I am out doors all day, if it be a fair day, and I am getting to be hungry. At least, I can sit at table, amid the odor of viands, while other people eat, which I could not do a month ago. I shall stay as long as I can. Evidently, the air suits my case. I hear no news, I read no newspapers.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Franklin, October 24, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I received yours of the 22d, yesterday, and it came in time, as our friend Pettes was here from Windsor. He came down to ask me to go to Montpelier, which I think I should do on Monday, if I could rely on the weather. But I am afraid. The weather seems changing, with a tendency to rain.

I like much the spirit of your advice, about keeping people away. In the forenoon, I do pretty well, when the weather is good, as I leave home at seven o'clock; nobody knowing where I am going, and often not knowing myself, and I do not return till two or three o'clock. But in the afternoon, they are often pressing. The day before yesterday, I lay down on the sofa after dinner, and told John Taylor to take the great kitchen tongs, stand at the door and defend the castle. When I rose, he reported that he had knocked down seventeen, some of whom he thought would be crippled for life.

I am much better than when I left Marshfield, whether it be the air and weather, or whether it be merely that the disease is at length going off. Nose and eyes are pretty well, and hardly any cough remains, and appetite has come back like a prowling hungry wolf.

Mrs. Webster, Miss Downs, and Mr. Chew came up yesterday, and go back to-morrow. I expect General Pierce, and some other friends from Concord to-morrow. Governor Hill has been to see me. I devoutly wish I could stay here till Christmas. We all send love to Mrs. Curtis.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. John Taylor says, remember me to Mr. Curtis.

MEMORANDUM,

WRITTEN AT THE DICTATION OF MR. WEBSTER BY MR. BLATCHFORD AT FRANKLIN, OCTOBER 29, 1850.

WILLIAM HOYT was for many years teacher of our country school in Salisbury. I do not call it village school, because there was at that time no village; and boys came to school in the winter, the only season in which schools were usually open, from distances of several miles, wading through the snow, or running upon its crust, with their curly heads of hair often whitened with frost from their own breath. I knew William Hoyt well, and every truant knew him. He was an austere man, but a good teacher of children. He had been a printer in Newburyport, wrote a very fair and excellent hand, was a good reader, and could teach boys, and did teach boys that which so few masters can, or will do, to read well themselves. Beyond this, and, perhaps, a very slight knowledge of grammar, his attainments did not extend. He had brought with him into the town a little property which he took very good care of. He rather loved money; of all the cases of nouns preferring the possessive. He also kept a little shop for the sale of various commodities, in the house exactly over the way from this. I do not know how old I was, but I remember having gone into his shop one day, and bought a small cotton pocket handkerchief with the constitution of the United States printed on its two sides. From this I first learned either that there was a constitution, or that there were thirteen States. I remember to have read it, and have known more or less of it ever since. William Hoyt and his wife lie buried in the graveyard under our eye, on my farm, near the graves of my own family. He left no children. I suppose that this little handkerchief was purchased about the time that I was eight years old, as I remember listening to the conversation of my father and Mr. Thompson upon political events, which happened in the year 1790.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Elms Farm, Sunday evening,
November 3, 1850, six o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I expect to take my leave of Franklin to-morrow morning, and the last thing I propose to do, is to write to you. I have now been here a fortnight, having arrived on Monday, the 21st of October. It is the longest visit which I have paid to my native place for many years, and it has been quite agreeable. It is hard to say when I shall look on these hills and vales again, for so many successive days.

Your visit is a marked part of the occasion, and I like to repeat the expression of the pleasure it has afforded me. I sometimes wonder that you should take any interest in those scenes or these things; but that you do is so much the better and the happier for me. You left me on Friday, the 1st of this month. I did not leave home on that day, as I had a good deal of company. Yesterday I was quite alone till afternoon, when I went to Boscawen, to see and take leave of my relatives. To-day the weather has been damp, threatening rain, and I have been out no further than to the barn. The clouds seem now dispersing themselves, and I look for a good day to-morrow. I duly received your note of Friday from Boston. The Union meeting was a stirring and spirited occasion, but what may be the end, I do not know. I expressed to you, you know, three weeks ago, my fears of a decisive split in the Whig party, and I now strongly fear that result. Nevertheless, my dear Sir, I go to Washington to stay for a longer or a shorter time, but determined to do my duty while I do stay. Of personal consequences, I grow every day more and more careless.

To-morrow is Amin Bey's dinner. Then I go to Marshfield for a day, and then South. I have been quite well since you left, though I must confess all the time melancholy, at leaving a place which is dear to my recollection, and which I cannot expect to see often. But away with low spirits. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

P. S. The stars are all out, but it is too warm for them to be very bright. The night is so perfectly still that one may hear

the trickling of the little brooks. Or else it is the fall in the Winnipiseogee, away up near "Tin Corner."

I have got 'em.*

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, November 5, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I left New Hampshire yesterday, having become free of disease, and well, except so far as this protracted catarrh has reduced me. I am quite aware how inconvenient my long absence is to you, and to the government, and sometimes feel, that as this illness is of annual recurrence, I ought to regard it as unfitting me for an office, the duties of which require constant attention; I must now go to Marshfield for a few days. When there a fortnight ago, I was hardly able to go out doors, and could do nothing about arranging my little affairs.

On public subjects things are here becoming quiet. The excitement caused by the Fugitive Slave Law is fast subsiding, and it is thought that there is now no probability of any resistance, if a fugitive should be arrested. Thousands of young men have tendered their services to the marshal at a moment's warning. There is an evident and a vast change of public opinion in this quarter since the adjournment of Congress.

There is much talk of a Union meeting, and a great desire to hold one. Very many persons have spoken to me on the subject, since my arrival yesterday. My opinion is, that such a meeting should be held, but that I should not attend it. My opinions are all known, and they may perhaps be topics of comment, before the meeting. Besides it is, I think, expedient to bring out new men. Mr. Gray, Mr. B. R. Curtis, &c., &c., and the people are also anxious to hear Mr. Choate's voice once

* During Mr. Blatchford's visit at Franklin, to which this letter alludes, Mr. Webster expressed much anxiety to find a pair of steel spectacles which his father had worn the last ten years of his life; he feared they were lost, but said he should devote a day to hunting for them; he found them, and told Mr. Blatchford of it by the words "I have got 'em."

more. To avoid misconstruction, I think the meeting will not be holden till after our election, on Monday next.

I look upon the result of our election, so far as respects governor, as very doubtful.

Yours always, truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. COLBY.

Marshfield, November 11, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 7th of this month.

Experience has long since taught me how useless it is to attempt to stop the allegations of political adversaries by denials of their statements.

For your sake, however, I will say, that my public speeches show my opinion to have been decidedly in favor of a proper, efficient, and well-guarded law, for the recovery of fugitive slaves; that while I was in the Senate, I proposed a bill, as is well known, with provisions different from those contained in the present law; that I was not a member of that body, when the present law passed; and that, if I had been, I should have moved, as a substitute for it, the bill proposed by myself.

I feel bound to add that, in my judgment, the present law is constitutional; and that all good citizens are bound to respect and obey it, just as freely and readily as if they had voted for it themselves. If experience shall show that, in its operation, the law inflicts wrong, or endangers the liberty of any whose liberty is secured by the Constitution, then Congress ought to be called on to amend or modify it. But, as I think, agitation on the subject ought to cease. We have had enough of strife on a single question, and that in a great measure merely theoretical. It is our duty, in my opinion, to attend to other great and practical questions, in which all parts of the country have an interest.

Yours, very respectfully,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE.)

Boston, November 13, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—I took leave of Marshfield yesterday, not without regret. The trees were leafless, but the fields were green, and the sea was calm as summer.

Among the things which detained me, was the seeing to the completion of a vault or tomb, for the deposit of me and mine.

I have lost one wife and three children. Their remains are now under a church in this city, which the progress of change is very likely ere long to remove.

At Marshfield, by my own land, on the margin of the upland, is a spot on which a party of pilgrims from Plymouth, erected a church, in the very earliest period of the colony; and here is the ancient burial-ground. It is quiet, and secure against change, and not far from my house.

To this spot I shall be taken not many years hence, and those loved ones, whose spirits have gone before me to another world, will be gathered around me.

I dwell on these things without pain. I love to see a cheerful old age; but there is nothing I should dread more than a thoughtless, careless, obtuse mind, near the end of life. Of course, it makes no difference in our future state, on which spot we mingle again with our parent earth; but it sobers the mind, I think, and leads us to salutary reflections, to contemplate our last resting-place.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MESSRS. RANDALL AND OTHERS.

Boston, November 14, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th of this month, inviting me, on behalf of the friends of the Constitution and the Union, without distinction of party, resident in the city and county of Philadelphia, to attend a public meeting in that city on the 21st instant. I most sincerely wish that it was in my power to attend that meeting. That great central city is not only full of the friends of the Constitution, but full, also, of recollections connected with its adoption, and other great events in our history. In Philadelphia the first revolutionary Congress assembled. In Philadelphia the Declaration of Independence was made. In Philadelphia the Constitution was formed, and received the signatures of Washington and his associates; and now, when

there is a spirit abroad evidently laboring to effect the separation of the Union, and the subversion of the Constitution, Philadelphia, of all places, seems the fittest for the assembling together of the friends of that Constitution, and that Union, to pledge themselves to one another and to the country to the last extremity.

My public duties, gentlemen, require my immediate presence in Washington; and for that reason, and that alone, I must deny myself the pleasure of accepting your invitation.

I have the honor, gentlemen, to be, with great regard, your fellow-citizen and humble servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To JOSIAH RANDALL, ISAAC HAZLEHURST, ROBERT M. LEE, C. INGERSOLL, JNO. W. FORNEY, JOHN S. RIDDLE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MESSRS. LATHROP AND OTHERS.

Boston, November 14, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—I am under great obligations for the letter received from you, expressing your approbation of the sentiments contained in my letter to the Union meeting at Castle Garden.

The longer I live, the more warmly am I attached to the happy form of government under which we live. It is certain that, at the present time, there is a spirit abroad which seeks industriously to undermine that government. This, of course, will be denied, and denied by those whose constant effort is to inspire the North with hatred towards the South, and the South with hatred toward the North; and it is time for all true patriots to make a united effort, in which I shall most cordially join, not only to resist open schemes of disunion, but to eradicate its spirit from the public mind.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with great regard, your obliged fellow-citizen and humble servant,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

To MESSRS. F. S. LATHROP, CHAS. G. CARLETON, PETER S. DUNER, GENARD HALLOCK, Committee, New York.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, November 28, 1850. Thanksgiving morning, six o'clock.

JOHN TAYLOR,—I have received your letters with the accounts, &c., all right. The steers did not bring so much money as I hoped they would, but we could not do any better.

Have the railroad people done any thing about the meadow? If not, I shall direct a suit to be brought immediately. I shall not speak to them again about the matter.

You have done very well as to ploughing; but I think likely enough you may plough more yet, as the weather is still so mild. I shall be glad to have a particular account of the cattle, after you have got them all into their proper "departments." I hope my team, the six four-year olds, will be so kept as to grow a good deal. Put them often enough in the yoke to break them well, so that either pair of them may handle a cart next spring first rate. I think your team a very good one; the old oxen, the starred steers, and the lop-horns.

You must scrape up a little manure from your door, or the barnyard, for the old orchard, next spring, and we must plant some more trees in it.

You have not sent me yet the measurement of the ploughed field. Please have that attended to.

I hope your family are all well, and that you have a good turkey for dinner to-day.

Your friend, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, December 7, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Please send six selected ears of our corn to "Dr. John C. Warren, Park street, Boston," by Sprague and Jones, and pay the freight. If you have any with husks on, braid them up handsomely.

The weather has turned cold, and I reckon your hogs and beef cattle will now be slaughtered. During the late long duration of eastern weather I have thought often of kelp.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO DR. WARREN.

Washington, December 7, 1850.

My dear Sir,—I have been impatient for a week to find time to thank you, as I now most sincerely do, for the part you bore in the great Union meeting; and congratulate you also on your distinguished success. Your speech will be read all over the country. It is short, full of sense and matter, and touching, and pathetic. I was at Mr. Seaton's two days after the speech arrived, and he said he had read it four times already, and rising from his chair, he read it again, with evident emotion. It is truly an important thing, for the country and for yourself.

The whole character of the meeting was excellent. The more elaborate speeches are greatly commended in this quarter, and we hope to circulate all the proceedings of the meeting extensively.

Yours, truly and sincerely,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, December 10, 1850,
Department of State, three o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I am glad you like the message,—it seems generally acceptable, and I hope may do good. I regret that some of our New York Whigs still insist that the late measures cannot allay the excitement on the slave question. To say they cannot, is much the same as to say they shall not. To declare that slavery is unreasonable, that it is too exigent, that it cannot and will not be appeased, what is this but to instigate renewed agitation, to keep the angry controversy still up?

The South finds itself still exasperated, and as it thinks, insulted, by terms of contumely and reproach, and Northern fanatics are encouraged to pour forth, more and more, their loathsome ebullitions. I am sick at heart when I see eminent and able men, fall into such a train of thought and expression. Burke says, that in cases of domestic disturbance, peace is to be

sought in the spirit of peace. Other oracles nowadays prevail, and we seem to expect to obtain the return of domestic peace by the continuance of reciprocal assault, affront, and contumely. But enough of this. The peace of the country to a considerable extent will be restored, whoever assists, or whoever opposes.

I want to see you very much, on three or four things. Come as soon as you can.

It is too dark to see, and so I have made a blunder, in writing on two sheets. I have made many greater blunders.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, December 29, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—You seem to be doing well with the kelp, and I leave it all with you. If we could have foreseen that we could have got two or three hundred loads, I should have put it on the Weston lot.

You have received the letter about guano. You see that the land ought to be reduced to a pulverized state, before guano can be useful. The question is, can you plough the Weston field and Black Mount, and get them early enough, in a proper condition for guano, next spring? I suppose guano would have excellent effect, where we propose to sow wheat and rye, with clover, where the corn grew this year; and I suppose, also, that if the turnip land were ploughed in the spring, and ploughed again at the proper time for sowing, it would be in excellent condition to receive guano. Indeed, I regard every ploughing as equal to a small coat of manure.

If we use guano for wheat, and rye, and turnip, we shall have some ashes. How have we used ashes on corn land? And with what effect?

As to the potato field, if we cannot bring it early enough to a proper state for guano, we will use lime and plaster, put into the hill after the New Hampshire fashion.

Guano is expensive, and it will not be wise to buy more than can be used with the best advantage. We have had good success with bone dust, and I am willing to try that if you think best. Think of all these things. Will it not be well to be get-

ting a quantity of lime and plaster, in these days of leisure, and putting them safely away.

It will be well to sell the steers, the yellow ones, and other cattle, too, if you are offered good prices. Your stock is eating a good deal of hay. Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

Washington, December 29, 1850.

DEAR MRS. PAIGE,—I sit down to write a letter, partly diplomatic and partly historical. The subject is Tripe,—T. R. I. P. E. Your husband remembers Mrs. Hayman, who was Mrs. Blake's cook. Excelling others in all else, she excelled herself in a dish of tripe. I do not know that her general genius exceeded that of Monica McCarty; but in this production she was more exact, more artistical; she gave to the article, not only a certain *gout*, which gratified the most fastidious, but an expression also, an air of *haut ton*, as it lay presented on the table, that assured one that he saw before him something from the hand of a master.

Tradition, it is said, occasionally hands down the practical arts with more precision and fidelity than they can be transmitted by books, from generation to generation; and I have thought it likely that your Lydia may have caught the tact of preparing this inimitable dish. I entertain this opinion on two grounds; first, because I have been acquainted with very respectable efforts of hers, in that line; second, because she knows Mr. Paige's admirable connoisseurship, and can determine, by her quick eye, when the dish comes down from the table, whether the contents have met his approbation.

For these reasons, and others, upon which it is not necessary for the undersigned to enlarge, he is desirous of obtaining Lydia's receipt for a dish of tripe, for the dinner-table. Mrs. Hayman's is before my eyes. Unscathed by the frying-pan, it was white as snow; it was disposed in squares, or in parallelograms, of the size of a small sheet of ladies' note paper; it was tender as jelly; beside it stood the tureen of melted butter, a dish of mealy potatoes, and the vinegar cruet. Can this spec-

tacle be exhibited in the Vine Cottage, on Louisiana Avenue, in the City of Washington?

Yours truly, always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Tripe; the Etymon is the Greek word Τρέπειν, to "turn; to wind," from its involutions, not the same as "Tripod," which means "having three feet;" nor the same as trip, which is from the Latin, "tripudiare," to strike the feet upon the ground; sometimes to stumble, sometimes to go nimbly; to "trip it on the light fantastic toe."

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, January 2, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Put the Stevens oxen on meal at once, and kill them on Wednesday, the 15th day of this month, at eight o'clock in the morning. Put up one half barrel of the best pieces, in a nice half barrel. Cure it well, with salt, brown sugar, and saltpetre.

Do not put in much salt. We can repack the pork in the spring. It may be sent to me through Mr. Appleton.

Kill the hogs next Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, and fill my tubs. Let there be a parcel of butt ends, which I can call for hereafter.

Fletcher has been sick. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. NESMITH.

Washington, January 3, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—Your friend Fowler, being a good Union man, is safe.

John Taylor ploughed up fifteen or twenty acres of land, in my south pasture, last fall, intended for potatoes, turnips, &c. I do not propose to draw any barn manure on to the land, but have been thinking of using a little guano. I doubt, however, whether the land will be in a condition for the profitable appli-

cation of guano, by the time the potatoes should be planted. I am, therefore, thinking of adopting your method, of putting into each hill, lime and plaster; and the object of this letter is, to inquire as to the quantity of these ingredients respectively, which ought to be put into each hill. At your leisure, give me a note on this subject, and be as precise as you can.

There is nothing particularly interesting here. We are well, and keep as quiet as we can.

Yours truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, January 5, 1851.

[Six o'clock,—a bright twilight just appearing, though hardly visible.]

MY DEAR SIR,—We shall now look for you and Mrs. Blatchford with strong expectations. The weather is good, and I think you will get along comfortably. Congress and the court will all be at work this week, and you and Mrs. Blatchford will find something to amuse you.

You mentioned some weeks ago, that you thought the fee in the passenger cause might now be collected perhaps; and I think suggested that some portion of it was already in Mr. Minturn's hands. The amount, as you know, was advanced to me by Mr. Grinnell, Mr. Curtis, and yourself. I should be exceedingly glad if the advance could be refunded, as I am quite desirous of settling up all such things as fast as I can. Perhaps you might say a word to Mr. Minturn on the subject, although I do not wish and could not consent to give him any trouble.

Mrs. Webster and myself are quite well, Mr. Curtis as well as usual, or better, and Mrs. Curtis in good health.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, January 8, 1851.

My dear Sir,—A new edition of my Speeches is about to be published, probably by Little and Brown. Mr. Curtis and another friend in New York, with Mr. Paige and Mr. G. W. Gordon, have bought Mr. Tappan's plates and all his pretence of right to publish the Speeches, and these gentlemen have undertaken to get out the new edition.

It would gratify them much, if you should be able to add something to the Biographical Notice, which is now to be found, I think, at the beginning of the second volume.*

For my own part, I do not wish to see published with the Speeches any life written in a very popular air, or attempted to be enlivened by variety of incident or anecdote. Your own temperate and chaste manner of composition, with your knowledge of the subject, would enable you to prepare such a notice as would be the most gratifying to me. But I am afraid that even this would be too much to be required of you.

I return you Dr. Holland's (now Sir Henry Holland's) letter. His letters are all agreeable.

Yours truly always,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. MERRILL.

Washington, January 10, 1851.

My dear old Friend and Classmate,—I enclose you two small recent productions, one of my lips, and one of my pen. But my purpose in writing this letter, is to thank you for yours, of the 30th of July, so long unanswered yet never forgotten. I read the "Review," both the parts marked, and the parts unmarked, with much interest and satisfaction.

No doubt, my dear Sir, that Christianity is a religion of peace; that its tendency is to put an end to wars, among men,

* Written by Mr. Everett for the second volume of the original edition.

by exterminating the passions from which wars and fightings come.

I assure you, my dear old friend, that I hear from you with pleasure. You are no shepherd, and certainly I am no king. But we are friends, born in the same country, about the same age, and educated at the same college. We embraced different professions, which we have pursued now for a long time, and Providence has graciously blessed us both with a great share of health and happiness. At our time of life the mind often turns to the past. I find that I think now much more frequently than twenty or thirty years ago, on college scenes and college friends. I look over the catalogue, call to mind the dead, and inquire after the living. I well remember that I did not keep up with you in the stated course of collegiate exercises. Your lessons were better learned, and you were a great favorite with Professor Smith, and the other members of the authority, from the exact punctuality of all your performances. I believe I was less industrious; at any rate, I indulged more in general reading, and my attainments, if I made any, were not such as told for much in the recitation room. After leaving college, I "caught up," as the boys say, pretty well in Latin; but in college and afterwards, I left Greek to Loveland, and mathematics to Shattuck. Would that I had pursued Greek, till I could read and understand Demosthenes in his own language!

I shall always be happy to hear from you, my dear Sir, and hope we may, ere long, meet again, either on Otter Creek or the Merrimack, or in Marshfield.

Your old, attached, and affectionate friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. ADAMS.

Washington, January 12, 1851. Sunday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I rise early this morning, to enjoy the heavenly light of a bright and early sun, and the far greater light of revealed truth as displayed in your admirable discourse, on "Christianity and Civil Government," and I have been richly repaid. This discourse is so full of thought, so clear in its style and

expression, and so powerful in its truth, that no man can read it, as it seems to me, without improvement. Truth is not only powerful, according to the common proverb, but it sometimes is touching. Naked truth is often pathetic, and comes home to men's bosoms with a power beyond poetry. Such are the short sentences in the Sermon on the Mount; such are many of the injunctions and aphorisms, so to call them, of St. Paul, notwithstanding he sometimes argues so deeply, and even critically. Following these great examples, and in the fulness of their spirit, are many sentences in your discourse, particularly on pages 26, 27, 28.

You see therefore, my dear Sir, that I do not agree with you that the only merit of your discourse is, that it was the first, in the order of time, which the northern pulpit gave forth, in obedience to law.

It has that merit, indeed, but it has others, and those eminent. I wish every reading man in the country could have a copy.

I am proud that any thing which I have said should remind you of Pliny; and I pray your acceptance of the two little productions, enclosed herewith.

I remain with most sincere respect, your friend and obedient,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, January 21, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am afraid it is quite presumptuous in me, to make the request suggested in Mr. Curtis's note; but the matter is of so much importance, that I venture upon it. Some notes are already prepared; one by Mr. Ticknor, on the Plymouth discourse; one by the late Benjamin Merrill, on the speech on Knapp's trial; one by G. W. Marston, on the speech in defence of the Kennisons; and several unimportant ones by myself. The work will need exactly what you state, "some historical and explanatory notes." Most of those yet to be written. You could write more easily and better than anybody else. Some I could write myself. I propose certainly to write over every thing which has not been revised by myself.

That you may judge a little what I propose to do, I will send you in a day or two the Plymouth discourse, with some notes and a dedication of the first volume.

Yours most truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. EDWARD CURTIS TO MR. WEBSTER.

(Enclosed in the foregoing.)

Near Quigley's January 21, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—It looks to me, looking at Mr. Everett's note, as if he would not decline to take charge of the publication of Webster's Speeches. If he would, then all is accomplished. But perhaps you have some other person in view, in Boston.

E. C.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 3, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sit down this evening with Fletcher and Mr. Abbot, a friend from the Department, to state my thoughts on the order or arrangement of my works.

I incline to put as No. 1, what stands on the proposals as No. 3; Addresses, Orations, and so on.

Several or many of these are contained in the three published volumes. A list of these Mr. Abbot will make out chronologically, and send you.

Then come productions of this nature since 1840, not included in the three published volumes. These together will make probably three volumes.

Some of my productions are partly legal and partly academical; as for instance the defence of the Christian ministry, which may either go into this first part or among the law arguments. There may be others of an ambiguous nature, in this respect.

Many that are in a pamphlet form have never been carefully revised by me. Many are in the form which they received from the reporter, and as they were published in newspapers. Many of these must be omitted if the publication is to be comprised

in six volumes, and they well may be omitted, as being loose and ill-considered.

Some of them, if inserted, must be rewritten by me. After no little conversation this evening, we have come to the following conclusion :—

Mr. George J. Abbot is a graduate of Harvard of the year 1835. He has followed the business of an instructor in this city for many years, and now has a place in the Department of State. He has classical knowledge, and is scholarlike and accurate.

I propose to put all my speeches, arguments, orations, and dissertations into his hands, and that he proceed to Boston and Cambridge therewith, and there remain so long as may be necessary for the preparation of my works for the press. At any rate, he will stay long enough to relieve you from a great portion of the hard work. As to notes, in addition to what are already prepared, I must rely on you.

George Washington Warren promised me a good note on the subject of the monument, to accompany the speech of 1843.

I have made a short note to the speech in reply to Mr. Hayne; perhaps your own recollection, aided by Mr. March's book, would enable you to make a good note to that speech, which must be regarded as No. 1, among my political efforts.

Further to-morrow; and meanwhile I am, my dear Sir, as always, yours sincerely,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 3, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I prefer that the first volume should contain the Addresses, &c., being No. 3 of the proposed order. But I will write you more fully to-morrow.

Yours, very truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 4, 1851.

My dear Mr. Everett,—We got up a hurried letter to you last evening, in Fletcher's chirography. This morning I write principally to express the gratification I feel at your undertaking to superintend the publication of my volumes. I feel now as if the work would be well done; yet I fear the undertaking may prove too laborious.

Mr. Abbot is a diligent, modest, and amiable man, and will be glad to take all the labor he can off your hands.

I have some doubts about the title. It is too long; and besides, "forensic" is a hard word. "Arguments," usually signify addresses made to the courts. What we say to a jury is commonly in England called a "speech," or an address. It is worth considering whether the title might better be "The speeches and writings of D. W."

The short speeches in the three volumes are called "Remarks," because they are short. I think that in some of the editions of Burke's speeches the same distinction prevails, and that short speeches are called "remarks."

Some of the law arguments may probably as well be omitted, and also some of the smaller speeches on finance, &c.

I shall immediately take up the three volumes for perusal.

Yours, truly always,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

February 3, 1851.

My dear Sir,—You will receive the suggestion which I am about to make as being unexpected.

I look upon the Nicaragua Mission, and all the Nicaraguan affairs, as being, at this moment, the most delicate and important point in our foreign relations. Among all who are applying for appointments abroad, members of Congress, and others, I do not know a man whom I think qualified to be Chargé d'Affaires at Nicaragua. We are in danger of collision with England,

and of entanglements, on the other hand, with these little republics.

At the same time, the amount of transit of goods and passengers across the Isthmus, at this point, is very large and fast increasing. We need a well-informed, safe, sound, and accomplished political agent; and the best qualified man I know is William Hunter, one of the senior clerks in this Department. Mr. Hunter is about forty years old, belongs to Rhode Island, and is a sober, clear-headed, hard-working man. He was originally well educated, has been in this Department a good while, and for ten years or more has had charge of all the correspondence with the South American States. He reads and speaks Spanish well. All the South American Legations here, know him, and regard him highly. He is perfectly familiar with the constitutions, interests, and objects of all these American States, from Mexico to Buenos Ayres. If he were at Nicaragua, I should feel perfectly confident that no European agent, and no American government or minister, would obtain any advantage over him, or be able to lead him into any act of imprudence.

As to political effect, I know nothing to be expected from his appointment, but the general satisfaction which the selection of a person purely from considerations of capacity and fitness would give to the country.

All this is merely for your consideration. Of course I have said nothing of it to Mr. Hunter himself, nor has any such idea, I presume, ever entered his mind.

Yours truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. McGAW TO MR. WEBSTER.

Bangor, February 6, 1851.

HON. DAN'L WEBSTER,—I was very glad to receive a copy of your speech at New York, together with a copy of your correspondence with the Austrian Chargé. Please accept my very hearty thanks for them. The manifestation of your friendly remembrance is exceedingly gratifying to me.

The fact of your gradation from the level of your youthful companions to the greatest elevation that man is capable of attaining without the least change of the kindest feelings towards them, binds those companions to you by a tie that nothing but death can dissolve, or even relax.

Now for poor Hülsemann one word. I certainly should pity him, if you had left a remnant of him of sufficient size to affix any thing like compassion upon. But he is consumed, entirely consumed.

Allow me to ask if you shall come North during the ensuing summer? If so, I dare not quite hope that you will reach Bangor, though your presence would gladden many a heart. But if you shall journey northwardly, can you tell me about when and where it may be? Having nothing else to do, I might choose (if it please Providence to spare my life) to drop upon your track, somewhere, just long enough to say once more, "How do you do?"

Most respectfully, dear Sir, your very devoted friend and servant,

JACOB MCGAW.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 8, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 6th, and very much like all its suggestions. Let the title be "Works, &c."

I will look over letters from eminent individuals and send you several. I think Mr. Abbot will set forth on Tuesday.

We saw your children on the 6th. All well. We consider them a junior branch of our family. They are quite important to us.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WM. M. RICHARDS AND OTHERS TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, February 14, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—A number of the citizens of New York, without distinction of party, beg leave, through the undersigned, to ask your acceptance of a carriage, harness, and horses, which have been selected for you as a small token of the high estimation in which they hold your long course of public services in the councils of the nation, as the expounder of the Constitution, and the defender of the Union.

It must be a source of great gratification to you, to know that, in the crisis which has just passed, your bold and manly course in espousing the great cause of the Union, and its recent compromise, at the peril of loss of favor with a section of that party with which you have ever acted, and whose principles you have ever maintained, has met with the warm approval and cordial support of your countrymen at large.

That your valuable life may be long spared to your family and your country, is the ardent wish of your friends, whom we represent, and of ourselves.

We are, dear Sir, your obedient servants,

WM. M. RICHARDS, CHAS. A. STETSON,
SAM'L E. SPROULLS, CHAS. W. A. RODGERS.

Honorable DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PLUMER.

Washington, February 14, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I wish it were in my power to find time to write or speak of your father, and gather up the recollections which I have of him. But in truth, my time at present is absolutely and altogether devoted to public duties.

I knew your father very well from 1801 to 1817, when I left the State. The first time I saw him was at Mr. Peabody's, in Exeter, where he took the lead in a table conversation, upon the merits and demerits of Gibbon's History of the Decline and

Fall of the Roman Empire. I remember also his speaking of the Edinburgh Review, and Mr. Jeffrey, both just then becoming conspicuous. He left the Senate, I think, in 1807. We did not agree upon the embargo policy of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, and the subsequent war with England. But I do not suppose that we ever differed upon any other important practical questions, nor upon any great constitutional question.

I expect to be in Boston about the 1st of April or the latter part of March. If you could conveniently meet me there, I would cheerfully pass an hour or two with you, in stating what I recollect of him, and expressing the opinion which I entertain of his talents and character.

I remain, very truly, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 16, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Your letters are regularly received. You have hauled home a good many ashes, but you do not say where you have placed them. You can tell me where they are, and how many bushels.

My present idea is, that if I can obtain good Peruvian guano at a reasonable rate, I will obtain some tons of it, and use it at Marshfield.

1. Spread it at the rate of three or four hundred pounds to the acre, on Black Mount, plough it in pretty deep, and as early as possible; then plant the potatoes, putting lime and plaster into each hill, according to Mr. Nesmith's letter.

2. To plough it in at the same rate per acre, on the south half of the Peach orchard, and sow wheat. The north half may be manured with ashes, and sown with rye. We shall then have a fair trial between ashes and guano.

I do not know what to do for the corn land, unless we plough in bone dust, about forty bushels to the acre, and plant with lime and plaster in the hill.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, March 9, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your brother's letter, which I should like to keep in the Department. I thank you also for your short note received to-day. I keep it for the warmth and strength of its expression.

I have a reply from Vienna, very amiable. To-morrow or next day will be published a despatch to Mr. Marsh respecting Kossuth. Yours, D. Webster.

To Richard Milford Blatchford, towards whom my feelings, founded in regard, have grown into affection.

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 12, 1851.

Dear Fletcher,—I understand that our neighbor, Mr. Waterman, furnishes Boston bakers, or roasters, which have machinery by which the spit is turned while the meat is roasting. I wish you would inquire, and if such an article is to be had, send me a good one.

It ought to be open, for the admission of air, on both sides.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, March 12, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I am tired of sitting, and Mr. Sargent writes this note, while I am acting the part of a peripatetic philosopher. You will find herein a certain document, defunct and obliterated.

The weather is very fine, and I am very well. Morgan is here, and when I am in the saddle on his back, I am far from being motionless. The Morgan horse is a cross between a Normandy

horse, now spread all over Canada, and the English blood horse; it has the sloping hip, and strong shoulder, and crooked hind leg, and broad shin of Normandy, with the spirit of the English hunter. Its *chef-d'œuvre* is best performed in a single wagon. In two respects he resembles the Narraganset horse, to wit, he has a broad spread nostril, and great breadth between the eyes; the line from the top of his head along his mane, and back to his hips, is nearly straight; on a level road, therefore, his draught is parallel to the surface of the ground. Whereas a horse, who carries his head very high, though the ground be level, is constantly pulling up hill. So much for Morgan, and a dissertation on horses. If you wish to see a perfectly graphic thing on such a subject, turn to Walter Scott's description of Lord Marmion's horse flying from Flodden Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are well; we had a very pleasant dinner there yesterday, with Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Aspinwall, and Miss Mary Scott. Mrs. Webster and I hope to see the same company to-day, at five o'clock, partaking of a Potomac shad, and some other *provant* or other *vivres*, at our house in Louisiana avenue.

When you think of it, tell me who is successor to Brigham. And here, my dear Sir, I stop from walking and talking.

Yours, always most truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Franklin, March 15, 1851.

MR WEBSTER, DEAR SIR,—Our winter appears to be breaking up. For the last three days the snow has been settled, so that we can see bare ground once more. On the hills it looks reviving. I am in hopes in one month from this day, we can plough and draw manure.

Last Wednesday, I went to vendue, in Andover, at the Emery Farm, where you bought some apples several years ago, near what is called the Boy's Back, and the great cut for the railroad.

I bought eight tons of first quality of English hay. Friday and Saturday I drew it all home. I have got to pay for it

seven dollars per ton. The great oxen, I mean our gray and red ones, six years old this spring, have not been yoked for two months; they never should be again. They are in good order now; turn them out and let them go for beef?

I will tell you what I would like, if you think you can possibly do it.

Captain James Mastin of Andover, a man who you know very well, has a nice pair of five-years old, that are just right; both dark red; girth, six feet ten inches; horns just alike, and they are right all over. I can buy them now for just one hundred and five dollars. I think they are worth as much as your Frost steers. They will weigh alive three thousand pounds. I wish I knew to-day Mr. Webster's mind. I would have the Mastin oxen in my great barn before the sun goes down. I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Webster; I will go up to Captain Mastin's and get the refusal of them for one week; if you should conclude to buy them, you will please let me know by return of mail. All well.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 18, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—Three things: 1. Have you all got well? 2. How does your pork hold out? I could send half a barrel, clear and first best, to a friend if requested? 3. I wish to know the exact measure of each of my six oxen; my own team.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MESSRS. RICHARDS AND OTHERS.

Washington, March 21, 1851.

GENTLEMEN,—On the receipt of your letter of the 14th of February, I deemed it advisable to postpone an answer until the carriage, harness, and horses should arrive here. They came on, and were received, all sound and in good order, in the early part of this month. Unfortunately, I failed as well at my own house

as at other places, in various attempts to see Mr. Wood, who brought on the carriage, so that I only had one short interview with him; and the pressure of affairs at the breaking up of Congress, and until the final adjournment of the Senate, has obliged me to put off until to-morrow, every thing not absolutely necessary to be done to-day.

And now, gentlemen, I have to thank you for your costly and handsome present. The carriage itself is thought to be as elegant as any ever seen in the country. It appears to be of exquisite workmanship, and is rich without being gaudy. It is very commodious, and its motion pleasant and agreeable.

The horses attached to the carriage are, I think, quite worthy of it. They are certainly uncommonly handsome, and their travelling and action very fine. On the whole, gentlemen, I rather fear that this equipage is too splendid and superb for a plain farmer of Marshfield; but as it has been your pleasure to make me so very valuable a gift, I accept it with all thankfulness, and shall always regard it as the measure, not of my merit, but of your bounty and munificence.

But, gentlemen, I am more deeply your debtor for the estimation in which you are pleased to hold my public services in the counsels of the country. If I have attempted to expound the Constitution, I have attempted to expound that which I have studied with diligence and veneration from my early manhood to the present day. If I have endeavored to defend and uphold the Union of the States, it is because my fixed judgment and my unalterable affections have impelled me, and still impel me, to regard that Union as the only security for general prosperity and national glory. Yes, gentlemen, the Constitution and the Union! I place them together. If they stand, they must stand together; if they fall they must fall together. They are the images which present to every American his surest reliance, and his brightest hopes. If they perish in my day or afterwards, I shall still leave, in the history of the times, my own deep, heartfelt and engrossing conviction that they are among the greatest political blessings ever bestowed by Providence on man; and that if, in any course of disastrous events, such as may happen to all human institutions, they should become severed and broken, even their history and their memories will constitute a track of light, upon which all lovers of human liberty, in after

times, may gaze with admiration. Yes, gentlemen! Union and the Constitution!

> "Fortunati ambo! Si quid mea carmina possunt
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.
> Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
> Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit."

I was not unaware, gentlemen, on the morning of the 7th of March last year, that I was entering upon a duty which, as you suggest, might bring into peril that favor which had been long shown me by that political party whose general principles I had for a long time steadily maintained. A crisis had arrived in which it did not become me, as I thought, to be indifferent and to do nothing. Still less did it become me to act a part which should inflame sectional animosities, tend to destroy all genuine American feeling, and shake the fabric of the government to its foundation. I was willing to trust and am still willing to trust for the vindication of my motives, to the intelligent men of my party and of all parties. I should indeed have been wholly unworthy of that character, which it is my highest ambition to maintain among my countrymen, if I had allowed any personal peril to bear with the weight of a feather against my profound sense of public duty. Whatever may now happen, I shall meet it with a clear conscience, and a fixed purpose; and while acting in full coöperation with the great mass of our fellow citizens, who hold the same sentiments that you hold, I shall fear nothing.

I am, gentlemen, your obliged friend and fellow-citizen,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Messrs. WM. M. RICHARDS, SAMUEL C. SPROULLS, CHARLES A. STETSON, CHARLES W. A. ROGERS.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, March 21, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Abbot is right. I did repeat the words. I did say, "Let it rise, let it rise, till it meet, &c."

I have no objection to have the second Bunker Hill oration immediately follow the first, and this again to be followed by whatever part you think it worth while to publish of my article

in the North American Review. I presume you would hardly think of publishing it all. I looked over a few of the first pages the other day, and thought they read well.

I suppose you will prepare a note, more or less extended, from Mr. Frothingham's book.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 27, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I send you a draft for two hundred dollars. You shall not have another cent until turnip-picking time, unless you can sell cattle or something else to get it by; this is positive and no mistake.

We must sell a good many young cows; you may keep the white-faced oxen one year more, and you shall have at least one pair of five-year old oxen, large and well trained, from John Taylor.

I leave this city for the North on the 1st of April, but may not get to Marshfield till the 8th or 9th. I hope the ploughs will begin to move soon.

I wish Mr. Weston to get out the largest of the small boats, repair, caulk, and paint it, at once; so that, if the weather be fair, I can catch one codfish.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, [March 28, 1851,] Friday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have nothing from you to-day and am besides a little out of sorts. I am a little overworked. Yesterday over my table from nine to four, and then four hours in the evening in my study, upon an embarrassing Mexican correspondence. The day is fine, I mean to mount Morgan, in ten minutes, and take the air. Business seems to press quite as hard as when Congress was here; but I will break off and go North, next Tuesday, if I am well. I want to see the sea; I

want to see Mr. Blatchford pull in a great cod; I want to see Mr. Baker's Alderney cows.

I have directed a boat to be made ready. We will hope that the skies may be propitious in the first ten or twelve days in April, so that we two, and Durf Hatch, and Dwelly Baker, may be on Ned's Ground, some warm, still, smoky day.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Saturday.

PORTER WRIGHT,—While the weather holds good, keep the plough going. It would be a great thing to conquer Goatem Hill this fall. You will still have ploughing enough to do next spring.

When you have got the turnips all home, perhaps you can put on two teams. You will be obliged to draw off the turnip tops on account of the young trees, in the new belt.

Look well to the calves in the orchard.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

New York, April 7, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope to arrive to-morrow evening at Boston, with Mrs. Webster, and to go to Marshfield on the afternoon of Wednesday. I hope nobody will turn out at Boston to give me any reception. If the people wish to see me, I will meet them on my return from Marshfield, where my stay will be short. It is too early to look for pleasant weather on the coast, and I shall get back to Washington as soon as I conveniently can. When the weather gets warmer, I hope to have a little time at home. I shall see you, I trust, to-morrow evening.

Yours, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Green Harbor, April 13, one o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—The meeting is, I presume, to come off on Thursday. So I understand, although as yet I have not received the official document.

We are quite well. Mr. Appleton and his two oldest children are with us.

The weather is too cold and windy for any thing but reading, writing, and talking.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, April 15, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was very glad to receive your letter last evening, and to learn that there was nothing occurring of particular urgency at Washington. Although the weather has been cold and wet, nearly all the time I have been here, yet, I leave with regret, and should be tempted to prolong my stay, if there were not to be an occasion likely to call me from Washington again, soon. About the 10th or 15th of May the important suit between the Methodist Church and the Methodist Church South, is to come on for argument in the circuit court of the United States in the city of New York. I have been long engaged in the cause, and drew the original bill in favor of the Church South. I have been in hopes that the parties would be satisfied that Mr. Lord should take my place, with Mr. Reverdy Johnson, but they are not so inclined. Recent occurrences, perhaps, have contributed to lead to an undue estimation of the probable value of my services on the occasion. The division between North and South, you know, took place on the slavery question.

A suit, equally old, and of a similar nature, is on my hands in Massachusetts, to be tried the middle of June. It is between the Old School Quakers, and the Hicksites, so called, and the question is, which party is entitled to the funds and property.

I hope nothing may occur rendering my attention to these two things inconsistent with my public duties.

In the present state of our military means, it is to be feared we shall have trouble with Indians in the southwest. And though it is our duty to do all we can, with the means in our hands, yet it is necessary to remember also that the government will be pressed to raise volunteers, mounted men, &c., by those who would like the employment and the pay. I take it that a mounted man on the frontiers is a person exceedingly well paid for doing very little.

I go to Boston to-morrow, and expect to meet the people in Faneuil Hall on Thursday.

I am not surprised at what you say about the course of Mr. —— and his friends. They will probably attempt a denunciation of the compromise measures, in some way, but I think they will find themselves less strong than they imagine themselves to be. The case is a curious one. These gentlemen are willing and ready to express a hearty and conscientious approbation of, or at least acquiescence in, the compromise measures, provided only that certain office-holders be not disturbed. And, on the other hand, they are equally ready and willing to denounce these measures, heartily and conscientiously, if these office-holders should be disturbed.

I lament most deeply this schism among the New York Whigs, but I do not see how it could be avoided. At the same time, I think we have friends who are not only not discreet, but who attempt to use all their influence, whatever it is, to magnify themselves and to gain a triumph over their enemies. They wish to be the administration, at least, so far as New York is concerned. They require, in my opinion, sharp looking after.

I am, dear Sir, with true regard, always yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. GEORGE G. SMITH AND OTHERS.

Marshfield, April 15, 1851.

GENTLEMEN,—I duly received your letter of the 11th of this month, and had fully made up my mind to comply with your

invitation; for, although I have entertained no purpose of discussing further, at present, the political questions which have so much agitated the country, yet I could not deny myself the pleasure of meeting you and your fellow-citizens, for mutual congratulation upon our escape, so far, from dangers which, a year ago, seemed most seriously to threaten the very existence of our national institutions; and upon the prospect of an early return, in all parts of the country, of feelings of good-will and reciprocal regard.

But the newspapers of this afternoon inform me that the Board of Aldermen have refused your request for the use of Faneuil Hall. I care nothing for this, personally, except that it deprives me of the gratification of seeing you; although, if I supposed that the general voice of the people of Boston approved of this proceeding, it would, I confess, cause me the deepest regret. The resolution, denying you the Hall, has been adopted, if I mistake not, by the same Board which has practically refused to join with the other branch of the city government, in offering the hospitalities of the city to President Fillmore.

Gentlemen, for nearly thirty years I have been in the service of the country, by the choice of the people of Boston, and the appointment of the legislature of Massachusetts. My public conduct, through the whole of that long period, is not unknown, and I cheerfully leave it to the judgment of the country, now and hereafter.

Since the commencement of March of last year, I have done something, and hazarded much, to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and to maintain interests of the most vital importance to the citizens of Boston. And I shall do more and hazard more, whenever in my judgment it becomes necessary that more be done or more be hazarded. I shall perform with unflinching perseverance, and to the end, my duty to my whole country; nor do I in the slightest degree fear the result. Folly and fanaticism may have their hour. They may not only affect the minds of individuals, but they may also seize on public bodies, of greater or less dignity. But their reign is without doubt destined to be short, even where, for the moment, it seems most triumphant. We, of Massachusetts, are not doomed to a course of political conduct, such as would re-

proach our ancestors, destroy our own prosperity, and expose us to the derision of the civilized world. No such future is before us. Far otherwise. Patriotism, the union of good men, fidelity to the Constitution in all its provisions, and that intelligence which has hitherto enabled the people of this State to discern and appreciate their own political blessings, as well as what is due to their own history and character, will bring them back to their accustomed feelings of love of country, and of respect and veneration for its institutions.

I am, gentlemen, with the most sincere regards, your obliged friend, and very obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To Messrs. GEORGE G. SMITH, CALEB EDDY, ASA SWALLOW, URIEL CROCKER, and others.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, April 15, 1851,
Two o'clock, in the office in the garden.

MY DEAR SIR,—We are in the midst of a furious northeaster. The wind blows hard; much rain is falling, and the tides are higher than you ever saw them here. From our house, seaward, all is water. I go to Boston in the morning.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Boston, April 21, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—My advice rather is to keep the white faces another year, in honor of the donor.

Sell the large Durham oxen for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, or turn them out to fatten. Sell or turn out the Jumpers.

Turn out the old John Taylor oxen. I have no objection to selling the Nesmith oxen if you can do without them; but I

thought they would be a very good pair to be kept up through the summer, to draw hay, &c.; but in this particular do as you think best.

If you get kelp enough, as I think you will, you may plant corn on Goatem Hill.

We have had a great freshet, which has carried away many bridges.

When must our taxes be paid, and what is the amount?

Yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. DAVID HENSHAW TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, April 21, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have noticed with surprise and regret, in common, I doubt not, with a large portion of the citizens of this commonwealth, that some of the aldermen of Boston have refused the use of Faneuil Hall to a number of highly respectable citizens, who had intended giving you there a public welcome. The grounds of that refusal seem disreputable to their discernment, or to their patriotism.

Because the public safety required them to refuse that hall to those who proposed to devise means to disturb the peace of the country, to violate and trample under foot paramount United States law, to resist by force or fraud its execution, who designed there to fan the flames of discord and civil war, to plot the disunion of the States, and the overthrow of the constitution; that hence, to mete out even-handed justice, they must refuse this public edifice to those who desired to assemble to uphold the laws of the land, to sustain the union of the States, to pay a proper respect to one of the ablest, boldest, and most patriotic champions of the constitution and the Union, is to confound all ideas of propriety, and to leave a doubt in regard to the intelligence or patriotism of officers so voting. It is fortunate, however, for the credit of the city and State, that but four or five men have placed themselves in this equivocal position. The common council speak more correctly the voice of the country, and have given a fitting rebuke to the aldermen.

Feelings of deep regret at this pitiful outrage upon popular rights and public sentiment, and a high respect for your public services, have induced me to address you this note, and, as a citizen of Massachusetts, to assure you of the satisfaction your able and patriotic course, in aid of the compromise measures of the late congress, has given me. I have always been, as you are aware, on the opposite side of politics to yourself, but the old issues that long divided parties have mostly passed away, new ones have arisen under new combinations. Differences of political opinions never prevented my just appreciation of your long public services, of your political foresight, of your enlarged and comprehensive patriotism, so prominent in your efforts to carry through the compromise measure.

It is quite evident that Massachusetts, for a long while, impaired her just influence in the Union by a sectionalism at war with our condition and progress as a nation. In our country, now extending from ocean to ocean, embracing thirty-one independent States, independent in regard to their local legislation, but confiding to a general government the control over their affairs, in which it is supposed they have a common interest; a strict regard to the terms and conditions of our national compact, a complete non-interference of the States with each other in their local legislation, and with their State institutions, and a liberal and fraternal spirit towards all, are necessary to hold so vast a fabric together.

Those who opposed the extension of our national bounds by the purchase of Louisiana, and who predicted such dire calamities from that acquisition, lived to see the error of their judgment, and have now mostly passed away. But the spirit of opposition to our national progress seems to have remained in some minds, and in fact to have increased in force, with the party of the abolitionists, and with the ultra-slavery men of the South, until they have become open and avowed disunionists; disunionists, unless they can rule the Union.

If the views of the abolition party are to control the course of this good old commonwealth, I fear Massachusetts will sink in influence to a level with South Carolina; the one State would seemingly seek her welfare and glory under the palmetto banner, the other under the flag and tomahawk of the Indian; and both perhaps, in the event of this dire disruption, might dis-

play their philanthropy by cutting each other's throats. From your elevated position, long experience, and political forecast, you perceived what the crisis demanded, and promptly and boldly gave your efficient aid to restore harmony to the nation. You fearlessly indicated to those you so ably represented, that they should exhibit less sectionalism, and more of elevated liberal, and fraternal nationality. I have faith that Massachusetts and the whole country will profit by your advice and example. The whole Union pays homage to your patriotism and your public services.

The pitiful attempt of a few city officials to annoy you, but arouses the patriotism of the country to sustain you; and it is this act, as I before remarked, which has led me, as a humble citizen of this State, to bear to you in this tangible form the expressions of approbation, and of gratitude, for your invaluable public services in the alarming crisis through which the country has passed.

With the greatest respect, I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

DAVID HENSHAW.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Boston, April 23, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—Marcia may go down with Mr. Hewett. Work the four five-year olds very lightly, and turn them into Punch Brook pasture. Write to Porter Wright, when you shall be ready to receive the six oxen and steers. I go South to-morrow; write me punctually, every week. The storm did not leave much of old Marshfield. D. W.

About oxen.—Never yoke the great oxen again. Keep them well; give them a few potatoes, so that they may go into the pasture in firstrate order, and be fat by the middle of July.

If you have an opportunity, you may exchange the Stevens oxen for a pair you like better. Or, if one yoke of oxen will do your work, for the present, you may give the Stevens oxen some potatoes; do no more work with them, and make them fit for

early beef. In that case you may buy a pair of oxen to suit you, towards spring, or whenever you can find them.

I believe the Stevens oxen are now rather thin. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 27, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—We have arrived well, and find all well here.

Now, in the first place, get two perfectly nice half barrels, and fill them with best pieces of pork. Direct one to "William S. Wetmore, Esq., New York, care of Messrs. J. W. Paige & Co., Boston."

And one to me here, through the same hands.

A few nice small pieces might go in, but on the whole, it had better be clear pork, at least, all mine. Second; as I am now here, and shall not see Marshfield for some weeks, I wish you to write me fully, at least once a week. I wish to know how the farming goes on, from day to day; how you dispose of the cattle and sheep; how the sheep shed comes on; how many calves you have, and all else that happens on the farm. If you get tired, ask Mr. Thomas to write.

The weather here is now fine, though not very warm.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Sunday, eleven o'clock. April 27, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—We reached Baltimore by the boat last evening, at nine o'clock, and were at home at eight this morning. Found all well. The weather is pleasant, but not very warm. Our little shrubbery looks well. The lilacs and gelder roses are out, and many other things, and every thing is brushed and whitewashed, and looks clean and nice. Monica proposes to give us a shoulder of lamb at three o'clock.

I have seen nobody, and of course heard no news.

Yours, D. W.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Franklin, April 28, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 23d, requesting me to write you once a week; I shall be pleased to do it.

1. Mr. Asa Hewett is here; he has set out a hundred fruit trees of different kinds. A few in my garden, thirty in your mother's garden, of different kinds, and the rest in the old orchard, all in good order. He will finish trimming all the apple-trees to-morrow. Mr. Hewett will leave for home next Wednesday morning. Marcia will go with him.

2. I am getting along first rate with my spring work. I have got very good help, although they are all boys. William, Patrick, and Amos Pettengill, and my Charles and Thomas, and the best of teams in the country; so you will see that we have nothing to do but to go ahead with our farming.

3. Last Wednesday I drove forty-seven cattle up to the Punch Brook pasture all in good order; on Saturday, I went to see them and carry them some salt. They all looked well, and will not want any more hay this spring.

4. Your two yoke of five year-olds will not be hurt. I have plenty of hay, and some corn and turnips, and I intend they shall go out to pasture quite early and in good order.

5. With your consent, I should like to plant one acre of carrots in the fifteen acre piece, in the southwest corner, near the Litter house, where Mr. Wells used to live.

6. I have eight calves, four more to come. Mr. Hewett likes your Elms Farm very much.

I am Sir, your most obedient servant,

John Taylor.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[Washington,] Tuesday morning, eight o'clock. April 29, 1851.

My dear Sir,—We were glad to learn that Ellen Fletcher found shelter under your hospitable roof. My telegraphic message to Boston seems to have miscarried. In two hours, I presume, we shall hear something from her.

The point of rendezvous for these Cuban patriots is now said to be Savannah. Men and arms are collecting there. They must be quick. If they are not out of the river in twenty-four hours from this time, they will not get out at all. If they should get out, they will be followed.

It is a beautiful morning. I have walked through the market, where I saw fine lamb, asparagus plenty and cheap, cucumbers, all sorts of green things, young chickens, &c., to say nothing of shad right out of the river, at twenty-five cents a pair.

This place lies south of Marshfield. Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Department of State, April 29, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I have gone over the draft of an answer to Mr. de la Rosa's note, with some care, and the revised draft is now in the hands of the copyist. I shall ask Mr. Hunter to take it to you to-morrow early, and he will either read it to you or leave it for your perusal, as you may prefer. It is a paper on an important subject, and will be much discussed in Congress, especially if the treaty should fail of ratification.

I am desirous, therefore, that it should be made to conform in all points with your judgment.

Yours, truly always,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[April 30.] Wednesday, half-past two o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I have yours of yesterday, and am most happy to hear your cold is better. We shall be happy to see Ellen.

We have bad weather, and I am just closing up a long day's work.

The Cuban expedition will all blow out, North and South. Those engaged in it are a set of geese.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, April 30, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I was glad to get a letter from you; it was just such a letter as I like, telling me all about the farm, what you are doing and what you intend to do. You must do so regularly and frequently. I am glad to hear that the cattle have gone to pasture in such good order, and you must be careful to keep the working oxen well fed, well littered, and very clean.

You may sow as many carrots as you think proper. Have you sown a sufficient quantity of peas and beans? I enclose to you a check on the Merchants' Bank, Boston, for fifty dollars. Go ahead. Take care of all things. Tell Mr. Sawyer he may have money whenever he wishes it.

Your friend,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[May.] Albany, Tuesday evening, six o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I arrived here at four o'clock, received your letter, and have dispatched the Boston papers.

I have also written to Washington to provide for the matter there, until I see you. *In tantis laboribus magnis, in quibus sese mens mea penitus agitat, rerum non sum oblitus parvorum.*

I hope this is pretty good Latin; if not, it is at least good English, to say that I am always, with most sincere regard, your obliged friend and obedient servant,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Marshfield, Sunday.

My dear Sir,—I cannot obtain a copy of Wilson's Rural Cyclopædia, but it can be ordered from Glasgow. Could you

lend me your set for this week. I want to be learned on some points before going to N. H. next Monday. If convenient, please send them down by Beal's Express, Old Colony railroad.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Tuesday, two o'clock. 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am glad you think me right in keeping away from New York for the present. I am resolved not to commit either the Government or myself, in any degree, to the extravagant expectations entertained in regard to what may be done.

When may we look for you? Fletcher left us this morning. Mr. Ashmun has been here for a day, and leaves to-morrow morning. We long to see you and Mrs. Curtis.

You perceive the Kossuth movement was checked a little, in the House of Representatives, yesterday. Probably it will go on to-day.

For two hours I have been reading the Report of the United States officers, who have returned from Utah. I never read so disgusting and terrific accounts of human depravity, and enormities. Governor Young has more than thirty wives! All the money sent to him for territorial purposes, he has given to the Mormon Church! But these things are not the beginning of the story of abominations.

Yours ever, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, May 2, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was rejoiced to receive your letter yesterday, signifying that your health was better. We shall look out for Ellen till she comes.

It is very cold weather. The mercury this morning was as low as 35°, at five o'clock. I fear for the fruit-trees. At present, I am busy with Mexico, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica.

My wagon is a treasure. Morning or evening I get a drive in it, every day. If it had not been so cold, I was to have driven down to the Seines to-day, to witness for an hour or two, the drafts of rock fish, shad, sturgeon, &c., &c. As it is, I shall keep over the fire.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Franklin, May 2, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter of the 26th concerning several things, all of which I understand very well, and is as it should be; our spring work is very late. I shall commence to-morrow, and go ahead with all the strength that I can use.

I received your letter of the 28th. That, also, I understand, and I will be at my post at the time appointed, if I am not ordered otherwise.

Last evening I received a check on Merchants' Bank, Boston, for one hundred dollars, which is all right. I have bought a mate for my odd ox; he is a very good one, I paid fifty-seven dollars for him in money.

Last Friday, the last day of April, I drove fifty head of cattle up, and turned them into the Punch Brook pasture. When we let them out of their several yards, where they had been shut up for six months, it was a great sight to behold, running and bellowing; I never saw creatures appear to be so happy; they run nearly all the way up the sand hill, and kept running, until they reached the pasture gate. Yesterday I drew up six hundred of hay to them, but they would not eat it. They were all full and bright. I shall not carry them any more hay, unless we have another cold storm.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, May 4, 1851, eight A. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have a great change in the weather, the mercury being now twenty-five degrees higher than yesterday morning at the same hour. The wind is south, and not unlikely to bring rain. There were frosts in various places in this neighborhood on the nights of the 2d and the 3d; but I think we shall now have summer upon us.

I am steadily engaged in my official duties, and make progress in some things which require despatch. There are but few people here, and it is a good time for work.

I have given up my professional engagements, both in New York and Boston. This has been done at a great sacrifice, three thousand dollars at least, but I felt it to be my duty. For the next two or three months I may calculate on good health, after which my annual visitation of "hay fever," or "catarrh," may render me incapable of doing much of any thing for the residue of the summer. I feel, therefore, that I owe it to my place, and to my duties, to let nothing interfere for the present with close attention to public affairs.

There never was a time, I think, in which our foreign relations were more quiet. There seems no disturbing breath on the surface. All the diplomatic gentlemen here are amicably disposed, and our intercourse is quite agreeable. I think Mr. Hülsemann is the most satisfied and happy of them all.

An hour hence I receive my mail, and then go to church, always expecting a good sermon from Dr. Butler.

By the way, if you would see something in the prophetic books of Scripture, remarkably applicable to our days, turn to the second chapter of Nahum, and the fourth verse.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. For something to remind you of telegraphic wires, see Job, xxxviii. 35.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Monday morning, seven o'clock, May 5, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was happy to find a short letter from you in my mail yesterday. As to the "especially special" letter to me from New York, I shall receive it with great gratitude and sincere respect, but I hope it will not be of a character to call me away immediately from my engagements here.

I shall look for you with hope and confidence, on Saturday morning, and trust you will bring some friend with you. There are two or three things I want to say to you, by word of mouth.

It is again wet and rainy, and the glass down to 40°, as disagreeable a morning as you would wish to see.

Yours, truly always,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, May 6, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think of dedicating each volume to some friend. Would that look like affectation? Public men and scholars will be remembered by their works. Private friendships are forgotten. It has occurred to me, that I would dedicate the second volume to Isaac P. Davis, as a memorial of an uninterrupted friendship of forty years. What should you think of it? I have mentioned it to no one.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, Friday morning, seven o'clock, May 9, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope to meet some Boston friends in New York on Tuesday. Mr. Edward Curtis will be there, as well as others, and it may be a good time to confer. My own stay will be short, as we leave early the next morning. But I hope you, and whoever comes with you, may be able to stay a day or two.

My letter to you expresses pretty much what I have to say on the subject. What remains must be left to friends.

Yours, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Of course, if any thing be attempted, Mr. Choate must be our standard-bearer.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[May 11, 1851,] Sunday, one o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter from Philadelphia. I am well, and leave to-morrow morning, at six o'clock. I dread the journey awfully.

I see four elements of distress in it: 1. Heat. 2. Crowds. 3. Limestone water. 4. The necessity of speech-making.

This last is not the least, for I have exhausted my opinions and my thoughts, my illustrations and my imaginations; all that remains in my mind is as "dry as a remainder biscuit, after a voyage."

Your notion that no evil can come from this jaunt, cheers me; but still I feel a caving in at the prospect before me. But never mind. If I should not be remarkably foolish, nor remarkably unlucky, I shall not spoil all the past.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Buffalo, May 20, 1851, nine o'clock, P. M.

My Dear Caroline,—I am detained here, unavoidably, for two or three days beyond my expectation.

Fletcher has had his trunk packed, two or three times, for his departure for home, but when the time came, I did not feel that I could part with him. I have nobody else with me and though well at present, I should be alarmed if I should get sick.

To-night he has got all things in readiness for going early in the morning; but I do not believe I should sleep an hour, under the consciousness that he was to leave in the morning. I must, my dear child, detain him a day or two longer, and you must try to forgive me for it. I have no travelling friend; no servant, or attendant, that I am acquainted with; and if Fletcher should go, I should feel absolutely desolate.

I have telegraphed to New York for somebody to meet me, and the moment I see a reliable and familiar face, I will give your husband my blessing, and let him depart.

Your affectionate father,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

New York, May 29, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I arrived from Albany this morning, having stayed two or three days at Canandaigua to recruit. Coming after you, I had infinite pleasure in hearing of the warmth of your reception everywhere, and of the highly favorable impression made by your visit. Your friends all think it has done great good. The enemy seems silenced, at least for the present. Every body, my dear Sir, speaks in just terms of the propriety of your speeches to the people, and of your excellent, acceptable, and honorable demeanor, in all respects; none more so, than some here with whom these strains are new. I hope to move South to-morrow. Yours always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[June 22.] Sunday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to hear from you once more, and am glad you have so arranged your affairs as to be able to command a little leisure. I cannot go North till after the 4th of July. Meantime I take Mrs. Webster for four or five days to Harper's Ferry, Winchester, &c.

Go right straight to Marshfield, pick up Fletcher in Boston, and take him along. The blue fish are thick, and the boat ready. Come back to New York by the 4th; I hope to be there the 7th, and then you and I will make a try together.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

[Washington,] Sunday morning. June 22, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—It had been my intention to leave Washington for Boston to-morrow, but when it was determined that the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol should be laid on the Fourth of July, a strong wish was expressed that I should be here on that occasion. I objected to this, but the President seemed to think it important, and I consented. He thought I could make my visit and return in season, but I thought the interval too short, and therefore concluded to stay hereabout till after the Fourth, and then immediately go North, with a pretty good chance for a long visit. The President has gone to Virginia with Mr. Stuart and Mr. Hall, and will probably return at the end of this week, or on Monday of next. In the mean time I think of a little excursion or two into the country; shall probably go to Harper's Ferry where I never was, and to Winchester, and its neighborhood.

My address on the Fourth, will be quite short and general, or may be altogether omitted if the weather should be bad. The

Albany speech is well under way. It will make a handsome pamphlet, though not very long. The Buffalo speech, as it appears in the Intelligencer of yesterday, is pretty well corrected.

If any thing important should come to hand by the mail of to-day or to-morrow, I shall write you again. On Tuesday, I think Mrs. Webster and myself shall go up to the Shenandoah, in the cars. If in any of the mountain streams near Winchester I should happen to take a trout, I shall wish that you were present to take another.

I am, dear Sir, always and everywhere, yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Capon Springs, June 27, 1851. Thursday morning, six o'clock.

MY DEAR SON,—Leaving Washington early on Tuesday morning, the 24th, we came in the cars to Winchester, by way of Harper's Ferry, and the next day, yesterday, arrived here at two o'clock.

This place is twenty-three miles west of Winchester, in the range of mountains called the North Mountain, and is, in fact, on the western slope of the principal ridge of that mountain, about three miles down. The "Great Valley," as it is called, fills the whole space between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany, a distance of fifty, seventy, or eighty miles. But in this valley stretches the North Mountain, an independent range, without connection with either of the others. This spot, I suppose, is about fifty miles, in a bee line, south of the Potomac River, but that is conjectural, having no map before me. The road from Winchester is a new, well made, smooth turnpike, winding about among the spurs of the North Mountain and finally reaching its height. The country is a wilderness. I think we hardly passed half a dozen houses on all the road. A river called properly the "Cacapon" runs along the base of the mountain, flowing north, and joining the Potomac. This name has become abbreviated into "Capon." The spring has been known since 1787, and is said then to have been discovered by some hunters. It has been visited more or less from that time

to this. But it was remote, in the midst of a wilderness, in a thinly settled country, and no roads leading to it. A few huts were built round it, in which visitors found lodgings. The turnpike of which I have spoken, running from Winchester, west to Moorfield, on the south branch of the Potomac, happening to come near the spring, brought it into notice. The property was purchased, two or three years ago, by Mr. Ricard of Baltimore, and his associates. They have erected a very large and handsome hotel, very superior in accommodations to those at Saratoga, or any other in the country which I have seen. It is well kept, and entirely comfortable.

The climate is said to be uncommonly cool by day, as well as by night. I incline to think it is so. It is said also to be remarkably dry, and that there are no dews here. This is probable enough, as dew does not rise to a high elevation. Goldsmith was writing poetically, not philosophically, when he spoke of the "dew of heaven refined." I found no dew this morning, though the night was clear and cold.

The spring is a copious one, bursting out from beneath an immense mass of rock. In temperature, it is several degrees higher than common spring water, or the common temperature of the earth. This proves, I suppose, that in its deep fountains it is connected with something beside common earth. Indeed, there is a constant development of gas, of some kind, in little bubbles on its surface. The water has not been carefully analyzed, and its component parts are not ascertained. It is light, clear, limpid, soft, and in taste hardly discernible from common spring water, except that I think that, in addition to its being warmer, one may detect a little tincture of magnesia in it. It is used for all common purposes, in the kitchen, and on the table, like other water. Its effects upon the human system are traditional, various, and uncertain; gathered from loose accounts, and with few well-attested facts. All agree, however, that it operates powerfully on the kidneys and the bladder, and probably, to some extent, on the liver also. Intelligent persons who have used it, commend it highly as a remedy for chronic diarrhea. As for our party, we are all pretty well, and do not expect that Capon will make any of us much better. However that may be, three or four days of absolute rest and idleness are no small boon.

As to the products of this region, it may be said that the mutton is very excellent, the beef fair, poultry first rate, and the yield of the dairy not despicable. There are no fish. The trout stories all vanish upon examination. There are trout, in the mountain streams, or some of them, and of pretty good size for such waters, but these streams are too far off for me to visit them. There is a fish in these waters, called the "Fall fish," resembling the English dace, or in some degree our chub. He rises to the fly. And it is curious enough that the people hereabout are unwilling, this year, to eat either trout or fall fish. The reason is that the surface of all the streams is covered by millions of locusts, upon which the fish feed gluttonously, and the popular idea is that by that means they become unwholesome.

In leaving this place, I should be glad to go west, till I strike the south branch of the Potomac, and then north to the main river. But I do not know that I can do it. The great want of the country is good roads. The region of the south branch is the great cattle country of Virginia. Nearer to the Blue Ridge, and along the Shenandoah, is a prodigiously fine country for wheat. I never saw on the German flats, or in Ohio, or in England, heavier and finer wheat harvests than the farmers are now gathering, in Jefferson County, directly south of Harper's Ferry, and so up the valley to Winchester.

P. M. five o'clock. Mr. Lanman pushed off to the distant streams, and has brought home forty trout. Some of them decent in size, and of good color, two or three being a foot long. But they are not Marshpee, nor Red Brook, nor Wakquoit, nor Hinckleys Mills, nor of that brook, in which we were always in "the worst of it."

I am writing a few paragraphs of introduction to my address for the Fourth.

Adieu, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 20, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—The despatches for Mr. Severance were mailed and forwarded to the Department for your consideration and final disposition.

To-day I am giving attention to the Mexican treaty, the Indians, &c., but I am deficient in materials from the Indian department, probably on account of Mr. Lea's absence.

I am gaining in health and strength, but rather more slowly than I could wish. The truth is, the attack at Harrisburg, in April, has never been quite overcome; and the fatigues and the necessary labor and effort connected with the Fourth of July may well enough account for this. I have been here now one week, and feel decidedly improved, and pass a great part of every fair day out of doors, generally on the sea; and despatch affairs which must be despatched only in the morning. More than half the time I have dined in the boat, on cold meat and bread.

But, then, the great question, and the thing now most to be dreaded, is the catarrh, which the next month has not failed to bring with it for so many years. In regard to this, I have adopted some new views and opinions arising out of a letter from the Reverend Mr. Croes, New Brunswick, New Jersey, a copy of which I enclose with this letter. I am persuaded that voyages and journeys cannot be relied on with any confidence; nor any change of air, nor the waters of any spring. I have laid Mr. Croes's letter before Dr. Jackson of Philadelphia, who has adopted its general ideas, and put me on a course of medicine, to be begun now, and rigidly adhered to till the day for the regular attack of the disease shall come. He adds iodate of iron to the hydriodate of potash. I begin the course this day; and propose to remain here, unless I should some time hence go as far as Maine and Vermont, for general recreation, or unless I should be summoned to Washington, which I hope may not happen for the present. I shall keep a clerk here, and attend to every thing sent by Mr. Derrick, and especially every thing suggested by you. I keep out of Boston, and out of all crowds. Mrs. Webster proposes to go to Saratoga, the Falls,

&c., with her brother, Mr. William Le Roy, and family, setting out about the 5th of August. As I shall hardly be a housekeeper in her absence, I shall escape much rush of company.

I send with this a gratifying note from Mr. Campbell of Charleston.

I see the Cuban news. If there is to be a revolution in that Island, I am glad our hands are free from stain. If the rebels make any progress, there will be serious work, as I suppose that both France and England are under a pledge to guarantee the Island to Spain. Our South will be all Cuban.

Yours, truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. I am very happy to see that Mr. Corwin is with you again.

[Enclosed in the foregoing.]

New Brunswick, N. J., July 15, 1851.

SIR,—As I can deeply sympathize with all who are distressed by attacks of catarrh or asthma, I take the liberty of stating to you, (having just read an article from The National Intelligencer, in which mention is made of your case,) that for years, in Indiana, I was affected with periodical attacks of the catarrh; that during my visit to the Virginia Springs, in 1850, it assumed the appearance of the "Hay Asthma;" that I tried the medicinal waters to be found in Virginia, and at Saratoga; that I crossed the Atlantic in the spring, for the purpose of making a sea voyage; and that I obtained little or no relief, until I was providentially directed to the hydriodate of potash, when a signal cure was effected.

The case was considered by physicians of this country and by Dr. Stokes of Dublin, an extraordinary case, and the rapid cure was certainly extraordinary. It would afford me pleasure to learn that one occupying the distinguished position that you do here, should receive relief. If you have not yet tried this invaluable medicine, it has occurred to me that possibly your physician would not object to your using it for a few weeks.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBT. B. CROSS.

[Extract from a letter from Dr. Samuel Jackson of Philadelphia, enclosed in Mr. Webster's letter of 20th July, 1851.]

"Your reliance must not be exclusively placed on the medicinal agents the instruments; for executing the plan of operations, and giving to it a full effect, you must assist yourself. I have to entreat you to avoid all exposures, fatigues, or whatever will disturb or debilitate your economy. Such an occurrence will almost ensure defeat."

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, July 21, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I arrived here early on Saturday morning, and on inquiring for Mr. E. H. Allen, our consul at the Sandwich Islands, I learned that he was sick here of a brain fever, and too ill to be seen.

I went immediately to Nahant, where my brother-in-law, Mr. Paige, has a summer residence, and there passed Sunday, and on coming to town this morning have received your letter.

The Tehuantepec business is very important, and I am afraid we shall have a good deal of trouble with it. The object of the canal is very important, and we ought to do all that we can to facilitate it. Nevertheless, until we have a treaty, it does not become a Government matter, and if the parties concerned see fit to prosecute their plans, in defiance of Mexico, they must be regarded as acting at their own risk. I shall be very glad to see Mr. Benjamin. I doubt much whether there is to be an extra session of the Mexican Congress. It is quite clear that General Arista expected no such thing at the date of his letter, and I hardly know how Mr. Letcher can have received later information. Nevertheless, it may be that he has. I shall be ready to go to Washington on any summons.

Have the goodness to direct Mr. Derrick to telegraph me here, if occasion should arise, and the despatch will be sent to me by express wherever I may be. The despatch to Mr. Severance, our commissioner at Honolulu, will be ready, as soon

as I receive our paper from the Department for which I wrote to-day. As the French frigate, and The Vandalia have both left the Islands, I do not expect any outbreak in that quarter immediately. But, still, I feel anxious that the communication of Mr. Severance should be on its way, as soon as possible.

I go to Mrs. Webster at Marshfield to-morrow morning. We do not propose to open our house on the usual scale, or to resume our customary establishment. Mrs. Webster thinks of going to Saratoga and Niagara with certain of her New York relations. I shall remain pretty much secluded at Marshfield, or in its neighborhood, seeking rest, and recovery of strength; but ready, nevertheless, to obey the shortest summons to Washington. I have avoided seeing people here as much as possible, and shall continue on that line of politics. I trust, my dear Sir, that you will write me freely, and not hesitate to call for me, whenever you desire my presence.

I learned at New York that the story of my going to Europe, &c., got out through Mr. ——, to whom, I suppose, Mr. Curtis or myself must have spoken on the subject. Friends here have been quite alarmed at any such idea, but their fears are quieted.

I am, my dear Sir, always truly yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 23, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for giving me an opportunity of reading Kossuth's warm-hearted and admirable letter.

Having despatched Mr. Benjamin late last evening, I rose quite early this morning and went out upon the sea. The day has been delicious, and the sea air seems to give me new life and strength. I ate more dinner on board the boat (cold salted beef and bread) than I have eaten any day since I left Capon Springs. Fishing for cod, haddock, and halibut is a common and coarse amusement, which the connoisseurs in angling reject. I like it, however, as it gives me occupation while we are out for the benefit of the air and the ocean. I caught thirty codfish to-day, weighing from eight to twelve pounds each, and as the boatmen were also fortunate we brought home a fare which

astonished our neighbors. They represented fish as very scarce at this season, as they retire in hot weather into deep water. I told them that I thought I should know where to look for fish.

I never saw Marshfield look so well as it does now; the crops are heavy, the lawns and pastures perfectly green, and the trees remarkably bright and glossy. There are several hundred thousands of trees here, which I have raised myself from the seeds; they are all arranged in avenues, copses, groves, long rows by the roads and fences, and some of them make beautiful and impenetrable thickets on hills which were mere sand hills when I came here. The herds and flocks are in fine order. Llamas from Peru feed in the pastures with the sheep. We have a little fresh-water lake, which is frequented not only by the ordinary ducks and geese, but by beautiful Canada geese or wild geese, which breed in retired places, but will always join their kindred in their emigrations, spring and fall, unless their wings are kept cropped. We have also China geese, India geese, and in short, the same birds from almost every quarter of the world. As to the poultry yard, there is no end to the varieties which my man has collected. I do not keep the run of half the names and breeds.

The situation of this place is rather peculiar. Back of us, inland, rises a large forest, in which one may hide himself, and find as odorous an atmosphere as among the pines of Maine. In front of us, a mile distant, is the sea, every mast visible over the beach bank, and all vessels visible, hulls as well as masts, from the chambers of the house. A drive of one mile and a half, almost entirely over my own farm, brings us to what is called Duxbury beach, a breadth of clean, white, hard sand, seven miles long, which forms at low water a favorite ride or drive in hot weather.

These, my dear Sir, are all trifles, and of course without much interest to any one but myself; but, I confess, that to me Marshfield is a charming place; perhaps one reason is that so many things about it which now appear handsome, are the result of my own attention. I sometimes try to read here, but can never get on, from a desire to be out of doors.

In truth, I read nothing but my correspondence, and such official papers as it is my duty to peruse. I have found time to

prepare the despatch to Mr. Severance, commissioner at the Sandwich Islands, and also a private letter of instructions.

When I left Boston yesterday, Mr. Allen was reported to be better, but there is no probability of his being able to return to his post for some time. When I say that the papers are prepared, I ought to have said that there remains in them one hiatus, to fill which I must wait for a paper from Washington.

My dear Sir, you must have much leisure as well as patience, if you can get through this letter.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Thursday morning, eight o'clock. July 24, 1851.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I suppose we shall need a considerable rally of cavalry this morning, and would be obliged to you to be here, between nine and ten, with your horse, Fanny. Please ascertain what ladies at your house propose to take the field. Mrs. Webster cannot go out, on account of the expected visit from Plymouth friends. I suppose your wife must keep her state for the same reason. If she be well enough, and circumstances allow, I should like to give her a short drive in my "Ferrinton."*

Pray let Mr. Atwell go this morning and shoot some brown backs, peeps, or something else. We must have a dish of birds. If he gets any, let him bring them up, by two or three o'clock, and pick them, or have them picked. Some of our people are tired, and some sick.

We shall look for you at dinner, if agreeable to you.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. Do you want a bit of Halibut?

* The name which Mr. Blake's coachman gave to a Phaeton.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Marshfield, July 29, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—You will know this handwriting to be that of one R. M. Blatchford. You have seen the name. You have made up many a good fire of chips for him, and your wife has furnished him with many a good meal of mutton and turkeys. He and I are sitting over a fire here to-day in a severe easterly storm, and have been talking about your last letters. We hope before a long time to be both at Franklin together, and to have Mrs. Webster with us, and to see your crops and cattle, about which you write so favorably. We went a fishing yesterday, and brought in a good fare; but we did not catch a halibut, nor did we see or hear of a single haddock; there are a few mackerel in the bay, of an uncommonly large size, and we have just had one for our breakfast. Porter Wright's English haying is nearly done; he got in ten tons yesterday, well dried, from that old English meadow below Fletcher's house, where I have seen you swing that long scythe of yours without getting more than five hundred pounds to the acre. I suppose this year it yielded about two tons to the acre. Our barns will all be full. The potatoes on Blackmount are first rate. Our corn is rather behindhand; the ground was injured by the overflow of the sea in April; besides which, the season, you know, has been backward. We have eight or ten acres of the best-looking wheat we have ever raised here; the spring rye is not more than middling. Our turnips have come up very well, and the high hill where the flagstaff is, is all as white as a sheet with the blossoms of the buckwheat. Buckwheat means beech-wheat, because its kernel so much resembles the beech-nut. For instance, Buckingham County in England means the Beech County. Buckwheat is very good for poultry; it will grow on light land, and you ought to have a small field every year. It makes the best honey of any known flower. We have a small patch of beets opposite the avenue, and some carrots, but in carrots I expect you will beat us. I reckon it is likely that I may see you for a day or two next week. Mrs. Webster is going to Niagara Falls. I shall go with her as far as Boston, and then turn off to Franklin. I think I should be glad to sell some of the fat oxen and steers to

Mr. Pike. Pretty soon, I shall want my four five-year olds sent down, with the red birch yokes made by Capt. Stevens, together with the great yearling, a calf, and some other niceties, out of the Punch Brook pasture, and some things in particular for Mrs. Webster on her return. Mrs. Webster is making us a nice chowder for our dinner to-day out of a codfish, very large and grey, which Mr. Blatchford took yesterday at a quarter past two o'clock, the Cliffs being just outside of the Gurnet Bank, and the topsail schooner Pine a little south of the south end of the Hummock. We then went north, and found cod and mackerel in abundance; the Gurnet light being in a line with the first falling off of Monumet, and the point of Brant Rock in a line with my Island barn.

It is likely that after this dish of chowder, we shall be so fortunate as to have some nice baked beans with a little slice of pork. If you were here we should invite you to partake of all these good things.

Mr. Blatchford wishes you well, and so do I. Mrs. Webster is very well, and salutes you with her kind regards.

Yours, ever truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, August 1, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am getting along pretty well, although a violent change in the weather, from hot to cold, has proved a little unfavorable.

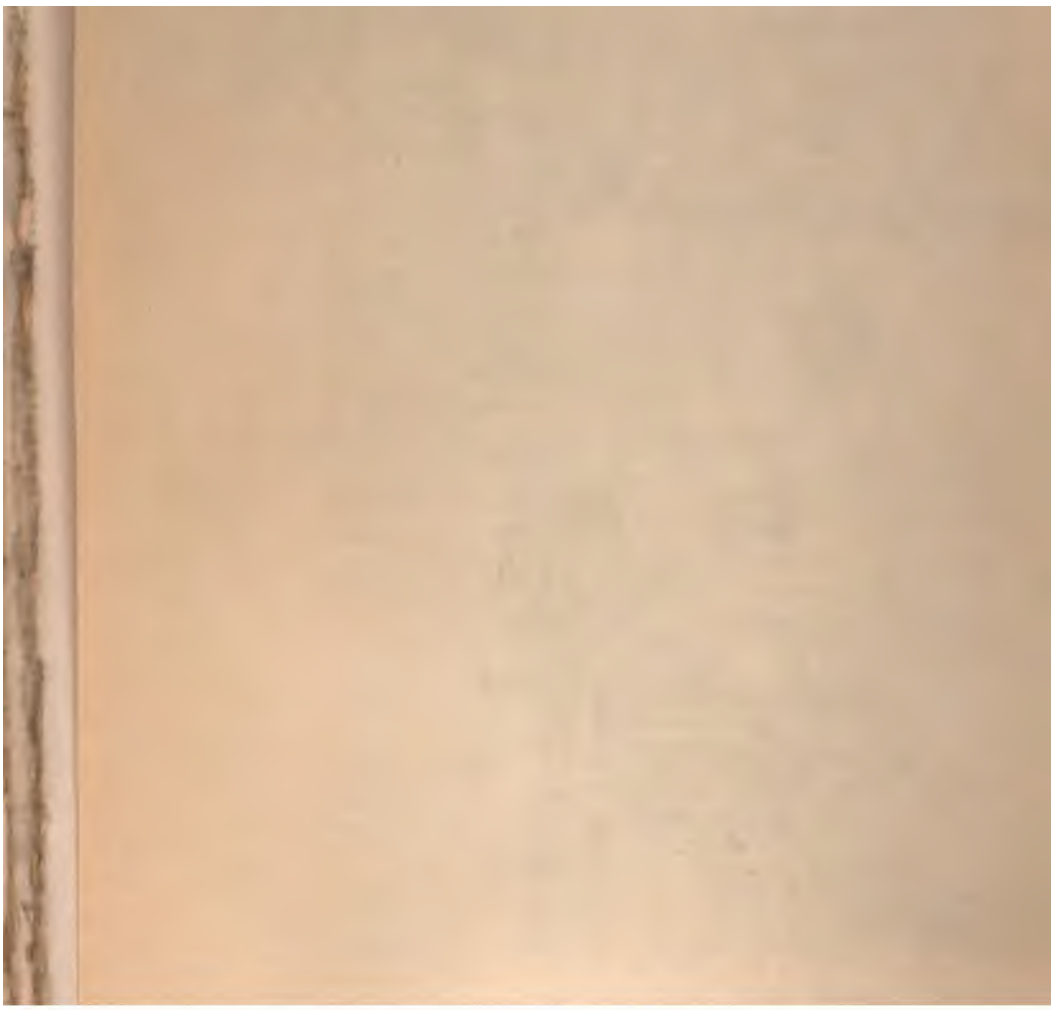
I am glad to learn that you are going to the Virginia Springs. I am sure you will be very cordially received.

I have written to Mr. Corwin that I will meet him at New York, whenever it may suit his convenience; and shall of course repair to Washington, whenever you may deem my presence there to be necessary; nevertheless, my hope is to stay here for some considerable time, with no further migrating than to New Hampshire. Mrs. Webster will set out on her proposed visit to Western New York on the 4th instant.

Of Mr. Allen, consul at Honolulu, I hear nothing since I wrote you, except perhaps that his indisposition continues.

The Library at Marshfield

From a Drawing



I shall probably write you on the 4th, or earlier, if in the mean time I hear from you, addressed to you at Capon Springs.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. S. T. TISDALE.

Marshfield, August 2, 1851. Saturday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send the Alderney heifer to Plymouth this morning, to Mr. Hedge's care. With kind treatment and good keeping, she will be a treasure for ten years. But they are a delicate race of animals, and cannot endure hunger or exposure. Always, unless when the grass is fresh, and abundant, she must have a little meal, daily. Her milk is excellent, and she now gives twelve quarts a day. Her mother gives sixteen, and she will equal her mother next year.

So much, my dear Sir, for the little Alderney. And now let me do two things. The first is, to renew my thanks for your hospitality, and that of Mrs. Tisdale and your daughter, during my very pleasant visit at your house. I hope I shall see the ladies in New York.

The next is to express my regret, and that of Mrs. Webster, that you could not stay with us some days, as we had expected. I trust you found your partner on the recovery. With great regard and kind remembrance to the ladies, I am, dear Sir

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

[The preceding letter was sent to Mr. Fletcher Webster, with the following from Mr. Tisdale.]

New York, June 21, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I annex a copy of a letter written by your father a few days after my pleasant visit to Carswell. It may be new to you. The gift of the "little Alderney" was as unexpected as it was agreeable, and thus far has proved a "treasure" in the milky way. She has been a pet at Agawam from the

day of her arrival there, and to my family and myself invaluable. Beside her now stands her second self, a yearling heifer, sired by an Ayrshire bull, the gift of a nobleman in England to Capt. Enoch Nye, a native of Sandwich, but now commander of the Pacific steamship belonging to the Collins line, which animal by the way is now owned by Mr. Lewis Kinney of Agawam. Both of these gentlemen are well known to you; so you will perceive, through the thoughtful and kind regards of your father, an ample supply of rich milk, and an important breed of cows, are destined to be among the provisions of a small portion of the south side of the Cape.

The manner which your father adopted, and the delightful conversation he seemed to revel in, when he gave me this cow, it would be happiness to recall. As we rose from dinner, taking my arm, "Now," said he, "you shall see my herd of cows, and you shall tip the horn of the best one in the flock, and I will send it to Agawam." Proceeding to a spacious field beyond the little fish pond, the whole herd were displayed, from which I selected one, with eyes, as he said, like those of a gazelle, and in five minutes he uttered a treatise on stock of this description, which to me seemed a digest of the whole race. I can never forget it. At some time hereafter, I will recall some of the conversation. I hope that time will come, when, at my own quiet place at Agawam, as before, we may refer to past scenes and live anew on pleasant memories.

With much regard, your friend, &c.

SAMUEL T. TISDALE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Revere House, August 4, 1851. Monday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—I arrived here half an hour ago, and instantly sent you a message. I do not feel like going to New York till I have had some mountain air. I propose to go to Franklin on Wednesday; should naturally go at seven A. M., but will wait for you till twelve, if you telegraph me, on receipt of this, that you will be here by that hour on that day. Fletcher will go with me. If you cannot be here on Wednesday, pray come on a day or two later, and join us. Having stayed some days at

John Taylor's, we will, if you like it, go to the Winnipiseogee Lake, and look perhaps at the White Mountains. I wish of all things, that Mr. Edward Curtis could go with us. He knows the way. But my conscience a little upbraids me, in asking him to leave his surgeon just at this time. Show him this letter, and if he can come, bring him. The death of Mr. McEvers prevents Mrs. W. H. Le Roy from going to Saratoga, &c. But Mrs. Jacob Le Roy is there, and Mrs. Webster thinks of joining her. We expect to hear from her every hour. Do not fail to give me a telegraphic message on receipt of this.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, August 5, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came to this city yesterday, and found it and all the hotels so crowded with strangers, that I wish myself out of it again as soon as possible. Many hundreds of people are here from the South, who have occupied my whole time, and whom I have promised to see in a mass to-day. They all speak in the highest terms of praise of your administration.

My health is gaining, but I do not yet get rid of that tendency to diarrhœa, which I contracted in Pennsylvania, in April; and while this lasts I must be weak. One misfortune is, that I cannot take, even in the smallest quantities, the common remedy, opium. I am obliged mainly to rely on diet and care.

I find Mr. Marcoleta here, in great affliction. He came here to be married to a beautiful young lady, a Miss West, who died suddenly soon after his arrival. He seems very much depressed; says he can do nothing at present; and proposes to go to Nicaragua, on a short visit, for the purpose of communicating with his government.

These Cuban rumors are substantially groundless. Mr. Bailey, a merchant of Matanzas, well known here as a person of standing, called on me yesterday, having seen in the newspapers that I was summoned to Washington, to consult on Cuban affairs. He came in The Isabel, the very latest arrival from Havana, and says that, on the day of sailing, he passed an

hour with the governor-general, that the governor informed him, that on the 4th of July some lawless persons met in the streets in Principé, and raised revolutionary cries; that they soon fled to the hills and woods, and have since offered to surrender themselves on promise of safety to their lives; and that this is the amount of the disturbance. He says, what is undoubtedly true, that some disaffected persons in Cuba, keep up a correspondence with certain Americans in Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, principally the two former, and that by these persons the false rumors are spread, and the clamor raised. He added, that the governor-general assured him that he had positive orders from the Queen's government, that if a revolution should break out and look serious, he should proclaim their slaves all free, and put arms in their hands. This proceeds on the idea, that, when freed, the slaves would defend the island against all attacks and all attempts from the United States.

I have heard of this before.

I have written Mr. Letcher, that if he finds it necessary to see me, he must come here. He can do that more easily than I can get to him.

I had one or two things to say, but am broke off by a rush of people, and must defer that part of my purpose.

I hear of your family, all well and happy, at Newport.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PROFESSOR SANBORN.

Boston, August 5, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I could not attend your Commencement. I came home exhausted and fatigued; and although the journey to Hanover might have been pleasant, and I should have been most happy to see your family, and other private friends, I could not encounter a Commencement crowd, and subject myself to be called on to make speeches and addresses. I must leave off all that. Please give my most affectionate regards to your wife and mother. Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, August 6, 1851.

My dear Sir,—Your letter of the 2d was only received yesterday; it was directed to New York, whither the newspapers had sent me, but whither I had not gone myself.

If one trusts the newspapers, he can hardly be sure of his own whereabouts.

I shall see Mr. Letcher. It is probably a very good time to buy off our obligations under the treaty of Hidalgo. There is danger, however, that, if this should be done, the money will all go to the creditors of Mexico, leaving her as incapable as she now is of defending her frontiers. Our own territories are interested in this defence against the Indians. Can we trust Mexico? I shall, of course, converse freely with Mr. Letcher on this point, and shall write you.

I am quite content that Mr. —— should go to China, and do not see how we can do better.

As to the district attorney, I am quite willing that the gentleman you mention should be appointed. For myself, I comply strictly with the regimen of Dr. Croes. Thus far, I get on pretty well. I did not think of going to Newport, because the climate of Newport is exactly that of Marshfield, while Newport is filled up by crowds of people, whereas Marshfield is quite secluded. To-morrow I think of going to New Hampshire, hardly so much for a change of air, as to look after some private affairs. In general, I find that those affected by my complaint avoid the interior, and come to the coast. But this is not universal.

There is no political news of interest here. A very unusual money panic exists both here and in New York.

I shall write you, my dear Sir, frequently, as at Capon Springs, until I hear of your movement further South. There is a telegraphic station at Franklin, New Hampshire, where I am going. But I shall be there for so short a period, that I had better be addressed at Boston.

I am, my dear Sir, as always, very truly yours,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Franklin, August 11, 1851—Monday morning.

PORTER WRIGHT,—You must send me five or six pieces of my best beef. There is none good here, nor could I find any in Boston.

Ask Mr. Baker to send me, by to-morrow morning's mail, my smallest brass, spoon-shaped, blue-fish hooks, without the line. Tell him to put it up well.

I am getting along very well. Fletcher is here. It is a great time for violent showers.

Mr. Taylor has work enough on hand. His crops are very heavy. His family all well.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Franklin, N. H., August 10, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came to these regions on the morning of Thursday the 7th, thinking that the mountain air might strengthen me against the time when I expect my enemy, the catarrh, to attack me; and here I am, obeying Mr. Croes, in all things, and getting a pretty good share of air and exercise. Fletcher came up yesterday to stay some days with me. We have had most violent thunder-storms in the last three days; but all has cleared off, and this day is bright and cool, and the atmosphere delicious.

My last letter from you was of the 4th. I do not think three millions an extravagant sum to buy off our treaty obligations with Mexico, if we could have assurance that she would apply it, or a proper part of it, to the defence of the frontiers against the Indians. My fear is, as I intimated in my last letter, that she will either apply the money to her existing debts, or waste it, and still leave the frontiers, her own as well as ours, a prey to savage hostilities.

It gives me great pain to hear that Mr. Corwin thinks of resigning his place. I should deem it quite a misfortune; and I have besought him, and shall continue to beseech him, to give up the idea.

If accounts be true, you have no lack of numbers at Capon Springs. Seven hundred is no mean company.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Franklin, Wednesday, eight o'clock, A. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—Sarah says she has not seen me look so well at any time as this morning. "Your eyes are like two bright buttons." I begin to have hope, but shall not depart from my course of preventions for days to come. The enemy may come as a thief in the night, or he may be as bold as a lion. I read and write, and feel quite contented. Nobody has been here, since you and Fletcher left.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Franklin, August, 19, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I date this letter at Franklin, and shall send it thither to be mailed, yet, in truth, I write it among the White Mountains. I stayed at Franklin until the cars, passing and repassing every few hours, began to bring me many daily visitors; and as I wished for quiet and privacy, I took my own conveyance and came off in this direction. There are few inhabitants in these mountains, and no company, except tourists, who pass along rapidly, and disturb no one's repose. The weather has been fine, and my health improves daily; yet it is not perfect, as the complaint which attacked me at Harrisburg, still more or less annoys me. I have never had confidence that I should be able to avert entirely the attack of catarrh; but I believe that at least, I shall gain so much in general health and strength as to enable me, in some measure, to resist its influence, and mitigate its evils. Four days hence is the time of its customary approach. Within that period I shall fall quietly back on Franklin.

Mr. Letcher's instructions were duly revised, signed, and despatched, and an instruction given about the expulsion from the Isthmus, of Major Barnard and his associates, the surveyors. I also wrote a private letter, giving such suggestions as I thought might be useful.

Mr. Forward writes, that being a candidate for an election as judge, he wishes to be recalled, and I should like to receive your directions in relation to this subject. I suppose it may be as well that he should be permitted to return, and that the mission should remain vacant till the next session of Congress. We have no affairs of importance pending at Copenhagen. If his request be complied with, early notice should be given to him, as he might wish to leave the Baltic by the middle of October.

Mr. Corwin's purpose to resign ere long is, I fear, fixed, although I should devoutly wish that he would reconsider it. Where would you look for a successor? You could hardly go to Ohio, even if a proper man were to be found there, if Mr. Goddard is to go to China. This last appointment appears to me of more doubtful propriety than it did when I wrote you last, since Ohio has already one full mission.

Sir Henry Bulwer has gone to England, and Mr. Marcoleta, I presume to Nicaragua, so that all Nicaraguan affairs must remain *in statu quo*, till October. No important papers have been received from the Department, expect those which relate to Mexico. All the rest of the world is quiet. Indeed, Mexico is, at present, the main point of interest in our foreign relations. Lord Elgin, you notice, has accepted the Boston invitation for a great celebration in September. I trust you will be present.

Hoping that you are as happy among crowds as I am here in solitude, and enjoying health better than mine, I remain, my dear Sir, always yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Elms Farm, August 23, 1851, Thursday morning, five o'clock—
A little foggy, but will be a fine day.

MY DEAR SIR,—At noon yesterday I received your letter of Monday, P. M. The warmth with which you express your

friendship towards me deeply touches me. Be assured, my dear Sir, that your affectionate regard is fully reciprocated. I like your intelligence, I respect your judgment, I have sympathy with your principles, and your feelings, and I like your society. It is my fervent wish that your friendship, as a source of happiness to me, may continue to refresh and gladden my way through all the little remainder of the path of life, which is yet to be trodden. Heaven's blessing ever rest on you and yours! and may you see many, many happy days, when all that you know of me, shall be matter of memory!

In regard to health, my dear friend, I remain as when you left me, except I think my general strength has improved, and the affection of the feet, which I am forced to believe is gout, is less troublesome and painful. Still, my feet are quite tender, and not without occasional twinges. I cannot say, that at this moment I feel any symptom of catarrh whatever. Still, I am cautious, and continue the use of all the medicines, keep indoors, except in fine weather, and avoid every thing, which might give the enemy an opening, through which he might enter.

In the P. M. yesterday, I received your despatch, and suppose that an hour hence, you will be at the Tremont. I thank you for having written to Mrs. Webster, for really I hardly know where to direct letters for her. I have not as yet heard from her, as actually at Niagara.

My dear Sir, may I ask if I am likely to get any slippers, or soft shoes, or boots? You undertook a very humble service, but you are so sure to perform what you undertake, that I relied on no one else. I suppose you could find none ready made, and I write this only to pray you not to let even so small a matter to *slip* out of your memory.

If detained in Boston, though but for a day, and that day be not a busy one, I trust you will come up. I wrote you yesterday on a subject of some little interest, but no great. You will find the letter at New York.

Yours, always sincerely and truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Monday morning, August 25.

My dear Sir,—Sarah thought she saw catarrh in my countenance yesterday. To-day she sees none. As yet I do not sneeze, nor are my eyes affected. It has not stayed away so long before. Yet it may come. The feet are doing first rate. The weather delightful.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Tuesday morning, August 26, 1851, eight o'clock.

My dear Friend,—Things are *in statu quo*. There is no positive symptom or appearance of catarrh. In driving out yesterday afternoon, the wind freshened up, and I sneezed twice, but John Taylor sneezed three times. Sarah says my eyes are not quite so clear this morning as yesterday morning. But I think I can account for that. My system is so full of iron, potash, and arsenic, that my stomach has become deranged. I took a blue pill last night, and a Rochelle powder this morning. The weather is clear and quite cool.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Franklin, August 26, 1851.

Porter Wright,—I propose to send several cattle, intended for Marshfield, on the cars, to Medford, on Tuesday, the 2d day of September, in time to reach Cambridge on Wednesday morning, the 3d, by Mr. Taylor, namely:—

One pair handsome red oxen, about seven feet, six year old, good workers, and in good order. The one with the narrowest set of horns, and the shortest tail, is the near ox.

One pair of five year old oxen, sparked, good to work in any way, but the off ox has outgrown his mate.

One pair dark red, four year old steers, uncommonly handsome, said to be handy and good to work. They are beauties. These are Fletcher's.

One pair of heavy and handsome four year olds, lighter red, quite as large, or larger, too fat to keep and too good to kill. They are "White Mountain steers;" the darkest colored is the near one.

One pair four year olds, short legged, heavy, and as Mr. Taylor says, excellent workers. The dark face is the off ox.

One pair three year old steers, black and all black, very handy, and good to work. Near one has the shortest horns.

One handsome red cow, five year old, and her calf, now an uncommonly large yearling heifer, both in calf by a celebrated Devon bull.

I may not be able to get all these into the cars, but shall if I can. If there are any steers which you do not like, or think we do not need, let them be sold at once for beef. If any changes be made in this list, Mr. Taylor will explain them. Mr. Taylor will go down with the cattle, and I wish you to meet him yourself at Medford. He will tell you all particulars.

Mr. Taylor takes down, also, eleven four year old steers, including the twins, as beef, and you must help him sell them off. You will, of course, take somebody with you, to drive the cattle to Marshfield; but be sure to go up yourself, and meet Mr. Taylor.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Franklin, August 27, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thus far the catarrh holds off. It was due the 23d, but, as yet, does not show itself. But I dare not have confidence for some days yet, that it will not come on in force. Our housekeeper, who has been with us ten years, and is now here, never had any hopes that the annual attack might be averted this time, until this morning. She now thinks that, by

great care, it may be made to pass by. I shall, I think, remain here some time longer. I am quite alone, but the weather is fine, and on the whole I enjoy the leisure very much. The last I heard of Mrs. Webster, she was at the Falls.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

August 27.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I wish Mr. Ames to buy me thirty yearlings, or two year old steers, or part of each age; and rather prefer some of each. When purchased, I wish him to mark them with a W. If he wants money, he may draw on me, at five days' sight, and send the bill to me wherever I may be. His draft, or commission, or compensation in any way, will be promptly paid. You know what kind of cattle we want; not very expensive or fancy animals, but fair, tolerably large, and growthy steers. I care little about pairs, or matches, but do not want any mean things.

I am quite willing you should employ the man with the machine to thresh the grain, if you think best. We shall lose something in the straw, but you have so much work to do, I think the grain may as well be threshed by the machine.

I hope this cool and dry weather will help save the potatoes.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[Franklin, August 31, 1851.] Sunday evening.

MY DEAR SIR,—This has been a lonely and rather unhappy day. Since last evening the pain in my feet has been constant and intense, and I do not think I slept twenty minutes at one time, last night, between nine o'clock and three. Nor have I been able to sleep to-day. The weather is fine, and I drove up to the village this P. M. to ask the doctor to come down and see

if he could not give me something, colchicum, or something else, to relieve pain without opium. He says he will try.

Friday about noon, I thought I felt catarrhal symptoms. There were some tendency of defluxion from the nose, the eyes did not feel right, and what was more important, I felt a degree of general depression, which belongs to the disease. I fought the demonstration off, however, and at present feel nothing of it. Indeed, while I write this, such is the burning in my feet, that I could not well feel any thing else. The complaint in the feet does not spread. It is confined to the extremities, the toes of the two feet. No external application gives any relief.

Monday morning, seven o'clock.—I am glad I did not fill up this sheet last evening, as I am better to-day, and have no bad signs or symptoms about me.

I expect to hear from you at eleven o'clock.

Yours, truly always, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Franklin, September 8, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was delighted to receive your letter of the 2d, and to find you are at home, safe and well. I saw you had your hands full of Cuban matters. I think your course entirely right. What patriots and hot-headed men will next undertake, respecting Cuba, remains to be seen. We must expect that every possible effort will be made to embroil us with Spain.

I have had rather a hard time. I have been able to keep off the catarrh so far, but it has called on me to take so much medicine as a good deal to derange my system. In addition to this, I was attacked three weeks ago by a violent pain in one of my feet, which the doctor says is gout. I can hardly believe this, as we never had gout in our family; but there is something, and which is by spells exceedingly painful. The physician says it will do my constitution a great deal of good, and go off in good time.

I go to Boston to-day, where Mrs. Webster is, and thence immediately to Marshfield. By the process, thus far, I have lost flesh, and am not a little reduced. Yesterday and Sunday

were exceedingly hot, bright days; and although I did step out of the house, the heat affected my eyes, much after the catarrh fashion. I resisted the attack, however, by the application of ice. This effort to avert the catarrh, and this appearance of gout, if it be good, will produce a change of some sort, in the state of my health. I do not know how it will come out, but hope for the best.

I think you will do very well to make Mr. Crittenden acting secretary on his return. I shall make every effort to get to Washington before the month is out, and am the more anxious to do so, as I must be in New Hampshire to meet friends one day in the early part of October, at Manchester. All depends, however, on the progress I may make in regard to health.

I do hope Mr. Corwin will not quit. Conjure him, in my behalf, to remain for the present.

I shall give Mr. Derrick directions to recall Mr. Forward.

I shall not attend the Boston celebration, and I should not if I were well. I cannot accept any invitation in which the mayor and aldermen form part of the inviters.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Revere House, Friday. September 13, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has been suggested as possible, that some of those who will dine on the common to-day, might be inclined, afterwards, to make me a call of civility and respect, in numbers. I hope this may not happen. Such an occurrence, immediately after the President's departure, might be liable to misconstruction. It might be represented that it had been planned, or designed, or, if not so, that it was disrespectful to the President. My deep and sincere regard for the President, as well as my official relations to him, would make it exceedingly painful to me, if any thing should occur, in which my name should be concerned, however remotely, manifesting disrespect to him or the slightest want of kindness, or delicacy towards his feelings. Besides, I am desirous that he should get through this occasion in a manner every way the most gratifying to him.

I shall have another opportunity, ere long, of meeting the citizens of Boston. I hope it may not be necessary to show this letter, or even to suggest its existence to any one, but, nevertheless, I wish my friends to be aware of my feelings, should the case arise. Yours, truly always,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. The President is not quite well this morning, and does not come down to breakfast. I presume he has experienced a little too much fatigue.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, Green Harbor, September 15, 1851.
Monday morning, eight o'clock.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since I wrote you last, I have gone through sudden and various changes in regard to my health. Things wore on, much as they had been going, until the first of this month. Then excessively hot weather set in, and gave a new turn to matters. Saturday the 6th, Sunday the 7th, and Monday the 8th were intolerable days for heat. On Saturday, although I did not step over the threshold, my eyes became strongly affected, much after the catarrh fashion, and this continued. Monday afternoon the weather appearing to cool a little, and the cars not passing till six o'clock, I ventured on board for Boston. We were unlucky. The engine was thrown off the track by running over cattle; it was midnight before we got in. I took a heavy cold, and the next day was quite ill all day. Wednesday afternoon I broke away by violence, and came hither by way of the Hingham boat. While in Boston, Dr. Jeffries advised me to leave off all medicine for a time, which I did, and have not yet resumed the taking of any. These things, or some of them, have caused a very sudden improvement. My feet became at once quite well, nor have I felt any great influence of catarrh, since I have been here. On Thursday, I caught thirty very fine Tautog, under Sunk Rock. It was just the day for them; mild, still, and a little cloudy. On such a day, and just at the commencement of flood tide, throw

your hook into their den, and the chiefs will all contend for it. I took one seven pound fellow. On Saturday, I went out in the Lapwing with Fletcher, and some of his Boston friends. We had no great luck, and it came on to rain, during a perfect calm, so that we did not escape a wetting. I took little harm from it.

Saturday night wind and weather changed, and we have had it quite cold. This morning the wind is east, and at sunrise the mercury stood 51°. I doubt whether I shall leave the house to-day. Mr. Lanman came with me from New Hampshire, has been here, and went off this morning for New York. Mrs. Webster, Miss Kate Le Roy, and myself constitute the parlour part of the household.

I received an invitation from the City Government to attend the railroad celebration, which I declined. The President wrote me on the 10th, that he should not be here, but a telegraphic despatch announced, Saturday evening, that he would leave Washington this morning for Boston.

Mrs. Webster and I propose to go to town to-morrow, to see the fashions a little, and spend two or three days. Then one more short stay at this place, will bring us to October.

Marshfield looks finely, and every thing is right but the potatoes. The rot has taken them. The barns are crowded full of hay and grain, the fields have quite an English green about them, and the cattle are up to their knees in fresh grown grass.

N. B. Since writing so far, I have yours, saying you have flown off to Niagara.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO GOVERNOR BOUTWELL.

Boston, September 22, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am desirous of placing these trifles* in your possession, as a gift from my own hand; the more especially as the occasion furnishes an opportunity of expressing my high personal regard, and my profound respect for the manner in

* Copy of Mr. Webster's New York speeches.

which you have upholden constitutional principles, and maintained the supremacy of the laws.

Very truly and faithfully, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, September 26, 1851. Friday, two P. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—Here I am once more, and here, I assure you, I am most happy to be. After a noisy week of "celebrations," we went to Beverly, and passed a few highly agreeable days with Mr. Haven's family. It is a charming spot, and a most hospitable mansion. You were looked for, and a room kept for you till we left. We came up to Boston yesterday forenoon, and I came to this place early this morning, leaving Mrs. Webster to come down at two o'clock, with Mr. Edward Curtis, who, I hope, arrived at Boston this morning.

At Boston I received your letter, saying you should come to Boston on Tuesday. I pray you come immediately here. Call on Mr. Haven, who, I hope, will accompany you, as I wish to see you and him together.

Saturday morning, seven o'clock.

Mrs. Webster arrived yesterday P. M. but brought no Mr. Curtis. I hope he is not out in this eastern rain-storm, and I hope you and yours are all well and happy in 14th street.

Always, truly yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Marshfield, September 27, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—My speech of the 7th of March, 1850, is probably the most important effort of my life, and as likely as any other to be often referred to. I think, therefore, it ought to have a short name for a running title, and for popular use. I

should like to have "Union" in it, in some form, and would retain the date, to distinguish it from other "Union" speeches. Suppose you say in the running title, "Mr. Webster's Speech," or "Speech, March 7, 1850, on the danger of the Union and the duties of its friends," or "Speech for the Union and the Constitution, March 7, 1850."

Do I not say in the speech, which is not before me, "I speak to-day for the Union?" I leave all to your taste and judgment, but incline myself strongly for the last form stated above. Mr. Clay's resolutions were rather the occasion than the subject of the speech.

I am on the manuscript to-day.

Yours, D. W.

P. S. A very rainy morning.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(EXTRACT.)

Marshfield, September 28, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I heard with great pleasure of your arrival at Washington in safety and good health. I am sure your recollections of your visit to the Bostonians must be pleasant, as you gave them all much pleasure. It is a long time since they have seen among them a Whig President; I do not hear any thing but satisfaction from any quarter.

As soon as you left Boston, I went to the country, and stayed two or three days with Mr. Haven. I was far from being well, and one day quite sick. Sometimes the force of the catarrh seems pretty much broken, and then it returns attacking the head, eyes, nose, &c., with great violence. I think it is approaching its last stage, which is the asthmatic stage. Some of our friends who are subjects of the complaint, and who have short necks, dread this. I do not fear much from this, although in this stage I feel its influence more or less on the chest. Meantime, between the catarrh and the Harrisburg diarrhœa, I am a good deal reduced. This cannot be denied, though I am not quite so sick, as the newspapers represent me sometimes.

The weather is now bad, and I am obliged to keep house; but it does me good to be out in fair weather. In such a day as this, a northeast rain-storm pouring, I cough a little, and am as hoarse as a frog.

But enough of myself.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 4, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was just sitting down to write to you to-day, when I received yours of the 2d.

The information communicated by Mr. Rives, if true, may become important, but we must wait to learn its particulars. I doubt exceedingly, whether the English government would do so rash a thing as to interfere with American vessels, on the seas, under pretence of their containing Cuban invaders. This could never be submitted to. I do not think that any further attempt is likely to be made, at present, by these lawless people, as I do not see where they can now raise the funds, and therefore I hope we may have no more trouble. If an official communication be made to us of such a treaty as Mr. Rives supposes may have been entered into, it will deserve close consideration. We must look to our own antecedents. In General Jackson's time, it was intimated to Spain by our government, that if she would not cede Cuba to any European power, we would assist her in maintaining her possession of it. A lively fear existed, at that time, that England had designs upon the island. The same intimation was given to Spain, through Mr. Irving, when I was formerly in the Department of State. Mr. J. Quincy Adams often said that, if necessary, we ought to make war with England sooner than to acquiesce in her acquisition of Cuba. It is indeed obvious enough what danger there would be to us, if a great naval power were to possess this key to the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Before receiving your letter, I had made up my mind, that if this matter of the treaty between England and France should be announced to us, and should

seem to require immediate attention, I would hasten to Washington.

The recent weather, very cold for the season, has been useful to me. The catarrh with its sneezing, and nose-blowing, its cough and its asthma, seems to be taking leave; my eyes are still weak, but my greatest difficulty, at present, is a general want of strength. I am trying to pick up, and hope to be able to be in Washington by the 20th of the month, or thereabouts, somewhat recruited.

I pray you, my dear Sir, to command me, if there be any thing which I can do, and call me back to Washington, whenever you see a necessity for so doing. Marshfield is very pleasant, and its air, I think, useful, but I am ready to quit whenever duty requires.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, October 11, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been at Manchester for a day, and returned yesterday. It was the occasion of a great State fair, at which an immense multitude assembled.

I have had thoughts of fulfilling a promise of long standing to the Vermontese, but I have given it up. Nor shall I go again to New Hampshire, as I feel it to be my duty to be looking to the South, and the more so, as I expect to be obliged to return to Boston for a few days, on important professional business. The weather is fine, and I am gaining in health and strength.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. It is news to me that I am expected to make an address at Baltimore.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, October 11, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I give this to Mr. Cook, a gentleman from Alabama, who brings very respectable letters from Mr. Hilliard and others. These letters he wishes you to read. His object is to solicit the aid of the government in favor of his son, one of the Cuban prisoners, now on his way to Spain.

I have given him a private and unofficial note of introduction to Mr. Calderon, to whom I have advised him to show his letters, after you shall have read them.

Of course, we can do nothing officially for any one of these prisoners, which we do not do for all.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, October 12, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received this morning yours of the 10th, in regard to the insurrection in Tamaulipas.

I entirely concur in the result to which the cabinet has come, to wit, that there is no sufficient information, at present, on the subject in regard to England and France, and the Cuban business.

I cannot bring myself to believe that these governments, or either of them, dare to search an American merchantman on the high seas to ascertain whether individuals may be on board, bound to Cuba, and with hostile purposes.

The only case to justify a seizure and detention, would be that of an armed vessel fitted out obviously and flagrantly for warlike purposes, found sailing on the high seas without a commission from any acknowledged government. Such a vessel might be regarded as a pirate, being *hostis humani generis*, and might be destroyed by the ships of war of any government. But then it must be certain that the vessel was destined to act piratically.

I have written to Mr. Rives to send us an account of the French laws respecting enlistments in France for foreign military service, and the prevention of expeditions set on foot in France against states or governments, with which France is at peace.

I am glad that you have thought of Mr. B. as commissioner to China. I have known him long and well. He has talent and knowledge for the place, and is acquainted with the French language, though not, of course, with the Chinese.

He is a thoroughly sound Union Whig.

I thank you for your kindness in sending me the article from the Republic. It is fair and manly, and quite sufficiently favorable towards me.

While you and I are together, my dear Sir, in the administration of the government, that administration will not be bifaced; but it will be one in principle and purpose.

I go to-morrow morning to Marshfield, to put things in order for my departure South.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. HOLMES TO MR. WEBSTER.

25, Tremont Row, October 14, 1851.

[The following lines were sent to Mr. Webster by a very respectable man, a harness-maker in Boston, and though they may not be new to every body, they will be so to many. Mr. Webster preserved them, as he thought them justly descriptive.]

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you the following lines, expressing the qualities of a good cow:—

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat, without cake or corn;
She's clear in her jaws, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin;
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, with never a hump,
She's wide in her hips, and bold in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, thin in her thighs!
She's light in her hair, and small in her tail,

She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

You will please pardon this liberty, but knowing you are a farmer, and thinking of those lines, that my father taught me when a boy, I thought I would embrace the present opportunity of sending them to you.

Your obedient servant,
WILL HOLMES.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HOLMES.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your lines, describing a fine cow. The description, I think, is quite correct. Your father must have understood the subject.

Yours truly, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO GOVERNOR BOUTWELL.

Marshfield, October 16, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read your letter of the 29th of September with sincere pleasure. It is most grateful to me to know that you are among those, who, although not entertaining in general my political opinions, nevertheless approve my recent efforts for the preservation of the constitution and the authority of the laws. You say, "that the union of the States is a political necessity, without which all political principles and organizations are comparatively worthless."

This short sentence, in my judgment, states the whole matter, fully and accurately.

The resolutions of the town of Acton of the 14th of June, 1776, are very remarkable. The general idea of some union among the several colonies, each acting under its separate government, is known, of course, to have prevailed before. The meeting at Albany, in 1753, is proof of this, and other evidences also, to the like effect, are spread through our history. But the

inhabitants of Acton, with a far-seeing sagacity, by the resolutions referred to, carried their opinions much further, and to a much more important result. They appear to have contemplated not a confederacy, or league between the States, but one government, that is to say, an American republic for them all.

I am not at all aware of any vote or declaration by anybody of citizens to the same or a similar effect, of an earlier period.

I am, my dear Sir, with very great regard, your obedient servant,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PRATT.

Marshfield, October 16, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the proposed inscription for Julia's monument, and Edward's. Please put the words on a piece of paper, in the form in which it is proposed they shall stand on the monuments, and send the words, in the proposed form, to me, before they are cut on the stone. The words for Mrs. Webster's monument, I will send up in a day or two.

At present, a date is wanted. I shall be in Boston on Monday evening, and will see you at the Revere House, on Tuesday.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Marshfield, October 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—The house delineated in Mr. Lanman's sketch, is the very house in which I was born. Some of my older brothers and sisters were born in the first house erected by my father, which was a log cabin. Before my birth, he had become able to build a small frame house, which several persons now living will remember, and which is accurately depicted by Mr. Lanman. This house, in its turn, gave way to a much larger one, which now stands on the spot, and which was built by

those who purchased the property of my father. I have recently repurchased this spot.

I will look for Mr. Marston's note, but I thought you had it. I will enclose the several dedications, and send them by this mail or the next.

Yours, always truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. M. TO MR. WEBSTER.

[As a specimen of the considerate requests made to Mr. Webster, as, doubtless, to other distinguished persons, the following letter is inserted.

The leisure which, of course, usually attends the Secretary of State of the United States, was probably not sufficient for the required treatise.]

——— College, October 18, 1851.

SIR,—Having to discuss the following question, "Whether the ends of government can be obtained better, by a republican than by a monarchical form," and being unable to get, from any standard authors, a satisfactory definition of what the true "ends of government" are, I am urged to respectfully ask your advice.

Your reputation as the great defender of our Constitution, and as the invincible advocate of republicanism, has induced me to request of you, answers to the following questions, namely, What are the ends of government? What are the distinguishing characteristics in the constitutions of republican and monarchical governments? How do you define a true republic and a real monarchy?

If the above will not interfere with the important duties connected with the office you hold, a few ideas from you will be thankfully received and gratefully remembered by

Your most obedient servant,

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, October 22, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I am detained here quite unexpectedly by an entanglement in an old lawsuit. It is pending in the United States Circuit Court, and parties and counsel are now here for the purpose of agreeing, or having a decision on the time of trying it; which is found to be no easy matter, as many counsel are engaged, belonging to different States, and a host of witnesses to be examined. I have thought the trial might come on pretty soon, but present appearances indicate a postponement for some months. The subject was opened by the judge yesterday; affidavits are in preparation to-day, and the parties will be heard to-morrow. If the judge decides the matter on Friday, as he probably will, I shall go to New York on Saturday, and to Washington without loss of time. That will be as early, I think, as I shall be able to do a day's work in a day.

I regret exceedingly to see that Judge Conkling differs from the other judges, on the subject of these forcible rescues of fugitive slaves.

Yours, truly always, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, October 30, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I presume the argument in Gibbons *v.* Ogden was written by me and given to Mr. Wheaton. The argument is a pretty good one, and was on a new question. It has been often observed that the opinion of the court, delivered by Chief Justice Marshall, follows closely the track of the argument. He adopts the idea, which I remember struck him at the time, that, by the Constitution, the commerce of the several States has become a unit.

I think all arguments and discourses have more force and directness, when the first person is used. Mr. Hunter and Mr.

Derrick both say, that every word of the message* was written by me, and therefore I see no reason why it should not be stated to have been written by me. D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO COLONEL TODD.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, November 6, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your friendly feelings, and the very favorable sentiments towards me, which you are pleased to express. We were more intimately acquainted formerly, in the days of the good President Harrison, who was, I know, your fast and unalterable friend. I shall always cherish the highest respect for his memory and character.

I should be very glad to see you. Nobody can tell, my dear Sir, what times are before us. I think that good men and lovers of their country should stand together and act together. I have the truest confidence in you; both as to your fidelity and ability. You are in the vigor of life, active, and well known to very many good men, and true friends of the government, and certainly you can do much good. You need not doubt of my good wishes and intentions of being useful to you, now and at all times.

I repeat, that if not inconvenient to you, I hope you will come this way.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, November 7, 1851. Friday morning, eight o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Curtis did not arrive yesterday. He informed me by telegraph, that the cars met with some obstruction at Philadelphia, and that he should be here to-day.

The weather is fine, but cold, and I am well but rather busy,

* Transmitting the treaty of Washington to Congress.

although not crowded. When one is in health, he can make things move rapidly. The necessity of attending to the publication of my Speeches, now going through the press, requires some labor; subscribers' copies are to contain an autograph. To accomplish this, I write my name, on sheets prepared, four or five hundred times of an evening. And then corrections are to be made, and notes furnished. The volumes, it is said, will be out by the 1st of December.

The message is a matter now requiring consideration and preparation. I hope all parts of it will be carefully considered, inasmuch as the administration has few friends in Congress.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, November 9, 1851.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I duly received yours of the 7th. If the ground remains open, I suppose you will plough in the kelp. It loses a little by lying in the air, though not a great deal, at this season of the year. You seem to have a great yield of carrots. Indeed, our crops, like most of our other crops, are very favorable, except in the case of the potatoes.

You will soon be, if not already, drawing the turnips; I wish you to weigh one bushel, and then see how many bushels fill your common cart; then, by keeping an account of the cart-loads, you can ascertain both the number of bushels and the number of tons. You can in the same way cast the quantity of the carrots.

I do not hear how Mr. Weston gets on with the barn and sheep-house; I suppose the bridge may take him some time.

I am very well. Mrs. Webster is yet in New York.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, November 12, 1851.

My dear Mr. Blatchford,—I received your interesting communication yesterday, and now enclose a letter for Mr. Minturn. I wish to thank you most heartily for your constant and kind attention to the passenger-money business, which is a good deal important to me.

I am very glad you sometimes call to see Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Webster, and hope you will continue to be neighborly. Mr. Curtis and I get along well; his health appears to me to be good. We live very quietly. He said this morning, our early dinners and quiet evenings are the things for us. We dined all alone yesterday, and talked from four to ten o'clock a regular duet. To-day we are threatened with snow.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, November 12, 1851.

Porter Wright,—I think you will find places, somewhere, for the turnips. There is the floor of the sheep-barn, as well as the cellar, and the floor and hovel of the new barn, (if we have no cattle there,) where turnips can be placed, and covered up with hay or straw. Indeed, I suppose, if you were to make a platform, a foot from the ground, with loose plank, you might lay turnips up on it, two or three feet thick, and cover all up with hay or straw, and that in this manner they might be kept till spring.

I am willing you should sell the Jumpers* if you can get a fair and full price for them; not under a hundred dollars, and as much more as you think they are worth. I do not exactly remember their size, but they are a handsome pair, now in good order, will be six years old in the spring; and if you do not need to work them this winter, we have hay and turnips to give

* A pair of oxen.

them, and they may easily be made good beef by July, when good beef generally brings a good price. Exercise your own judgment, but do not sacrifice my favorites.

I wish you to get three or four nice new half barrels, by the time you kill the hogs. Marshfield pork is very popular here, and I shall want as much as three half barrels sent to me. I should like to know how the beef cattle get along. I suppose you will slaughter the hogs and the beef cattle, about the week after Thanksgiving.

If Mr. Baker has any of the common geese left, more than he wishes to keep, he may send them up, from time to time, to Mr. Appleton, and so of the white turkeys, if he can make them fat enough.

Do not fail to remember the oil cake for the calves. Take one of the best turkeys for your Thanksgiving dinner, and tell Mr. Baker to take another for his.

The barrels of vegetables have not arrived, but I suppose they are on the way. We have now east wind enough to bring them along.

When you have got in the turnips, let me know the quantity. Are the boats all properly disposed of for the winter? How does Mr. Weston get on with his bridge and his barns?

I enclose a draft for a little money, which I suppose you will consider the very best part of this long letter.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, November 13, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—Unless these directions be altered, suppose we proceed this way in the farming:—

1. Blackmount. Sow guano and plaster, mixed well together; twice or three times as much plaster in bulk as guano; harrow the land once or twice, or more, before and after sowing, so as to get the guano well covered up in the ground; then plant the potatoes, putting lime and plaster in each hill, according to Mr. Nesmith's recommendation; get the potatoes into the ground as early as possible. What sorts of seed do you propose to use?

2. As to the cornfield on the Weston land, get bone dust of

Mr. Breck, plough it in, in the same way; it should be fine; he will tell you the usual quantity. Then plant, putting lime into each hill, either with hog or with barn manure, or with plaster.

You will receive fifty-eight or sixty bags of guano, containing about a hundred and fifty pounds a bag, or a little less. Put twenty of these bags on the nine ploughed acres on Blackmount. That will be rather more than three hundred pounds to the acre, which will do pretty well. Keep the rest of the guano safe, till further orders. Have you ashes enough in the peach orchard for the whole field? If not, some of the guano may be used on the southern half of that field, where wheat is to be sown. I should like to try guano at the rate of three hundred pounds to the acre, against ashes at the rate of two hundred bushels to the acre. If you do any thing of this kind, be exact.

Have you as much strength of ox teams as you wish, or more or less than you wish? One question more. About what time should you prefer that I should come home to stay three days?

Yours, &c., DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, November 13, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The wine, both parcels, have arrived safe. Your kindness is unbounded; one of the kinds I have tasted with Mr. Curtis. Its flavor is excellent, but is exceeded by the flavor of our long-continued and unbroken friendship. I relish highly all the recollections of the past, and all the sweets of the present. I thank God that we have lived so long, known each other so well, and cultivated such a degree of mutual esteem.

I thank you, my dear Sir, for these new proofs of your bounty, and only wish I could see how it were possible for me to requite it.

May God preserve you.

Yours, ever faithfully,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Sunday evening, Franklin, November 16, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—By all appearances, the winter has commenced, snow, six inches deep, and the wind northwest, quite cold. My water-trough to-night, I think, will freeze two inches thick. Last Monday morning, the 10th, at five o'clock, it commenced snowing, and it continued to snow all day, till six in the evening, with the wind northeast blowing rather hard. Tuesday morning I started for the Punch Brook Pasture, where I had fifty head of cattle. I found them all safe under the pine-trees. I drove them all home, and have been feeding them since, from the barns.

Your cattle are all in fine order, and I will give you a full account of them after I get them in their regular places, which will be several departments. It will take me a few days more to get them all regulated. I think that I have now on your Elms Farm a number of cattle, which I have raised from the full blood Hereford's. Some forty head half-bloods, of which there are thirty that have white faces, from two years old down to calves. I have one pair of two year-old steers, half-blood, Hereford's, both white faces, which girt six feet and six inches. I have one pair of yearlings, both steers, white faces, which girt six feet each. As to oxen, I have nothing that is very fanciful.

Mr. Webster, Sir, will you please give Mrs. Webster my greatest respects.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

November 24, 1851.

I HAVE thought it might be agreeable to you to receive this evening a greater part of what I have prepared, or propose to prepare, for the message.

Two papers, drawn by you and put into my hands, the one upon the compromise measures, I hope to look over to-morrow,

by the earliest light of the morning, and will return them to you.

I was never informed, till to-day, of the particulars of Commodore Parker's visit to the Havana, the instructions given to him, and his letters to the Department. These seem to me important, as you will see by what I have written for the message.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

November 24, 1851.

THIS is rather an interesting letter, but it is so full of personal compliments to me, I ought to be ashamed to show it.

Dr. Lieber is a professor in Columbia College, South Carolina. He is a German, who has been in this country many years, is an excellent scholar, and has great acquaintance with men in Europe and America.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

PORTER WRIGHT TO MR. WEBSTER.

Marshfield, November 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—We have, after a long time, got in all our turnips. We make out one hundred and forty-two loads, weighing about two thousand one hundred pounds to the load, and thirty-two bushels, as we measure them, to the load. We have cleared our cornfield on the Weston land, and ploughed three days there.

Friday we had another kelp storm; and Saturday afternoon, after the tide got down, so that we could get on the beach, we got up fifty-seven loads. Mr. Weston thinks in four or five days that he shall have the bridge so that we can pass over it.

Yours with respect,

C. P. WRIGHT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Tuesday, nine o'clock, November 25, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I fear I shall not be able to get the revise till twelve o'clock. The moment it is received, I will bring it over.

It seems so important to shorten the message, that I have concluded it will be best to leave out all the statement of the laws respecting consuls, and merely say, that the state of law, whether for the protection or punishment of consuls, needs revision. This will be a considerable saving, and will be no great loss to the general reader.

Yours truly, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Washington, November 27, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I was greatly surprised this morning to see the "address" in the Republic, at full length. It reads well, so far as I am a judge, which is only of its ability, and not of its truthfulness. That it will be read all over the country, I doubt not. You appear to have had an animated meeting. Report speaks goldenly of all the gentlemen who addressed the meeting. I confess, my dear Sir, I do indeed sincerely confess, that I am affected, and overwhelmed by the sentiments and efforts of such ardent friends. Would that I were more worthy of them!

Whatever may happen hereafter, I am satisfied.

Yours most truly always,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, November 27, 1851.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter. The "address" was printed in the Republic this morning. I am too modest to say what I think of it. The speeches, as appear from the

sketches which I have seen, were excellent, most excellent, considering the subject.

I assure you, my dear Sir, that no political promotion, no success in life, could give my heart such a thrill as this outpouring of kindness and confidence by my Massachusetts friends. Enemies, factionists, and fanatics may now do their worst. I know not how to thank Mr. Ashmun, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Choate, and others, for their enthusiastic efforts. I do not think I shall ever try to thank either of them. They tower above all thanks of mine.

Yours, most assuredly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. How happy it was for Mr. Choate to say, that the doors of Faneuil Hall were at length opened!

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

November 27, 1851, Thanksgiving day, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—According to your very proper suggestion, I have directed the substance of Mr. Waddell's letter to be drawn out for publication. I suppose the message will soon be in the cars. Please send word by the bearer whether there be any thing in which I can be useful at your house.

I have spent the morning in composing a letter to Mr. Barringer in behalf of the prisoners in Spain, and hope to be able to lay it before you to-morrow.

If that has not been a religious duty, it has been at least a work of mercy.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

December, 1851—quarter to one o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your proposed amendments in the report on Thrasher's case are all right, and some of them important.

Two heads are better than one. The paper and its accompaniments, with the necessary message, will be in your hands before two o'clock.

Truly yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Washington, December 3, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—This affair of The Prometheus is serious, and likely to produce excitement. I am preparing a letter for Mr. Lawrence, to inquire whether the British government authorized or approved the conduct of the British commander.

I take this occasion strongly to recommend that an armed vessel of some description, be sent to San Juan de Nicaragua, another to San Juan del Sud, and another to Chagres or its neighborhood.

I deem some naval force at all these points essentially necessary, in order to suppress violences and to preserve the peace.

Yours, always truly, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Department of State, Washington, December 3, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—There is no letter in this Department from Mr. Thrasher. I will see the proper statement made in the newspapers.

I think it will be best for the Republic to publish the substance of the report of the delegate from Utah, or the whole, in an official form.

Yours truly, always, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Department of State, December 3, 1851.

My dear Sir,—Papers and letters are so often opened in their passage through France and Spain, that I have thought it well to send my despatch to Mr. Barringer by a special bearer. This will not only insure the safe delivery of the despatch, but, I think, will also show an earnestness in the business which may be useful here, and in Madrid. I think of appointing a very respectable man in Boston, to this service.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Friday morning, December 5, 1851.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Calderon has sent me a long letter from the Governor-General of Cuba, on the subject of Thrasher's case. This letter is now in the process of translation, but it is so long that I shall not be ready with the papers called for in that case, so early as we hoped. The captain-general argues the question of domicile and allegiance, and quotes James Kent.

Yours truly, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Monday P. M., December 8, 1851.

My dear Sir,—There is not the slightest ground, so far as I know, to suppose that anybody connected with the government, had ever intimated to Mr. Crampton, or anybody else, that it would not be regarded as objectionable for Great Britain to send her fleet to protect Cuba. Certainly, no such suggestion ever proceeded from me. On the contrary, being in Boston when it first became known that the orders were issued, I said publicly, and in the hearing of persons, who, I knew, would write it to England the next day, that the first attempt to exe-

cute those orders by visiting an American ship, or in any other way interrupting our commerce, would lead to immediate war.

I never passed a word on the subject with Mr. Crampton. I do not think that any gentleman connected with the Department, permanently or temporarily, ever made such an intimation.

Mr. Crittenden, we are sure, never could have done it. I rather suppose it must have been one of Lord Palmerston's own inferences, from the declaration of the government, that we did not regard these invaders entitled to our protection.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Monday morning, December 15, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the translation of the letter of the Governor-General of Cuba to Mr. Calderon.

These Spanish papers seem to have made it necessary to cast anew my letter to Mr. Barringer. I have accordingly been doing that, and hope to have the letter ready for your perusal to-day, and to be sent to the Senate to-morrow.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

December 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Lawrence, in a private letter to me, says that, "in a conversation with Lord Palmerston, his lordship assured him that no treaty or stipulation had been entered into between England, France, and Spain respecting Cuba." I suppose it is enough for us, in answer to the call of the House, to state, as I have done in my report, that we have no knowledge of the existence of any such treaty.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, December 18, 1851. Thursday morning.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write you before breakfast, as I fear to have no time afterwards. For ten days I have been busy with Cubans, Thrasher, The Prometheus, the supposed treaty between England, France, and Spain, &c.

I finished last evening an answer to the call of the House of Representatives about Thrasher's case, which, when published, you may read.

I am greatly embarrassed about going to New York. It has been my purpose to go a day or two after Christmas, and it seems to me to be impossible I should be able to go earlier.

Fletcher is here, and will stay through this week. The weather is intensely cold, but I seem to be the better. I have not been in so good health for years.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

December 20, 1851.

DEAR PORTER,—I send you a check for three hundred dollars, and will send you another soon. Have you killed the beef, or any part of it? Do you get any kelp? What is to be done with all the lard?

Are the hams and shoulders properly taken care of? This is of importance; as, if I live, I shall be home next summer.

Mr. Weston has generally put the hams up well. I am willing to trust him and you, and Henry Thomas. Use a good deal of sugar, and not too much salt, nor too much saltpetre.

I wish you would write longer letters, and more of them.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, [December 20,] 1851. Saturday, two o'cloc

My dear Sir,—I am glad to hear from you again. My m senger is a man of observation. When Mrs. Webster is aw and a letter comes from her, he puts it always at the top of t pile. When there is no letter from her, yours takes that pla Bartle knows a thing or two, as the phrase is.

I have been busy with various things, but not overwhelm My health is good; I walk to and from the Department, wh wind and dust do not blind my eyes; avoid going out as mu as I can, either in the evening or to dinner.

I am very anxious to see Governor Kossuth, but cannot p sibly go to New York, before his visit here! You are very ki in offering to furnish me good things. I will give you reas able notice of my wants; but let me say, that any thing broug would be ten times as valuable as the same thing sent. rejoice to learn that you are likely to get the money from Mr.

Yours truly, Dan'l Webster.

P. S. How comes this letter in Mr. Lanman's handwritin Answer, because I wrote it on the wrong page of a sheet paper, and would not send the result of such a blunder to M Blatchford, and therefore had it copied.

Fletcher thinks of going to New York on Tuesday, so as be home at Christmas.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

December 23, 1851.

My dear Sir,—The Utah report has come in, and I nev before read an account of such abominable transactions, a such a diabolical society of men and women.

When you have read it, please return it, that we may ha a copy made for the House of Representatives.

Yours truly, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(PRIVATE.)

Washington, December 23, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall not be in New York so soon as I expected. The good people in that city are quite too much occupied with one thing and one man, for me to be there at present. It requires great caution so to conduct things here, when Mr. Kossuth shall arrive, as to keep clear both of Scylla and Charybdis. We shall treat him with respect, but shall give him no encouragement that the established policy of the country will be in any degree departed from.

We are all solicitous and anxious for further news from France. My opinion rather is, that Louis Napoleon will carry his purpose, certainly unless the generals and the army divide on the question. Kossuth and the French revolution have driven other things out of our heads for the present. But I believe they are going on as well as might be expected.

Mr. Ashmun is now here.

Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Franklin, December 24, 1851.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 20th of this month; enclosed was a check on Merchants' Bank, Boston, for one hundred dollars.

I thank you, Sir, for your good letter, and I hope you will live long enough to write me ten thousand more like it, for it seems as if I was standing before Mr. Webster, and talking over our farming business, which is my life and my support.

You tell me that the weather has been uncommonly cold, but no snow, and the ground is very dry and the springs low, and that you fear we shall have a great January thaw, which would be injurious to my winter wheat. I think that our wheat is safe, for the ground is not frozen more than two or three inches, and the snow is two feet deep. Our springs are full and our

brooks are full of the best mountain water that is in the world. It surely is so, for it is running into my house, and it is running in no less than five barnyards, where thirty head of cattle can drink all they want, any time in the day.

We have a plenty of good wood and a complete fire, so that we are all comfortable and contented.

We have a few spare-ribs left for Christmas, also a couple of turkeys; and I think we shall have a number of roasting-pieces of very nice beef; so that, I think, if we should have a friend call, even if it should be Mr. Webster or Mrs. Webster, or Mr. Fletcher Webster, or Mr. Blatchford, we could give them quite a good farmer's dinner. I wish that you were all here, so that I could give you a nice piece of my beef. I am sure that my wife would cook it in good order.

You ask me, if ever I tasted of a canvasback duck; I have killed them in my float, off at the Brant Rock, and I picked their bones; they are very fine eating, but I think no better than my mountain beef.

My family is all well.

I am Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

December 24, 1851.

DEAR PORTER WRIGHT,—I send you a draft, as promised, for two hundred dollars.

I am expecting a goose from Mr. Baker, and Mrs. Webster is expecting a tub of butter from Mrs. Baker.

While I am writing this, a fire is burning up the library in the Capitol. The weather is intensely cold. I received your letter to-day, about the beef and the pork; you seem to have done all things right. The oxen weighed more than I expected. But at what price did you sell the beef? And what is pork worth?

As to the three beef barrels, they cannot be sent at present, as the river is frozen up. I will give you notice when it opens. I suppose whatever Mr. and Mrs. Baker have to send, may as well come to Baltimore, by sea, and then by the cars. And

indeed, I do not know but it may be as well to send the three and a half barrels pork the same way, not by the express from Baltimore, but by railroad.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

Washington, December 25, 1851.

Dear Mr. Paige,—I send to the express-office a basket, addressed to you, containing the best "compliments of the season," which could be obtained in these parts just now, the river being frozen, a good way down. If you please, send a pair to Mr. Fettyplace, with my kind remembrance and sincere regards.

I am much obliged to you, for your kindness in sending me some brown sherry. It is just the wine I most need.

I suppose The Canton is frozen up, somewhere between this place and the mouth of the river. She will be here, however, all in good time. The ice in this neighborhood is of the unprecedented thickness of six inches.

Kossuth is in Philadelphia; his presence here will be quite embarrassing. I am at a good deal of a loss what to do, and what to say. I hope I may be able to steer clear of trouble, on both sides.

We had a most excellent visit from Fletcher, and I was greatly grieved at his departure. It is time, high time, for me to be settled at home, among those who are near and those who are dear to me.

Pray remember both Mrs. Webster and myself, most affectionately, to Mrs. Paige and the children.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, December 29, 1851.

Dear Porter Wright,—I send you one hundred dollars for Mr. Willis. Please examine his bill, and if you have the means to make out the balance, pay him off. What else is there re-

maining unpaid? I am not anxious about buying ashes for next year. We have been so fortunate in kelp, and shall have so much barn manure, that we can do tolerably well without ashes, especially as bone dust and guano may be had if wanted.

Nevertheless, I would buy some ashes, if the price was reasonable. Please see Mr. Willis, and ascertain what will be the cost, and where delivered; and let me know what you think about the quantity which we might well enough take, and where we should put them. I should be willing to make some advance, if the price should be low. I believe we did not fully settle any plan for farming next year; but I still think I shall be at Marshfield next month.

I suppose you have not sold any oxen. What is the price of good beef? I think I have observed some high quotations?

How do the four large fatting oxen come on, and will it be profitable to keep them till I come to Marshfield in January?

Are the White Mountain steers fat; do they grow well, and when do you think it will be well to turn them into money? You have had a great deal of ox work to do; but I hope you remember that the large Taylor oxen ought to be in good condition to turn out for beef in the spring. How much per cwt. did you get for the Weston oxen?

I hear that the geese and the butter are on the road, and will probably arrive to-day. Yesterday, there was a change of weather; the severe cold gave way, and we had a little rain and thaw.

I should like to have one experiment tried, and that is to see whether a bullock or a cow would fatten on turnips and salt hay, and nothing else. Cattle and sheep, living principally on turnips, need something else, either hay or grain.

When you have a fit animal, you may try it on turnips and salt hay alone.

The enclosed draft is on New York, but any Boston bank will give bills for it, or Mr. Willis can pass it to the bank at Plymouth.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

December 30, 1851. Tuesday morning.

My dear Sir,—It is very unlucky, but so it is, that my only cause in court comes on to-day, and I cannot get rid of it. I doubt whether the chief justice would excuse me if my house were on fire. Kossuth is expected at ten. He will be, it is said, immediately surrounded by the Jackson Association, and it is doubtful whether I can see him till after court. Mr. Seward thinks it likely that he would like to be at your reception to-day.

He will inquire, and if it be so, Mr. Seward and Mr. Shields will attend him. Perhaps it will be as good a way as any, that the committee should present him to you. General Cass is appointed on the committee, and of course you would ask him to dinner. Mr. Seward will not be able to be of the party.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Tuesday, ten o'clock, December 30, 1851.

My dear Sir,—Fortunately, my cause was postponed for want of a translation of a Spanish document.

I propose to bring Governor Kossuth to your house at twelve to-morrow.

I will see you this p. m. or evening.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

[December 30,] Tuesday, three o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I have called on Kossuth. No exception, certainly, can be taken to his appearance and demeanor as a gentleman; he is handsome enough in person, evidently intellectual and dignified, amiable and graceful in his manners. I shall treat

him with all personal and individual respect, but if he should speak to me of the policy of "intervention," I shall "have ears more deaf than adders." I go with him to the President to-morrow. The President invites him to dine on Saturday, &c.

I have your letter of yesterday, and note all its contents.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, December 31, 1851, two o'clock.

My dear Sir,—Yesterday and to-day, I happen to have been very hard at work in bad weather, and I have now come from the President, where with Governor Seward, I have been presenting Kossuth. The President received him with great propriety, and his address was all right. Sympathy, personal respect and kindness, but no departure from our established policy.

* * * * * * * * * *

I wish you and yours a happy New Year. Mr. Curtis telegraphed me from Philadelphia. He will be here to-night.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

JOHN TAYLOR TO MR. WEBSTER.

Franklin, December 31, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 24th of this month. Enclosed was a check on Merchants' Bank, Boston, for fifty dollars, which I have given you credit for on my book.

I have paid it all to our laborers.

I thank you for all your good letters, and I hope I shall live to have a good many more.

I shall take good care of my family. I shall take good care of myself. I shall take good care of every thing which Mr. Webster intrusts in my care.

Your cattle are all doing well and in fine order. We have had quite a thaw this week.

Yesterday, I received a great present from Mr. Webster, from Washington; a large basket of canvasback ducks and a large turkey. Please accept my greatest thanks for all your great favors, and I hope I shall live to pay you for a part of them. I am sure that I never shall, nor ever can, pay you for them all.

I received a great present from Mr. Charles Lanman, from Washington, a large bundle of cloth for my family, which was very nice, and which is very useful in this cold country. I give him my best thanks, and I hope the time may come when I shall have the pleasure of waiting on Mr. Lanman on Mr. Webster's Elms Farm.

All well. Please, Sir, do give my best respects to Mrs. Webster.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

January 7, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have come to the conclusion that it is well for some of us to go to the dinner this evening. The President of the Senate is to preside, and the Speaker of the House is to act as Vice-President. It has been said that assurances have been given that nothing shall be said that shall justly be offensive to these gentlemen as anti-intervention men.

But what chiefly influences me, is, that I learned yesterday that preparations were making for a good deal of an attack upon us, if no member of the administration should pay Kossuth the respect of attending the dinner given to him by members of Congress, of all parties, as the nation's guest. I wish the Heads of Department could see their way clear to go, as I think I shall go myself. In the present state of the country, especially in the interior, where Kossuth is going, I should not like unnecessarily to provoke popular attack.

Yours always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, [January 11,] Vine Cottage, Sunday, twelve o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I am exceedingly glad to hear from you. I am not quite well to-day, but better for the bright morning, and for your letter.

Fletcher arrived here yesterday morning, very unexpectedly, on a small matter of business, and for a day's stay only. Mr. Haven arrived last night, from New York yesterday morning; they are both gone to church with Mrs. Webster. I stay in, and keep warm.

Mr. Curtis has had rather a bad day or two, but was better and in good spirits last evening.

My dinner speech will appear in the Republic to-morrow; I wish you would read it carefully. I wish to act a conservative part, always; but then two things I had to think of; first, to say nothing inconsistent with what I have said so often, about the principles of the Holy Alliance, &c.; second, to take care that our political opponents shall have no well-founded charge against us for coolness in the cause of liberty; and then again, I wished to give as little offence as possible to governments with whom we are at peace.

Lord Palmerston's retirement will not prove a bad thing for us. I was surprised, however, at Lord Granville's appointment, not supposing him to stand high enough in the political world for so important a place. Mr. Lawrence speaks very well of him, and of his friendly sentiments towards this country.

Yours truly, always,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, January 16, 1852.

Porter Wright,—I am very glad to learn from your letter of the 11th, that the sick are all getting better. I hope, when the weather improves, they will all get quite well.

Ezra Wright was rather imprudent in letting poor Sylvester run up so much of a bill. I presume there is property enough

in the house to pay him, if there be no other debts, although I do not know what the judge may allow for the immediate support of the children.

Mr. Morrison wants eight barrels of lime for the use of the orchard. Please order it for him.

I concur in obtaining about two thousand bushels of ashes of Mr. Willis, if his price is proper. He can be paid for that amount at any time.

I enclose a check for George Andrews, for one hundred dollars. I wish you to let me know how much I owe to any and everybody in your department. State particulars.

I must go to Marshfield soon; or else Marshfield must come where I am. Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAWES.

Washington, January 17, 1852.

My dear Sir,—Our common Kentucky friends speak of you so often, and always so warmly, that if there were no other reason than this, you would be fresh always in my remembrance. But I need no such occurrences to hold you in memory. I recollect how often I saw you, and how much I regarded you, during your term of service in Congress, and how kind and friendly you were during my visit to Kentucky. I never think of Captain Cunningham's glorious farm and stock, and of that truly Kentucky sight of a hundred fine saddle-horses, handsomely equipped, standing tied along by the fence, while their riders were enjoying a most hospitable meal, without associating with these things Mr. Hawes, a member of Congress, assiduously contributing his efforts to make the occasion agreeable; and a very agreeable occasion indeed it was.

But the particular object of this letter, my dear Sir, is to say, that if you have any public employments in contemplation, or see any thing that would suit you, I should be very happy, while I remain in my present situation, to be useful to you, to the extent of my power.

If you have any fancy to transfer yourself to the shores of the Pacific, opportunities sometimes occur, in which eminent men are needed to fill public stations; and although now California

rather insists upon furnishing, herself, all the candidates for United States offices within that State, yet her wishes are not always compulsory.

The office of district judge for the southern district of that State, is now vacant. If you would like the place, I would mention your name to the President, with strong recommendations, although I do not know that he may not already have somebody else in his mind.

I am quite sure that Mr. Crittenden would most cordially unite in efforts to accomplish any wishes of yours.

I am, with long continued and friendly regard, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

January 27, 1852.

In some of the acts establishing territories, it was expressly declared, that the judges should hold their offices during good behavior. Such was the case in regard to Wisconsin.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, January 30, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Yesterday, I received your letter of the 25th, and was glad to learn that the sick were recovering, though slowly. Mrs. Webster and myself are well.

You mention some debts which ought to be paid, namely:—

Mr. Winsor's bill for the horses, ...	$52.00
I should think this very high; ask Mr. Henry Thomas to examine it.	
Peleg Ford's bill for wood, ...	50.00
I do not remember that you mentioned this to me.	
Duxbury packet	30.40
John Sprague's bill	51.00
	$183.40

How much did you agree to pay him a month?

I enclose a check for two hundred dollars, out of which you will pay these bills. Next year we must hire more cheap labor, and less dear labor. I suppose we had better employ George Andrews and George Watson; and for the rest, until hay-time, we must pick up hands willing to work for low wages.

Keep your eye on the market, and let me know when you think it a good time to turn off some of our beef cattle. John Taylor says your cattle are all good beef.

Yours, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, February 12, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter this morning, and concur in all you say, and shall act accordingly. Mr. Curtis has a letter from Mr. Ketchum to the same effect as yours, which he says he will answer by this mail. My purpose is to leave Washington Thursday evening, the 19th, lodge at Baltimore, dine in Philadelphia on Friday, and at the Astor on Saturday, and thenceforward to do as I may be bid. I shall not be able to dine out, but shall be willing and glad to make evening calls on friends. I write to the Committee of the Historical Society, that I propose to deliver my address on Monday, the 24th.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 12, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I have agreed to go to New York, and be there on Saturday, the 23d of this month. I fear I shall not be able to go further.

I now write to ask, whether you think you can leave your wife long enough to meet me in New York, for a day or two at most. Please answer immediately.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Washington, February 16, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I propose to leave Washington for New York on Thursday morning next, to deliver an address before the Historical Society, which I have been under engagement to do for several months. Last spring, I was invited by some thousands of persons, to make a political speech in that city, and some intimation has been made of an intention now to renew that invitation. This I shall decline. I do not desire to write or speak more at present on political matters. It is almost absolutely necessary that I should visit Boston on some of my personal affairs, but if possible, I shall postpone this till next month.

It is my purpose to finish up every thing which is pressing in the Department before I go. Of course, I shall be at your house on Wednesday, and I know nothing to prevent my calling on you also, at any time to-morrow, if such should be your wish.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. J. PRESCOTT HALL.

Washington, February 22, 1852.

Dear Sir,—It is now settled that the turkey is an American bird, and was not known in Europe until after the conquest of Mexico, in 1521. Between that year and 1532, they became known in England, France, Spain, and Italy. Oviedo, a Spaniard, who wrote about the year 1525, describes them with great accuracy. He has no name for them, but calls them a kind of peacock. They appear to have been called in England indifferently, Turkey fowl, Indian fowl, or Guinea cocks. In France, they were called Poulets d' Inde; hence the present French name Dindon. In Italy and Spain also they were called by the same name. A pretty full account of them is in Beckmann's History of Inventions, London edition, of 1846, Vol. I. p. 147. But why were they called Turkey fowl? For no other reason, probably, than that, from the time of Henry VIII, the

remote foreign trade of England was principally with Turkey, or through the Levant to the East Indies. But they had also trade on the coast of Africa as far south as Guinea. The vulgar notion was of some that this fowl was brought from Turkey, of others that they came from Guinea; hence they were called Turkey fowl or Guinea cocks. It is strange that so late as 1781, Mr. Daines Barrington, a man of very considerable learning, maintained that Guinea was their native country.

For the same reason that turkeys were indiscriminately called "Turkey fowl," "Indian birds," or "Guinea cocks," the maize was called "Indian corn," "Turkey wheat," or "Guinea wheat," indiscriminately. *Vide* the references to the early voyages to Mexico, and other contemporaneous writings.

Robert Tomson, an Englishman, made a voyage to New Spain, and visited the city of Mexico, in the year 1555. In describing the city, he says: "And as for victuals in the said citie, of beefe, mutton and hennes, capons, quailes, Guiny-cockes, and such like, all are very good cheap." These "Guiny-cockes" are turkeys, doubtless. Hakluyt's Voyages and Travels, Vol. III. pp. 531–540.

Sir Richard Grenville was sent to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585; he left in the colony Ralph Lane, and certain others. In Lane's account of the country, sent to Sir Walter Raleigh, he says, that of fowls, there were "Turkie cocks and Turkie hens, Stock Doves, Partiges, Cranes, Hens; and in winter, great store of Swans and Geese." 3 Hak. 333.

He says, also, page 328, speaking of maize, "Englishmen call it Guiny wheat, or Turkey wheat, according to the names of the countries from which the like hath been brought."

Mr. Laudoniere, a Frenchman, visited Florida, and lived there from 1561 to 1565. His description of Florida is translated by Hakluyt. *Vide* 3 Hak. 368, 369, as translated by Hakluyt in his Account of Fowls, is "Turkey cocks," partridges, &c.

McPherson says, (after Anderson,) 2 McPherson, 2851: "Possibly our first traders to Turkey, seeing these fowls at Aleppo, might occasion our calling them Turkey fowls! *Vide*, also, same vol. 68 and 171.

> "Turkeys, carps, bass, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year."

Henry Hakluyt went to Mexico, 1572; he calls turkeys "Guinea cocks." Hakluyt, old ed. 546. There is little foundation for the idea that the Jesuits brought turkeys into France, as Ignatius Loyola founded his society only in 1534, at Paris.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Astor House, New York, February 25, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I find nothing important in the late despatches from Europe, more than is contained in the public newspapers. A sensible letter is received from Mr. Rives, which I have sent to Mr. Hunter, and asked him to communicate to you. I have asked Mr. Abbot to enclose a copy of a note received from Mr. Everett. What he says of Lord Palmerston is strictly true. When I return to Washington, I shall put in somebody's hands sufficient means to show what his lordship's conduct really was in regard to a settlement of the old questions between the United States and England.

I shall be in Washington early next week, if the Susquehanna should be passable at Havre de Grace.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

(Private.)

New York, March 1, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your letter. I am told things look well here. Mr. Choate must be here Friday evening. The idea of hearing him is universally received with the greatest enthusiasm. He must come; do not fail to persuade him so to do. If he should not, there will be a disappointment not to be appeased.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 5, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I received your letter yesterday, asking for orders about the beef cattle; but I had already written you on that subject, from New York.

You may take four of the six fat oxen to Brighton, and sell them. If you cannot well go yourself, you had better perhaps get Mr. Ames to take them up. As soon as you tell me what four go to Brighton, I will give directions about the remaining pair. I suppose the White Mountain oxen, if fed another month, would make good beef for our cellar. But do as you think best.

One thing I have forgotten to write about, and that is, fencing stuff. We shall in the spring need to set some new fence, and repair a good deal of the old. We must have fences that will stop sheep.

You will do well to buy a quantity of posts and rails, and get them home before spring's work comes on. Mr. Seth Peterson, I dare say, will mortise the posts, and he is a good hand also to set fence.

Yours, D. W.

PORTER WRIGHT TO MR. WEBSTER.[1]

Marshfield, March 8, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you and Mrs. Webster are both well. My wife is able to be about house some, but quite weak yet. As to the farming: Land for corn, seven acres on Goatem Hill, where we had late potatoes, pumpkins, and beans, which has been kelped over, and which I think will bear good corn.

Then there are five or six acres, where buckwheat grew before it comes where it was ashed, which I think would do for pota-

[1] At the top of the letter are the following lines, in Mr. Webster's handwriting:
Where are ten acres of turnips to be raised?
Are these thirteen acres rich enough to be laid down? I doubt.
Can you manure these thirteen acres from Fletcher's barn, or do you not wish to put barn manure in this field?

toes. Then there are about three acres, which had oats and peas on it. Then comes the ten acres, where turnips grew, which was all ashed last year. Perhaps it would be best to sow this part down to grass and not any thing else. Otherwise it will want more manure. The Weston land I think it would be well to put one half to wheat and the other to oats.

The Cushman land, where we began a mud-heap last year, I think it would be as well to give it a good manuring from the barns, and plant it with corn, which is about eight acres; and then the two acres, where beets grew last year, which will make about seventeen acres of corn at home. [Agreed.] And I have let out about eight acres on the island for corn to a young man by the name of Ames, who lives on the neck, which he has kelped over, or nearly so. [Good.]

Blackmount. I don't know, but it would be as well to put turnips on there, as the land will be better to lay down to grass after it has had a crop of turnips on it, and a dressing of ashes. [Agreed.]

I do not think of any place of two acres of deep rich soil for turnips, unless in Mr. Fletcher's young orchard, but I think it will cost nearly as much to clean the land of foul stuff as the crop would be worth, unless it was very large.

Beets and carrots. The carrots I think had better be put where they were last year; as we have kelped it over; Mr. Morrison thinks it would be better than last year. [Agreed.][1]

Beets. The best place that I can think of is on Goatem Hill, where the late potatoes grew last year, where I first named of putting corn.

Buckwheat. Perhaps it would do well to put it on the Blackmount field between where the carrots grew and potatoes last year, if the land is not too strong for it; which, I should think, is about five acres of land.

Sir! Have you made up your mind about what to do on the island this season? as there are some people who want to go there to live.

Mr. Nathaniel Delano wants to hire the Taylor house, if Whiting is not going to have it. Whiting is now at Boston in a pilot boat. I do not know what he thinks of doing, when the spring opens.

[1] The words enclosed in brackets, are in Mr. Webster's handwriting.

The week past we have got home five hundred bushels of ashes from Kingston.

Daniel Hunt, the cow-man, has left us. He got to be very cross and troublesome, and did not treat the people well in the house. And so I paid him off, and let him go. This took one hundred and sixty-eight dollars of the last money you sent me.

Respectfully yours,

C. P. WRIGHT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Louisiana Avenue, Monday, half-past one o'clock, March, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—We shall have some dinner at four o'clock; and Mrs. Webster recommends me strongly to call in some human persons to keep me from sinking under the melancholy produced by this awful weather. There is some touch of humanity both in you and Mr. Ashmun, and if you can make the sacrifice, one or both, I shall be most profoundly obliged to you. If there be any other recent comer from the North, pray bring him along.

You will find a bit of Marshfield pork, and a piece of lamb, and, as Mr. William Sullivan used to say, "a dust of good wine." Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 13, 1852.

JOHN TAYLOR,—I am glad to hear from you again, and to learn that you are all well, and that your teams and tools are ready for spring's work, whenever the weather will allow you to begin. I sometimes read books on farming, and I remember that a very sensible old author advises farmers "to plough naked, and to sow naked." By this, he means that there is no use in beginning spring's work, till the weather is warm, that a farmer may throw aside his winter clothes, and roll up his sleeves. Yet he says we ought to begin as early in the year as possible.

He wrote some very pretty verses on this subject, which, as far as I remember, run thus:—

"While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams, yet new, from precipices run;
E'en in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer;
And goad him, till he smoke beneath his toil,
And the bright share is buried in the soil." *

John Taylor, when you read these lines, do you not see the snow melting, and the little streams beginning to run down the southern slopes of your Punch Brook pasture, and the new grass starting and growing in the trickling water, all green and bright and beautiful? And do you not see your Durham oxen, smoking from heat and perspiration, as they draw along your great breaking up plough, cutting and turning over the tough sward in your meadow, in the great field?

The name of this sensible author is Virgil, and he gives farmers much other advice, some of which you have been following all this winter, without ever knowing that he had given it.

"But when cold weather, heavy snows, and rain
The laboring Farmer in his house restrain,
Let him forecast his work, with timely care,
Which else is huddled, when the skies are fair;
Then let him mark the sheep, and whet the shining share;
Or hollow trees for boats, or number o'er
His sacks, or measure his increasing store;
Or sharpen stakes, and mend each rake and fork;
So to be ready, in good time to work,
Visit his crowded barns, at early morn,
Look to his granary, and shell his corn;
Give a good breakfast to his numerous kine,
His shivering poultry, and his fattening swine." †

And Mr. Virgil says some other things, which you understand up at Franklin as well as ever he did.

"In chilling winter, swains enjoy their store,
Forget their hardships, and recruit for more;

* Dryden's Virg. Georg. I. 69.

† Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. 350. Considerably altered to fit it to the meridian of Franklin.

The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends;
Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more,
Stories, which often have been told before;
Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat,
And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat;
They praise his hospitality, and feel
They shall sleep better after such a meal." *

John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough.

The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work, as soon as the weather becomes warm enough.

And then, put in the plough, and look not back.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1852.

JOHN TAYLOR,—Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the 1st day of April all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for one hundred and sixty dollars, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out to be fattened. You have a good horse team, and I think, in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year-old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them and send them to the pasture, for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need any thing, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Breck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you. Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no penny-royal crops.

"A little farm well tilled,"

is to a farmer the next best thing to

"A little wife well willed."

Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family

* Dryden's Virgil, Georg. I. 404. The last six lines are in playful imitation of the original.

from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in the best order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors; send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost.

I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons, who call themselves Whigs, who are no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man, who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country, its just and constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country. John Taylor! if one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers, we never talk politics; our talk is of oxen; but remember this; that any man who attempts to excite one part of this country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men, who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention, and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say, that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State, to decide for itself, and if we mean to keep the States together, we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself.

I think I never wrote you a word before upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say love your country, and your whole country, and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of other States, tell them, "that you mean to mind your own business," and advise them to mind theirs.

John Taylor! you are a free man; you possess good principles, you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government, which does not oppress you, which

does not bear you down by excessive taxation; but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry, and security may give.

John Taylor! thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor! never write me another word upon politics.

Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he, who is the author of this letter, must soon follow them to another world.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

March 18, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have altered the communication to Vega, according to the suggestions made by you on the draft sent to you, and I now enclose the letter as I propose to send it. If any further alterations occur to you, they will of course be adopted.

We shall do nothing with this very unreasonable and unreliable government until it is brought to believe that we are in earnest.

The time is short to the meeting of the Mexican congress.

Shall we send the despatches by a special agent?

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Baltimore, Friday morning, March 19.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been carefully over your proposed draft of a letter to President Arista, and find very little to alter in it. A few changes have been noted, and Mr. Hunter will present to you a revised draft to-morrow.

I think the letter is calculated to do good.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Trenton, New Jersey, March 22, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I am here for three or four days, and shall then return to Washington. It is cold, even here, and we see snow all around us. I know not what to say about the Island; I am not able to build much of a house there, and my general wish is, to pay off debts, rather than incur new expenses.

Something was said last year of taking over some lumber that came out of the mill-house; and by means of this, and the old bricks on the spot, to build up a very small tenement. The difficulty is, that such things always exceed the estimated cost. If I could know with certainty the sum which such a house would cost, I could decide upon the matter.

Consult Mr. Weston. Ask him to make a plan, and be exact in his estimate. The house must be only large enough to accommodate a young man and his wife. The proper time to build it will be August or September. I have been thinking over farming matters. If you can manure the Weston lands, so as to be rich enough to produce wheat and oats, and still be in good condition to lay down to grass, you may adopt that course.

I am in hopes that the late storm has brought you up some kelp, and if so, you will know where to place it. If you plant corn at the head of the avenue make the land rich so that people may stare.

Endeavor to get seventy bushels to the acre. I shall hear from you soon, and will then write you again; but now it makes me shiver to think of Marshfield. DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.*

Trenton, March 22, 1852. Monday evening.

MY DEAR SIR,—I arrived here on Saturday, and am busy in studying my case.

My dear Sir, I am most anxious to hear from you, and to know how you and your family are. I grieve for, and sym-

* On occasion of the death of his daughter, a few months after her marriage.

pathize with you all. I know that grief must have its course, but I pray you and Mrs. Blatchford to consider, that you have three dear children left. And even the beloved one who is gone, has left a recollection, tender, precious, invaluable. Her memory is a blessing. You are happier, and enjoy more, than if she had never lived. Her life greatly overpays your loss in her death.

I expect to be here the whole week. Come to me if you can. At any rate, let me hear from you.

My dear Sir, believe me truly and always, your attached and affectionate friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. PAIGE.

Trenton, Sunday morning, March 27, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. PAIGE,—I am happy to be able to devote a part of this bright and beautiful morning to writing to you, not only to signify my constant and affectionate regard once more, for you and yours, but for the more definite purpose of expressing a hope, that you will make use of the first warm weather to bring your family to Washington, the whole four. I trust that, by the 10th of April, we shall have warm weather; indeed it would not be strange, if, after so long and harsh a winter, we should rush suddenly into the heat of summer. I hope that Caroline will be able to come with you. I hope to be able to get to the North, for a short time, about the end of the next month; of course, I must not be absent when you come. Will you, my dear Mr. J. W. Paige, think of this subject? Confer with counsel, and let me know the result.

Fletcher says, that when at Marshfield, you thought pretty well of some of our stock, poultry, &c. If there be any thing at Marshfield, biped or quadruped, which you would do me the honor to take to Nahant, I wish you would make a selection. I shall be proud to have any sort of a representative on your grounds.

Mr. Colt has presented me with three Hungarian cattle. I have not seen them; they will be in Devonshire street, I presume, some time on Tuesday. Pray look at them. The ques-

tion is, whether they are worthy of Marshfield, or should go to New Hampshire. I doubt whether the stock is great for milk.

Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Paige and the children, and believe me always with true attachment, yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 2, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Here is more work for you. The wheat mentioned in this letter, I suppose you have received. You will please prepare it exactly as is stated in this letter, and sow it on the best part of the Weston field, the land being first put into high and fine condition. Get it into the ground as early as possible.

The oxen mentioned in the letter, must be sent for at once. It would do Mr. Weston a great deal of good to go for them. If he does not incline to do so, you may get Daniel Wright, or some other safe hand, to go. Whoever goes, should go to Franklin next Saturday, stay with John Taylor till Monday, then go to Burlington, and start for home the next day.

Tell him to be careful of the oxen.

As to the house on the Island, I think your proposed dimensions are rather small. Tell Mr. Weston he may make as good a house as he can, keeping clean within the sum of six hundred dollars.

As to Mr. Mitchell's occupying the Taylor house, I do not know that I have any decisive objection, provided you are sure he is a first rate man. I should prefer, however, a younger man, and a man with a smaller family. Could he and Mr. Asa Delano both be accommodated in the Taylor house?

I hope to see you, before planting. I send you a check for forty dollars to pay for the expense of sending for the oxen, and shall write to-day to the author of this letter, Harry Bradley, Esq., saying that somebody from Marshfield will be in Burlington to receive the oxen on the evening of Monday, the 12th instant.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BACON.

Washington, April 8, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter to me of 16th of March has been received. I do not frequently write political letters, especially such as respect myself and my own opinions and purposes. Nevertheless, in consideration of your advanced age, your evident devotion to the best interest of the country, and the earnestness with which you write, I am willing to say to you, in answer to your inquiry, that I regard no man as any way fit to be chief magistrate of this Republic, who should not deem himself to be the President of the whole people, and act accordingly in all things. We are one people, and so should be considered by every patriotic man. Wishing you many days of happiness yet to come, I remain your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. R. B. MINTURN.

Washington, April 10, 1852.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—An edition of my Speeches has just been printed, and I have requested the publishers to send a copy to your address.

I have been induced to do this, not only by the warm regard which I entertain for your father and mother, but also from the favorable opinions and anticipations which I have formed of yourself, from a very slight acquaintance.

I should be gratified if it should happen, in the course of your education, or afterwards, amid the serious duties of life, you should occasionally find something in these volumes to stimulate your emulation, to strengthen your sense of religious and moral obligation, to increase your love for whatever is good and beautiful, and your attachment to the institutions of the country in which you have been born, and which you may live to see, in all the elements of greatness, inferior to no other on the globe.

Accept, I pray you, my young friend, my sincere wishes, that your life may be long, honorable, prosperous, and useful.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 10, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I think you have not told me what oxen you propose to turn out for beef, except the old John Taylor oxen. You have the white-faces, the mismatched oxen, the jumpers, two pair of four-year old, (now five.) This would seem to be a pretty good team. What do you propose to do with the large Durham oxen? Let me know what you think best. You will also, I suppose, have a good pair of working-oxen from Vermont. It is best to keep working-oxen enough, but not too many. D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Write me when the Vermont oxen arrive.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Wednesday evening, April 14, 1852.
Tired and sick, and good for nothing.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have sent your letter to our gardener, and told him to add a few little packages of seeds, freshly imported by the patent-office. He will probably send all to me, and I will send to you.

I believe Peyton is well, and doing well, but truly I can say little of anybody, even of myself. I am at this moment overwhelmed by no great single cause, but by a thousand petty or less considerable annoyances and attacks. Like a man in the tropical deserts, the sun scorches, the dust is blown in my eyes, flies bite the skin like leeches, scorpions and tarantulas are about the feet; but, thank God, when I go to my bed, the "copper-snake" does not "breathe in my ear."

May nothing breathe in your ear, ever, but the voice of kindness by day, and the effusions of affection by night.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, April 15, 1852.

My dear Daughter,—When in Philadelphia, a few days ago, I purchased a pretty little article, of small expense, intending it as a present to you, but afterwards altered the disposition of it. I do not think it right that you should suffer from my change of purpose, and, therefore, now enclose a piece of paper,* probably of far greater use to you and your children, than the intended present.

I have been unwell, but am out again, and able to go through the daily routine of affairs.

I have a letter from Fletcher this morning.

You appear to have had some snow in Massachusetts since October last, and it would seem that you are now snowed up at Marshfield.

I am grieved to hear of Mrs. Paige's indisposition. Mrs. Webster has been ill of a cold, but is better this morning. Kiss all the children for me.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Washington, April 17, 1852.

My dear Sir,—Franklin Haven, Esq. of Boston, the assistant treasurer for that place, is in Washington, and has doubtless called upon you. He is a gentleman of great respectability, and if you have a vacant place for Thursday, he would no doubt feel greatly honored by being invited to your table.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

* A check for two hundred dollars.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Tuesday morning. April 20, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I have not been out of my house for three days, on account of a very heavy cold, and the bad weather. I shall try to see you this P. M., soon after the close of your reception, or else in the evening, if it should not rain.

There are some things to be thought of and talked about.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, April 21, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I am glad you are so careful with the Hungarian cattle. I would not have a fatal injury happen to either of them for five hundred dollars. As to St. Stephen, now undoubtedly the best bull in the United States, I would be glad to keep him at Franklin, if I could afford it. But it is worth more than a hundred dollars a year to keep such an animal, as he is not only to be fed, but must have somebody to look after him, both summer and winter; and I suppose it cost one thousand dollars to buy him and bring him where he is, and I fear our farmers in the neighborhood will not be willing to contribute what is reasonable towards his cost and expense of keeping. I wish you would consult and inquire, and let me know what can be done. If cows are sent to him, some of them will come from a distance, and must be pastured. It will be a man's business to take care of him. Now, how many cows would be likely to be sent, and what price would the farmers be willing to pay? Those are the questions.

I do not wish to make any money out of such a concern, and wish to benefit all the neighbors; but I am not rich enough to bear the whole expense. He is wanted in western New York, but, if I could, I should prefer to keep him where he is. How old is he? and how old the cow and heifer?

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Thursday morning, April 22, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I sat up with Mr. Crampton last evening until we finished what we proposed respecting Nicaragua; and the paper will be laid before you as soon as a fair copy can be made.

We think that, in order to give an imposing appearance to this attempt for the settlement of this protracted and troublesome business, it would be exceedingly well to send one of our war steamers to the San Juan, taking the British consul-general, now here, and either a special agent of our own to the government of Costa Rica, or else a special authority to Mr. Kerr, to address that government.

If the first-mentioned course be adopted, Mr. Hunter thinks Mr. Walsh the most competent man for the service, as he understands the language well, and has had some experience in diplomacy.

On this point I will speak to you at dinner; meantime, it might be well to consult the Secretary of the Navy, about the steamer.

The English government never has been, and never will be, in a better temper for adjusting these difficulties than it is now, and I think we ought to use some urgency with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, to induce them to bring the whole matter to a conclusion.

Yours, always truly,
Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, April 24, 1852.

Dear Fletcher,—We have had a laugh every morning for a week, at the monotony of your letters. They treat altogether of the weather. They are such as might have been written in an observatory for meteorological observations. Your mother thinks that she ought to facilitate your studies in this line, by adding to the stock of your authorities, and she therefore sends

you "Norton's Literary Almanac." It contains at least one good thing, that is, a history of almanacs and almanac makers. It has also a good notice of Audubon, in its necrology.

I hope to get away next week, or the early part of the week after, for Marshfield. I shall not try for trout, if I am obliged to wear a great coat and mittens, but if the weather should be warm, I should like to go with you one day to Mr. Hedge's.

I have recently been reading a book of Dr. Holland's, the eminent London physician. He has some very excellent chapters upon the effect of the mental affections upon the corporal system, its diseases, &c. But I knew all this before Dr. Holland did. Any man may learn it by observation. Suppose yourself in your library, of a very hot day in July; the flies bite, the mosquitos sing, and the heat scorches. Now, if you wish to complete your misery, throw up your boots upon the table and say, "How horridly these flies bite! Confound these mosquitos! This heat is intolerable! Do bring me some cool lemonade, and put in some St. Croix to kill the insects!" And drink it off, and repeat the draught, and by this time you will be in as complete a state of "unwellness," as they say in the West, as heart can desire.

On the other hand, if you give your attention, with all your might, to some interesting and immediate subject before you, either of reading or writing, you will disregard the flies, never hear the buzz of the mosquitos, nor care about the heat, until it fires the zodiac. There! there is a piece of common sense, worth remembering and acting upon, and so I remain, in good health, hoping that you enjoy the same blessing. Nevertheless, read Dr. Holland. He is the son-in-law of Sydney Smith, a correspondent of mine, and a great admirer of Mr. Everett. Mrs. Paige will remember him.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, April 26, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—The weather seems to be becoming milder, and if it shall continue to improve, I think I shall be in Boston early next week. I will give you timely notice of the day, so that

you can meet me there, and we can agree on a day for my going to Franklin. As the spring's work comes on so late, I do not wish you to stint yourself, in regard to labor. Hire what help you want as cheap as you can. Perhaps you can find a sober Irishman or two, in or near Boston. If you cannot match your single ox, you may buy a pair, if you think best, and get them at a fair price; or you may keep the Stevens oxen at work; or do whatever you think right and prudent.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. MARCH.

[With a copy of Everett's edition of the Works of Webster.]

Washington, April 27, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. MARCH,—Our fathers were friends; and you and I were young men together. We entered in divers pursuits for life, and we both have great reason to be thankful for the degree of prosperity with which a gracious Providence has blessed us.

Our friendship has lasted, I think I may say, with increasing warmth, through a great portion of the period allotted to human beings on earth; and this friendship will continue, I am sure, so long as we both shall live. I am desirous of doing something to perpetuate its remembrance; and therefore I ask your acceptance of these volumes, to be transmitted to those who shall inherit your name and your blood, as some memorial of our long acquaintance and mutual regard.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

May 1, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I leave for Marshfield this day. I have received your letter, and trust you are not about to be sick. Let me say a few things.

In the first place keep up good courage. Do no work. Be as lazy as you can. Make somebody else look after the workmen. Go, with your wife, on some little journey. Think of nothing but your health.

Pay every man that I owe a dollar to. I shall be at home soon, and I shall become the Mr. Porter Wright of Marshfield. Look out for us Wednesday, as already advised. D. W.

P. S. You have done great things, indeed, with the help. Go ahead! but do not worry yourself.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, Sunday morning, May 9, 1852.

My dear Sir,—You will have heard of my accident yesterday morning, in falling from a carriage. The day was very fine, and I set out to make a visit to Plymouth, ten or twelve miles distant, with Mr. Lanman, my clerk. We were in a large buggy, or more properly, an old-fashioned phaeton, of course open in front, and with two horses. About nine miles from home, the king-bolt or transom-bolt, as I believe they call it (which from the fore part of the carriage goes down through the perch into the forward axle-tree, and so connects the fore wheels with the hind wheels) broke, and the body of the carriage, of course, fell to the ground and threw us both out, headlong, with some violence. Fortunately, however, we were ascending a hill, and going slowly; had it been otherwise, we could hardly have escaped with our lives. In falling, I threw my hands forward to protect my head from the ground, and this brought the whole weight of the body upon the hands and arms, turning back the hands, and very much spraining the wrists. The shock of the whole system was very great. My head hit the ground, though very lightly, and with no injury except a little scratching of the forehead upon the gravel. Nor was there any internal injury. It was thought, at first, that no bone was injured in any degree, but I think now that one of the bones of the wrist on the left hand, was slightly fractured, but not so as to be dislocated, or be put out of place. It may probably make the wrist stiff for some time. We got another carriage, and came home as soon as I felt well enough, foreseeing that my bruised limbs would be more swollen and painful to-day, than they then were. In point of fact, the pain, though very severe last night, has

abated this morning, but the swelling has not. I cannot use my hands at all, and am quite afraid it will be several days before I shall be able to leave my room.

A similar accident happened to me more than twenty years ago, and from that time I have generally been quite careful to avoid the like occurrence by the use of a chain, or some other contrivance, to supply the place of the bolt, temporarily, in case the bolt should break. With the exception of that used yesterday, there is not a carriage on our premises, great or small, double or single, which has not this security, but the unlucky carriage of yesterday was not built originally for my use, and I had omitted to see to this important particular. It is quite a mercy, that the consequences of the fall were not more serious. I had hardly left the village where it happened, before I heard that Mr. Webster had broken his thigh, and that the fall had deprived him of his senses, &c., which induced me to cause telegraphic messages to be sent in various directions.

I shall of course, my dear Sir, keep you advised of the progress of things.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER,
by CHARLES LANMAN.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, May 12, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 9th at ten o'clock last evening, and thank you for your kind solicitude about my health. I had a great escape, and the more I think of it, the more I marvel that I am among the living. The carriage was old-fashioned, and very high from the ground. A fur robe had been thrown over the front board or dasher for use in case of rain. This incumbered my feet, so that when the carriage fell, I could not escape a direct headlong plunge to the earth. My arms saved me, but it is a wonder they were not broken all to pieces. It is not true, as some of the papers have reported, that I lost my senses, even for an instant; but it is true, that after I had walked to the house, a chill came on, which made my teeth chatter, and caused a shivering of the whole body, which I am

told is not uncommon in such cases, and then for a moment my eyes swam, and I felt dizzy. We were three miles north of Plymouth, on a high ground, which commanded a beautiful view of the bay. I was pointing out to Mr. Lanman where The Mayflower came to anchor, and showing him the island, still called Captain's Island, which was the possession of Miles Standish, and where his descendants now reside. All doors were opened, and every aid rendered, as all the villagers know me, at least by sight. I was particularly struck by the attention paid to me by an intelligent person of more than eighty years of age. He kept his eye on mine for half an hour, hearing my conversation with others, but not saying a word. He was a very old political friend. At length, I perceived his face began to color. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and said with emotion: "Your mind is clear, and your life is safe."

You have, my dear Sir, received to-day, probably, my letter of Sunday the 9th. I have got along since better than I expected. The head turns out to be quite uninjured, except, as I observed in my last, the skin of the forehead was a good deal broken by the gravel. All within is unimpaired, unless I ought to say, that so violent a shock a good deal disturbed the bile of the system, and gave a yellow tinge to the skin and eyes. As to my hands and arms, those on the left side are most affected, and at this moment, the left arm, from the wrist almost to the shoulder, is thoroughly black and blue. I believe the radius of that arm is slightly fractured near the wrist. It is occasionally quite painful. I have had it put into splints, and wear it in a sling, bathing it constantly in cold water, to get rid of the swelling as soon as I can. My right arm, although very much discolored, is not so much swollen, although occasionally somewhat painful, and the wrist very weak. It happened to-day, that I was left alone in my room, and wishing to go out, I found I could not turn the lock or latch, nor could I ring the bell. I walk very well, although such a shock, and the depletion to which it was necessary I should submit, have rendered me rather weak. So much, my dear Sir, of myself up to this time of writing, and I will keep you duly informed of what may ensue.

On the morning of the day I left Washington, or the evening before, I received a letter from Mr. Hülsemann, which I took

with me to Baltimore, and there and thence transmitted to Mr. Hunter an answer to that part of it which signifies his intention to depart from the United States, and his reference to the Austrian Consul-General, (Mr. Belmont,) in his public functions. I had written, the morning of the same day, a private note to Mr. McCurdy, in which I said that Mr. Hülsemann was expected to leave this country, and that I should write to him, on my return from the North, respecting certain occurrences between Mr. Hülsemann and the Department of State. In New York, I saw Mr. Belmont, who behaved very much like a gentleman, and did not appear to enter into Mr. Hülsemann's feelings at all, but said that he regarded Kossuth's reception in this country, as one of the things which the Austrian government could have most desired.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, May 19, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday being a fair day, for a wonder, I came up from Marshfield in the cars, but am sorry to say that I suffered more from the jarring of the cars than I anticipated. My shoulders and arms were full of pain, and to be sure of right treatment, I immediately sent for Dr. Warren, and Dr. Jeffries, who held a consultation. They thought that in my anxiety to get well enough to travel soon, I had made too much application of ice water, liniments, poultices, &c.; they recommended an abstinence from every thing of that kind, and to be content with the simple use of the sling, and as much rest in the limbs as I could obtain. As I suggested in a former letter might be the case, the shock seems to have summoned into action, all the rheumatic tendencies of the system, and appearances of bruises, and much discoloration, are visible in parts where there was no actual local hurt. I can walk with ease and strength, but I cannot put on or take off my hat, nor without difficulty raise a cup of tea to my mouth. I can sign my name, though not without effort. My anxiety to get to Washington is extreme, and if there were a good vessel going to Bal-

timore, and a fair prospect of settled weather, I should be inclined to embark, so much do I dread the shaking of the cars. The doctors think, however, that they can put me in condition for travelling in the ordinary way, by Monday the 24th, when I propose to leave Boston, if in the mean time things go on prosperously.

Mr. Hunter sends me the despatches, and I am glad to see that things go on without much difficulty. Our great trouble is Mexico. The government of that country seems to act, as if it intended to provoke the United States to take another slice of its territory, and pay for it, for the benefit of persons concerned in the government.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, May 24, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had the pleasure to receive, on Saturday, your letter of the 20th, and am greatly obliged to you for your concern for my restoration to health.

My case is rather singular, I think, and I hardly know what to make of it. The swelling has very much left my hands and arms, and it turns out that there is no bone injured in either, but they are exceedingly weak, and not unfrequently quite painful. I left the worst of them out of the sling for half an hour on Saturday, at Faneuil Hall, and it gave me a troubled night. Yesterday afternoon I drove out to see Col. Perkins, six miles; the motion of the carriage caused great uneasiness, which I am not free from this morning. Under these circumstances, I propose to stay a day or two longer here, and to keep as still as possible. I am at a private house, where the good people have kindness enough to give me little disturbance.

Twelve o'clock.—Since writing thus far, I have seen Dr. Jeffries, and under his advice have concluded on taking the boat for New York, to-morrow afternoon, if the weather should be fair, which I very much doubt, as an eastern storm seems to be on the wing.

I concur very much with what you say about Mr. Hülsemann, but shall have one idea to suggest when we meet.

My views concur entirely with you in regard to Mexico. I believe ——— is as bad as the rest of them, and that all the magnates of Mexico look to personal benefits and bribery in all things.

Yet I think the English government will have too much sense to help them in disappointing the just expectations of the United States; nothing can exceed the folly of their conduct.

Yours always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, Friday Morning, June 2, 1852—seven o'clock.

MY DEAR SON,—I do not think we can arrange the inscription for dear Julia's monument till I go home. We must have three monuments; one for Julia, one for Edward, and one for your mother. I incline to have them all of the same pattern, but the last-mentioned rather larger, so as to bear the names of Grace and Charles.

These monuments might all be in preparation, and when I am next in Marshfield, we will arrange the inscriptions. I shall not get away till we finish the present business.

It is now warm, but I keep as cool as I can. Your mother had a headache yesterday, but is pretty bright this morning. I hope you will write every day, and let me know how Caroline and the children are.

I suppose my Medford letter is printed, and that you have seen the bill about fugitive slaves, which was in my drawer when I made my speech.

The rod came safe to hand. I shall hardly use it, unless for a perch, or a small rock, at the Little Falls.

Yours affectionately, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Give my love to Mr. A. and his children, and Mr Paige's family.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, June 13, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—On receipt of this letter, I wish you to send, by a careful hand, our best and handsomest Alderney cow to Boston for Mr. Paige.

In this hot weather, probably the best way is to send her by the cars. Put her into the stable and give Mr. Paige notice. Probably the old Alderney will be the best. Let her have a handsome halter either from home or bought at Boston.

Have a good long scythe ready for me the first day of July.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. DR. PUTNAM.

Washington, June 16, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you how much your letter has gratified me. What I have desired through life, next to consciousness of rectitude, and the blessing of God, is the approbation of such men as yourself. There was never a moment in my life, when I would have forfeited that approbation from any temptation of popular honors, or public office.

What may take place to-day, in Baltimore, I know not; but of one thing, my dear Sir, you may be assured, that is, that I shall meet the result, whatever it may be, with a composed mind.

With the highest regard, I am, dear Sir, your friend and obedient servant,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Astor House, July 7, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just telegraphed to you, that we have arrived in safety.

My present intention is to leave for Boston, in the train of to-morrow afternoon, and after a night's rest there, to go to

Roxbury the next morning. It is not necessary that the manner of my getting to Roxbury should be known. A night's rest will be useful. If an address is made to me, I must make some reply. As to going to Springfield on some future occasion, that is to be thought of. I have no wish to meet public assemblies, called together for the mere purpose of paying me personal respect. I acquiesce, of course, in the events which have happened, and have no wish to attract public attention, merely as one who has held public station. I am satisfied. My friends have done what they could, and no man will ever hear me complain. I shall ever honor Massachusetts, and consent to meet you and your friends on Friday, mainly for the purpose of expressing my sense of her favor and kindness to me.

If any other plan suggests itself to you, I pray you to give me a telegraphic message early to-morrow.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Franklin, July 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came up from Boston yesterday with Mr. Lanman; and Mrs. Webster went to Marshfield, where she has affairs of painting, &c. to attend to. Yesterday was a very hot day, but the cars were not crowded, and they have an ingenious contrivance to keep out the dust, without excluding the air.

This place is a spot of absolute quiet. It is a valley, lying in the bend of the river. Railroad cars run across it three or four times a day, and that is all the motion which is seen or heard. There is no manufacturing; no coach, wagon, or cart going along the highway, except very infrequently. The fields are quite green, shaded with beautiful elms and maples, with high ranges of hills on both sides of the river. There are seven houses in the village, of which two are mine, one for our own use, and one for my tenants. Under my eyes, at this moment, is the site of one of the last forts built on the frontiers to protect the inhabitants of this and the neighboring towns against

the Indians. The Indians made constant attacks, often so suddenly, that they could not be resisted. A Mrs. Call was killed by them on this spot, about the year 1755. The cellar of her cabin is close by my house. She was an elderly woman; and her husband and her son were at work in a field not half a mile off. Her daughter-in-law, with her child in her arms, seeing the Indians coming, jumped in behind the chimney, hushed her baby, and so avoided discovery, and escaped death. This baby, whose name was John Call, I knew very well when I was a boy. My father bought this place of that family. This is one of the very many border stories, to which I have listened of winter evenings, in the early part of my life. You will perceive, my dear Sir, that I am old enough to begin to become garrulous; for it is certain that Mrs. Call's murder by the Indians, a hundred years ago, has little to do with the legislation or diplomacy of the present time. But amid these scenes of memory, I am apt to talk, when there is anybody present to talk to, and to write when alone.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Franklin, N. H., July 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have considered what you say in your letter of the 8th, respecting both Cuba and the Sandwich Islands. It is a very good idea to keep those subjects together. So far as fairly comes within our authority, it would be well for us, in our day, to secure the peace of the world in these two particulars, if we can. The southern Atlantic States want Cuba; California covets the Sandwich Islands; and both covet Mexico, and young America will be ready at any time to go to war for all or either of these objects.

As to the Lobos Islands. I thought the case a clear one, both on reason and authority, but should be exceedingly unwilling to entrench on the rights, either legal or equitable, of a minor power. We will consider the subject further. I told the

Peruvian minister, that he must show the facts connected with what he calls the possession of the islands by Peru. There are many barren, islands and rocks in the ocean, which the ships of all nations visit for fishing and other similar purposes. What I fear is, such is the disposition of these South American governments to grant monopolies, that if the exclusive right of Peru be acknowledged, she will sell out to some European power. If Peru would consent to a small duty per ton on guano, and make the trade equally open to all nations, it might not be very objectionable, whatever we might think of the validity of her claim.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Franklin, July 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have before me your letter of the 9th, as well as that of the 8th. I think very well of Mr. Hilliard, and have no hesitation in recommending his appointment to Mexico, whenever Mr. Letcher shall return. It would be a great feather in the cap of the latter gentleman, if he could arrange, satisfactorily, the matter of the eleventh article of the treaty of Hidalgo. I hope the Mexican minister will come this way, and I will talk over all affairs with him.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Franklin, July 14, 1852.

DEAR FLETCHER,—I hope you and Uncle Paige, and Willie and Dan. will not disappoint us on Friday. Remember Chapman's syrup. We have many good things here, but not all good things. Beef and lamb are fair, but we farmers do not kill our handsome calves. Charles Taylor has some chickens with

legs as long as the turkeys. It would be quite wrong to kill them now; it would be like cutting down a thrifty young tree. Therefore, let them show their yellow legs, and also their want of tails, for two or three weeks longer; and for these reasons, you may, if you please, bring me up a small leg of veal, and two pair of chickens.

Half a dozen fresh lemons and a dozen oranges would be agreeable, and if you think of any thing else that would be tempting to a man of little appetite, you may have it put into the basket.

Since beginning this letter, I learn it is thought better that Willie should not leave his studies for the present, so I shall not have the pleasure of seeing him. I hope still that Mr. Paige may run up for a day. We have had a little rain to-day, which was very much needed, and I never saw a more brilliant evening sky.

I hear nothing yet of the book-shelves, or the chairs.

Your affectionate father,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Franklin, July 16, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received yours, and enclose a note to Mr. Green. On the other subject mentioned in your letter, I will write you early next week.

John Taylor has recovered from the bull; and a painter has come all the way from Boston to paint an animal that could throw John Taylor over his head. John Taylor entertains a very bad opinion of that bull, and says he is no more fit to run at large than Kossuth himself; and Fletcher says these Hungarian cattle, biped or quadruped, are dangerous to American institutions and constitutions. John Taylor says that this is the living truth, and is complete.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Franklin, July 17, 1852.

My dear Sir,—The interruption of the usual occupation of our fishermen in the British Provinces, is a very serious business. I fear much difficulty may arise from it.

Following your suggestion to Mr. Hunter, I have prepared a paper which will appear in the newspapers in this part of the country immediately, and have directed its publication in Washington. I hope you will approve of it. If I felt well enough, and strong enough, I would proceed immediately to Washington, but I do not. I wrote to-day a letter to Mr. Crampton, a copy of which I now enclose to you. We shall be obliged, I am persuaded, to look up this business of the fisheries as well as the whole subject of the Canadian trade as matter of negotiation. Congress will never do any thing. I will thank you, at your earliest convenience, to signify to me your wishes and your opinions.

I leave these mountains and valleys with great reluctance, but it seems to be necessary.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CRAMPTON.

Franklin, July 17, 1852.

My dear Mr. Crampton,—The threatened interruption, by force, of that enjoyment of the fisheries, which the fishing vessels of the United States have so long practised and possessed without interruption or molestation, is a serious affair, and I fear full of danger. I wish to see you as soon as you can possibly come North.

If I am not in Boston at the Revere House, please procced immediately to Marshfield, bringing with you as many of your adjuncts as you please.

I have recommended to the President, that we take up the whole subject of the fisheries and the Canada trade at once, as matters of negotiation.

You will see in the Boston papers of Monday, an official publication by me. Is it not possible for you to prevail with the provincial authorities to institute no hostile proceedings against American fishing vessels till longer notice be given, and until you and I may have conferred together on the subject?

I am anxious to see you at once. On receipt of this, inform me, by telegraph, when you can be in Boston.

I am, with great regard, yours always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. SEWALL.

Franklin, July 19, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 16th, does honor to your filial feelings for your excellent father; he was an eminent judicial character, and filled the office of Chief Justice of Massachusetts with distinction; but my transient mention of him had an especial reference to his political services as a member of Congress.

His associates from Massachusetts in the House of Representatives were very able and some of them eloquent men, but I have heard his contemporaries say, that none of them had more weight, or indeed so much, in the counsels of friends, as Mr. Sewall.

I have seen him on the bench, but was too young to make his acquaintance; but I have formed and always cherished a high estimate of his character.

I know not, my dear Sir, whether I may ever be in Medfield. You are more likely to be in Boston, at some time when I am there; and I shall be happy to see you on such or indeed any other occasion.

With respect and all good wishes, yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. TAPPAN.*

Boston, July 20, 1852.

MASTER TAPPAN,—I hear with much pleasure, through the public press, that you continue to enjoy life, with mental faculties bright and vivid, although you have arrived at a very advanced age, and are somewhat infirm. I came to-day from the very spot in which you taught me; and, to me, a most delightful spot it is. The river and the hills are as beautiful as ever. But the graves of my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and early friends, give it, to me, something of the appearance of a city of the dead. But let us not repine. You have lived long, and my life is already not short; and we have both much to be thankful for. Two or three persons are still living, who, like myself, were brought up *sub tua ferula*. They remember "Master Tappan."

And now, my good old master, receive a renewed tribute of affectionate regard from your grateful pupil; with his wishes and prayers for your happiness, in all that remains to you of this life, and more especially for your rich participation, hereafter, in the more durable riches of righteousness.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, July 21, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I came to this city to-day to meet Mr. Crampton, but he is not likely to be here until Friday morning. It will be found, I think, that Sir John Packington has waded out of his depth. In 1845, Lord Derby was Colonial Secretary, and must himself have concurred in Lord Aberdeen's correspondence with Mr. Everett. There is rather an interesting article in the Boston Post of to-day, which I enclose to you. I think I understand the subject tolerably well. A very elaborate correspondence took place in England between Mr. Quincy Adams and Lord Bathurst, in 1815 or 1816. I have it at Marshfield. It is

* His old schoolmaster.

my purpose to address a note on this subject to Mr. Crampton, (of course to be submitted to you,) so soon as I shall receive certain papers which I have requested Mr. Hunter, by telegraph, to send me immediately.

The weather is exceedingly warm.

My health is a good deal improved, and I think I need nothing but rest. I pray you, my dear Sir, to command my attendance in Washington whenever necessary.

I wish I could see a day fixed for the adjournment of Congress.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Boston, July 21, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I go to Nahant this morning, and if that of to-morrow shall open with the same prospect of a burning day as this has done, I shall remain in the Swallow's Cave or other shelves of the rocks. But if the weather be cooler, I shall hope to be with you at dinner in Cambridge. It will be delightful to me to meet so many as will be there, not yet starred in the catalogue, and to recollect others who are.

But a main pleasure, my dear Sir, will be to hear you, to whose voice I have not listened, either in the public assembly or at the head of the table, for a very long time. We now and then see, stretching across the heavens, a long streak of clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud or mist or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little school-house, in Short street, to the date hereof.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Boston, July 24, 1852.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Crampton is here, and is disposed to do any thing to keep the peace. I will write you on Monday, from Marshfield. My present purpose is to proceed to Washington, just as soon as I shall have health and strength enough to encounter the journey.

Yours truly, Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 25, 1852.

My dear Sir,—There are two subjects about which I wish to speak to you, and I will write about one of them with my own hand for secrecy's sake.*

I have made up my mind to think no more about the English mission. My principal reason is, that I think it would be regarded as a descent. I have been among the candidates for the first office, and not having been nominated for that, I think it proper to decline any secondary place. I have been accustomed to give instructions to ministers abroad, and not to receive them. Besides, if I am in England after the 3d of March, I should feel myself to be in the hands of an unfriendly administration. I have no doubt Mr. Pierce would be inclined to treat me with kindness, but how can I know which member of the family of young America may hold the seals of the Department of State?

On the first point there is a precedent: Mr. Canning, having been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, afterwards took an Embassy to Portugal, for a short time. The press, and the opposition in parliament, assailed him furiously. They denounced it as a job; and I think his character suffered from it with the better part of the English people.

I find almost an entire concurrence of opinion among friends

* Mr. Abbot, the usual amanuensis of Mr. Webster, was at this time in Washington.

on this question, and therefore you will now consider the mission as at your disposal.

The other topic upon which I ought now to say something, is my continuance in office or resigning it, and if the latter, at what time.

On this I will try to write to-morrow.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Monday morning, July 26, 1852.

LADY OF CARSWELL,—Green Harbor is not well supplied with poultry fit to cook, to-day. Can you afford us a pair of your Bolton chickens? If so, Green Harbor will wait on Carswell this evening with a retaliatory Green goose.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 26, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I feel obliged to regard it as a settled thing, that I ought not to think of passing the ensuing hot months at the table of a department in Washington. You know how very ill I was when I left Washington last summer, and how severe, though rather a short, attack of catarrh I afterwards suffered. I should feel in imminent peril if I were to undertake to work through August and September, as I have heretofore done.

This being settled, the question is, what is it best to do thereupon? and when I say what is best, I mean best for you, and the success and honorable winding up of your administration. I will say, in the first place, what I think I can do. I think I could go to Washington some ten days hence, if there should come, as very probably there will, a cool time in the weather, and there remain a few days, but not until the adjournment of the session, as I suppose Congress will not adjourn till September, and my catarrh comes on the 22d or 23d of August; and I could return to Washington as soon as my attack should be

over, for the winter. If Congress were away, all this might be done; but I fear that Congress, being in session, some of the Messrs. who are among its members, would abuse both you and me, if I should have so long an absence. While I retain my place, I shall be here or at Washington, although I have sometimes spoke of going to the British Provinces, to try the effect of a more cool and moist climate, and could, I suppose, carry on affairs, being here, without great inconvenience. The danger and the objection are the fear of complaint and reproof in Congress. Now, acting from purely personal motives, regarding my health, and independent of all other considerations, it would suit me as well as any way, to resign at once, without going back to Washington at all, although I confess I should be willing, on divers accounts, to be in Washington from the commencement of cool weather till the 3d of March.

I wish, my dear Sir, that you would consider these matters, and signify frankly your own opinion and your own wishes. Or if you should be of opinion that it would be convenient to defer a final decision, then, as I have said, I will go to Washington to see you some ten days hence, if I feel strong enough, and the weather should not be too intolerable.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 30, 1852, seven o'clock, P. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Andrews has just arrived from St. John's, with his report of the state of things there. I shall read it in the morning, and send him with it immediately to Washington, where he will probably arrive on Monday morning.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, July 31, 1852.
Saturday morning, six o'clock.

My dear Sir,—Mr. Andrews has not quite completed his report. He will finish it this morning, and will immediately leave for Boston on his way to Washington. I put this letter in his hands.

Mr. Andrews is very intelligent, active, and well informed. He was appointed by Mr. Clayton, and I think also by Mr. Ewing, to visit the provinces, and make report of their trade, navigation, &c. His report is filed in the Department of State, and I think he could furnish you with a very useful abstract of it. On the present occasion, he has used much despatch, and I believe has learned all that is to be made known. I understand he is much regarded by the authorities and people of the provinces. I trust you will find an opportunity of some conversation with him.

Yours, always truly, Dan'l. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Marshfield, July 31, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I pray you to express my thanks to Mr. Train for his generous offer of the use of his yacht, which I will most gladly accept, whenever I shall pass any time in Boston. I have a nice little boat here, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Forbes and Mr. Hall, which serves to give my friends a sail occasionally.

There is one thing, however, in which our good friend Mr. Train, who knows every thing about ships and ship-builders, and boats and boat-builders, might do me a kindness. I need a small boat, in which my man could take me out into the creeks and bays, when I have no company to go with me. I understand that a suitable boat would be one of twenty or twenty-one feet keel and a corresponding breadth of beam, so as to make handsome proportions. I do not wish for tall masts,

or any thing else necessary to give extraordinary speed. I want only a firm and safe boat, with suitable accommodation for fishing, and with power to make reasonable progress through the water. It would be well if the cuddy or covered forecastle should come pretty well back, so as to keep out the water, and make a dry place to put some things in, in case of rain. I should like rather a large foresail, because with that I might generally run about from place to place without raising the mainsail. I should like to have her painted green, and named "The Julia, of Green Harbor."

Having given these general directions, &c., all the rest must be left to the skill and taste of the builder, and I should be obliged to Mr. Train, if he would put this memorandum into the hands of such a builder as he may select. I cannot expect any other personal attention from him, since he is so much occupied with far greater things.

My health is good, except the continued disability of my left arm; and since I have to go to Washington before the adjournment of Congress, I propose to leave here for that purpose on the 5th, so as to be back again before the period of the appearance of my annual catarrh.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, August 1, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think it was very wise in you to order Commodore Perry down on the fishing-grounds. He will inspire respect, and the promptitude of your action will satisfy the country. Nothing of the kind has mortified me more than the very imperfect manner in which my remarks, made here on my arrival home, have been reported. I think the reporters were in a frolic, and that they partook of the good feeding of the occasion to the neglect of their appropriate duties. My object was to say some things, and distinctly for the honor of the administration, upon points quite clear of all dispute. In this respect my remarks, as printed, are jumbled and imperfect. The reporters make me say also, that the rights of the fishermen

shall be protected. This is not modest, as it implies the power is with me. What I did say was, that these rights will be protected by the administration.

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, August 10, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—Lime. The farmers in the middle, and parts of the southern States, are making great improvements, by means of lime, as well as guano. For raw lime they willingly pay thirteen or fourteen cents a bushel, and draw it considerable distances.

One hundred bushels good raw lime make about one hundred and seventy-five bushels slacked lime. They put on lime, according to the strength of the soil, and its natural richness; putting the smallest quantity on the thinnest land; on light, sandy land, like ours, say forty bushels raw lime to the acre.

Suppose they wish to raise corn on such land. They spread on lime in the end of summer, on the greensward. Forty bushels raw lime to the acre; the fall and winter rains beat it into the ground. In the spring, they plough. They then put on the barn manure, and harrow it over, and over, and over again. This leaves the barn manure a little above the lime; then they plant, and the corn soon stands right up as straight as a grenadier.

You love to raise corn. I should like to apply the above treatment on the Weston land. Talk with Henry Thomas; see whether we could obtain several hundred bushels of lime pretty cheap, afloat in Boston; or whether it would be better to send down some vessel to Thomaston for it. Ascertain what it would cost, per bushel, if raw, or quick lime.

Buckwheat. Guano. A good farmer in Delaware says: "Take some of the lightest and sandiest land you have; spread guano on it, forty pounds to the acre, sow buckwheat, plough all in together, and harrow well; you will have a good and profitable crop. Buckwheat is something of an exhauster, but it clears the ground of weeds and trash. Then, for the next crop,

put on a heavier dressing of guano, and raise wheat or clover, or what you please."

Ponder these things.

I arrived here yesterday, quite smart. Much better, indeed, than when I left home.

I shall stay here some days, I know not how many.

Write me very often.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, August 20, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—You are all wrong about lime. I have no more need of an experiment to teach me whether lime is useful on such land as ours, than I have of an experiment to show whether rich barnyard manure promotes the growth of Indian corn. We have never made any fair trial of it. Please remember that all good lands are composed of these main elements, to wit: lime, sand, and clay; and these ought to be in just proportions.

Now our land has too much sand and too little lime, and therefore it needs more lime. I speak of the general character of our light lands. Where lime is spread upon the earth and beaten into it, in the manner mentioned in my last letter, it becomes a part of the soil itself. A large quantity should not be applied at once. For in that case, it burns the crop, not being well mixed with the earth. The proper quantity should be applied in three successive annual dressings. In this way it will mingle with the earth, and become incorporated with the soil.

The effect of a single dressing, indeed, is found to be quite visible the first year, in corn and other products; but when the proper quantity is applied in three following years, it will be felt for a very long time to come.

I do not care particularly about applying lime to the Weston land, which lies rather out of sight. You may look out any other proper field, larger or smaller; but never doubt the value of lime to such lands as ours.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Washington, August 21, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I send you two despatches from Mr. Letcher. They are accompanied with a large file of official papers, &c., with which it is hardly worth while to trouble you.

The condition of Mexico is horrid, and we shall have great trouble on account of our obligations about the Indians. Happily for you and me the business will fall into the hands of one or the other of the generals.

Yours truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, August 23, 1852.

My dear Sir,—This is my day, but I am quite well, and as yet feel no symptoms of approaching catarrh. The weather is very wet, and I keep close at home, and have my room constantly aired by fire. Oh! for some of John Taylor's chips. I propose to stay here till Congress adjourns, unless earlier disabled by my catarrh.

I am distressed for poor Mr. —— and his family.

Yours, always truly,

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

August 24, 1852—Tuesday morning, seven o'clock.

My dear Sir,—You see Lobo. Shall I leave off there, and make that my finale, or shall I write an elaborate article on the fisheries, and put finis at the end of that? As to this fishery question, I have my great halibut hook in it, and if Hatch holds on, it must come aboard.

No catarrh yet, and the weather a little better.

Yours, D. Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. SANFORD.

Washington, August 25, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I have read with uncommon interest your letter to my son. It gratifies me much, that you are to have the charge of the education of my namesake, his son.

He is a lad of good temper, and amiable disposition; not deficient in intelligence, or quickness of parts. But he is of an active spirit, full of the love of out-door amusement; and I fear his instructors have not enforced upon him, with sufficient decision, the rules of that sage, "known in colleges and halls of yore, called Discipline."

I like much the statement of your requisitions from your pupils. Those requisitions are all just and indispensable.

Other parts of your letter, my dear Sir, awaken tender recollections. I remember, most affectionately, Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, your wife's mother. Was she not a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Sanford of Medway? She was most dearly beloved by Fletcher's mother. And I remember she had a daughter, bearing a name which I cannot write without tears, "Grace Fletcher."

May God preserve and bless you and yours!

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. ROGERS.

Washington, September 2, 1852.

My dear Mr. Rogers,—I give this letter to Mr. Jos. R. Ingersoll, who goes to London to succeed Mr. Lawrence, as American minister, to your court.

I introduce Mr. Ingersoll to you, not as a public man, but as a scholar, a gentleman, and a personal friend of mine.

He suggested that a letter to you would be quite acceptable; this shows how well he knows, and how highly he appreciates you. I pray you, dear Mr. Rogers, accept anew assurances of my affectionate regards. Here, as elsewhere, everybody thinks and speaks kindly of you. Indeed, if good wishes are roses, then you are always "on a bed of heaped Elysian flowers."

I go to my own house, on the sea-side, to-day, where I shall

say to Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Paige, that I have sent you their love, in pursuance of standing command from them, to that effect. May God bless you!

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, September 12, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose that by this time you must have returned from Berkley, and hope you have had a pleasant and refreshing visit.

My march hitherward was rapid from Washington, using the boat when I could, and, when in the cars, travelling by night, to save my eyes from the glare of the sun. I was quite sick nearly all day in New York, and unable to sit up; but feeling better towards evening, took the Fall River boat, arrived at Boston the next morning, Monday, at seven o'clock, and came immediately home in a coach. I have thus been here a week; and the state of my health is pretty much this:

The catarrh is upon me in its various forms, alternating as usual, but as yet not so severe and heavy as on former occasions. My general health is not so much prostrated. If the weather be wet or damp, I must stay in the house, and have a little fire, to prevent fits of sneezing and noseblowing; when the sun is very bright, I am obliged to avoid going out, on account of my eyes, except indeed when the sea is calm, and I am protected by an awning. The bracing air of the ocean, I find very beneficial.

Mr. Abbot from the Department, joined us night before last, and Mr. Blatchford, who is fond of the sea and of boats, and content with fishing on a small scale. We talk of every thing but law and politics, and one advantage of my condition is, that it excuses me from looking into any newspapers.

I have talked much of an excursion to Maine, Penobscot, St. John, &c., but at present am inclined to stay where I am. Mr. Hunter says, I shall receive in a day or two the Nicaragua papers translated. I am anxious to see what the Nicaragua proposition is, although I presume it will be found quite inadmissible. Yours, always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, September 16, 1852.

My dear Sir,—My health is essentially as I wrote you some days ago.

The catarrh is upon me in all its shapes; but by no means as oppressively as heretofore. The greatest difficulty and the greatest danger is, from my other complaint, that is, a constant tendency to diarrhœa.

I have been here now ten days, and have not been off the farm nor scarcely out of the house, except once or twice, when fair and warm weather tempted me to take the sea air. In general, the weather has been wet and cold.

I have not eaten an ounce of flesh, or fruit, or vegetables since I arrived, nor do I use tea or coffee at all. My diet is milk with half lime-water, water gruel, and sometimes a little thin soup.

I give up medicine very much, and try to get well by the strictest regimen. My physician says I shall succeed, but that it will require time.

Of course, I am weak and reduced, but begin to be able to take exercise in fair weather.

Yours truly,

Daniel Webster.

MR. WARD TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, Park street, September, 16, 1852.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Thomas Baring will dine with me on Monday next at five o'clock, with some of your friends and his; and we shall be much honored and obliged by the pleasure of your company.

I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, yours,

T. W. Ward.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WARD.

Green Harbor, Marshfield, September 17, 1852.

It would give me sincere pleasure, my dear Mr. Ward, to dine with you on Monday, and to meet Mr. Thomas Baring, for whose public and commercial character I entertain the highest regard, but I am stationed here by my Commander, Dr. Jeffries, in the recruiting service, and he bids me not to leave my post until I receive his special permission. I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Baring under my roof before he leaves the country.* Always very truly yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, September 28, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I did not leave my room yesterday, nor my bed more than five minutes at a time, on account of a violent attack of constipation in my stomach and bowels, and much swelling of the parts.

It came on early, and notwithstanding all that could be done by hot flannels, sweating, castor oil, &c., it was seven at night before we could break it up. I then went to sleep, and slept to a late hour to-day. What is to be the further progress of these evils, or what their end, I cannot foresee.

I sent to Boston for my principal physician, who will be here to-day. He is a personal friend, and I hope will disguise his errand under the pretence of a social visit, so that a talk may not be raised in the newspapers. While I write this, I am free from pain, but excessively weak.

I write to nobody but you any thing important about my health. To all others, I give the general answer, that it is the season for my catarrh, but that the disease is light.

Yours, always truly, DANIEL WEBSTER.

* Mr. Webster, however, did go to Boston to consult his physician, Dr. Jeffries, and went to Mr. Ward's a little while in the evening. He then returned to his son's residence, and spent there the last night he ever passed in Boston, leaving the next morning for Green Harbor.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Wednesday, September 29, 1852. 2 P. M.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have your note from Boston. The fish are coming in, in multitudes. I shall stay here and wait your coming. Dr. Jeffries says I am best off here. I have had a bad turn rather, but am getting over it. I hope to be able to work next week.

Yours, always truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, September 30, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Dr. Jeffries has been down, and stayed two nights, and has freely conversed with Dr. Porter, our local physician. Their statement is more favorable than I expected, for I have been much alarmed, and that alarm has not all subsided yet. I will send you a copy of their statement, as soon as I can get one of them to make it out.

Yours, always truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. FILLMORE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Washington, October 1, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received yours of the 28th ultimo, and have perused it with a good deal of solicitude. I am not competent to judge whether such a violent attack of constipation as you have been suffering from can be regarded as dangerous, but I hope not. I shall not cease to feel the utmost solicitude until I know that you are restored to health. I sincerely hope you may have the benefit of the advice of your old physician from Boston, and after he has paid you a friendly visit, and one which I earnestly desire may be the means of restoring you to health, may I anticipate the satisfaction of hear-

ing from you again. It is a source of great gratification to know that, at the time you wrote, you were free from pain.

All things are going on as well as usual, but I have not been able as yet to obtain any proposition in reference to the Lobos affair from Mr. Osma, the new minister. He left for New York immediately after his reception, and I have requested the acting Secretary to ask him to return, and he may be here to-day.

Hoping soon to hear of your restoration to health,

I remain, truly and sincerely, yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 4, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind and sympathizing letters respecting my health. The doctors have agreed to have another conference, before they make any statement. The reason is, that although all who know Dr. Jeffries and Dr. Porter, have entire confidence in them, yet friends in Boston insist that they shall be permitted to send down a medical man of high national reputation, in his profession; and they have proposed either Dr. Warren, senior, or Dr. Jackson; of course, I could not object to this, and in a day or two I shall see them here. The great object, at present, is to check the tendency to inflammation and distension in the stomach and bowels. To this end some leeches have been applied liberally, and it is thought with good effect. I feel to-day as if I might regard myself as rather on the mending hand; but how long this may last I know not.

I trust you and your family are all well.

Yours, always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Marshfield, October 8, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—The physicians assembled here on the 6th instant, and explored and scrutinized me from top to toe, as if I had been the subject of a *post-mortem examination*. The result of their opinion was, that the inflammation of the stomach and bowels was gradually giving way to the exhibition of medicines, and the effect of diet and regimen.

But they do not encourage me to hope for any rapid progress of recovery. They recommend a change in diet, and the use of plain nutritious food, so far as I have appetite for it, but there is difficulty in obtaining this appetite. It is a great while since I have been hungry. The case is somewhat complicated. Last year, at the breaking up of my catarrh, I experienced occasional pains in my feet, which gave me a twinge not known to my forefathers. All these went off, however, at that time, with the catarrh itself. They have returned in some measure this year, and give occasional trouble to the feet by short paroxysms of pain, and by producing, not unfrequently, a considerable degree of swelling.

In the actual state of things, I get little exercise, except walking.

Indeed, I believe I have been off the farm but once since I came here, and that was when I made a forced march to Boston for consultation.

The doctors insist on steady quiet and repose, but say, nevertheless, that it is not injurious to dictate three or four hours every morning to a clerk upon subjects not very anxious or absorbing. What they insist on, mainly, is, that I shall not show myself to mere callers and inquirers, each with a whole budget of questions, and to this I strictly conform.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

P. S. Mr. Wm. A. Bradley has been here two or three days, almost the sole guest in the house. If you fall in with him, he will tell you what he thinks of my present state of health, and its prospects.

MR. FILLMORE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Washington, October 13, 1852.

My dear Sir,—Your favor of the 8th instant came duly to hand, from which I learn the favorable report of your physicians, which has relieved me of much anxiety. I hope now that you may soon be with us.

On inquiry to-day, I was informed that Mr. Bradley had not yet returned. All matters are passing on here much as usual.

The filibusters, you perceive, are endeavoring to get up a new controversy with Cuba, but I hardly think they will succeed. The Lobos affair is yet unsettled, but I trust we are making some progress. I do not, however, feel justified in troubling you on matters of business, and therefore content myself with expressing the hope that you may soon be restored to health, and that we shall, ere long, have the pleasure of meeting you at the council board.

Please to make my kindest regards to Mrs. Webster and believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

Millard Fillmore.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(Private and Confidential.)

Marshfield, October 15, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for your kind letter. Your letters are always kind. I have been in great danger. I am attended, nearly every day, by two physicians; and yet, strange as it may seem, when I have got through the night, I can sit an hour at the table, and write a letter, and sign others. I don't foresee the result. I am in the hands of God, and may He preserve and bless you and yours evermore.

Dan'l Webster.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Sunday, October 17, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have had two comfortable nights, on the whole, since I wrote you, though last night I had an excessively painful attack, which cost Dr. Jeffries, with his oil, morphine, and squills, two hours to subdue. I then went to sleep, and slept sweetly. This is a beautiful, brilliant, but very cold October morning, and now, (eleven o'clock,) I feel uncommonly well and strong; some symptoms are decidedly better. They measure me like an ox, and find that there is a small but positive diminution of the distension of the stomach and bowels. We must see now, ere long, what turn things will be likely to take.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 17, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has been so kind in Mr. Conrad to trouble himself with the concerns of my Department, in my absence, that I should be glad to show him some mark of grateful respect.

It is a feather in the life of a public man to sign a treaty, and I should be glad that he should have the opportunity of signing one before my return. If you have concluded to submit the copyright treaty to the Senate, I propose that you suggest to him, as from yourself, but with my hearty concurrence, that he should sign it. I do not think of any other treaty we have now on hand.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Monday morning, October 18, 1852.

My dear Sir,—By the blessing of Providence, I have had another comparatively good night, the afternoon attack coming later, and not lasting so long, and then an excellent sleep. At this hour, (ten o'clock,) I feel easy and strong, and as if I could go into the Senate and make a speech! At one, I shall sink all away, be obliged to go to bed at three, and go through the evening spasms. What all this is to come to, God only knows. My dear Sir,—I should love to pass the last moments of your administration with you, and around your council board. But let not this embarrass you. Consider my resignation as always before you, to be accepted any moment you please. I hope God, in His mercy, may preserve me; but His will be done!

I have every thing right about me, and the weather is glorious.

I do not read the newspapers, but my wife sometimes reads to me the contents of some of them.

I fear things do not look very well for our side.

Yours, always truly, Dan'l Webster.

MR. ABBOT TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 21, 1852.

Sir,—You will be deeply pained to learn that within the last few hours the disease under which the Secretary of State is laboring, has taken an unfavorable turn, and that no hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The last letter written by his own hand, was addressed by him to you on Monday.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. J. Abbot.

MR. ABBOT TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 23, 1852,
Saturday morning—half-past five o'clock.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Webster has been growing more feeble since yesterday morning. He has frequent attacks of vomiting, greatly reducing his strength. During the night, he had two severe attacks, at twelve and half-past two o'clock. He is, at this hour, quietly sleeping. He retains the perfect possession of his mind, and is entirely conscious of his situation.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully your obedient servant, G. J. ABBOT.

MR. ABBOT TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 25, 1852.

SIR,—It was my mournful duty, in connection with one of my colleagues in the Department, to transmit to you yesterday, the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, the Secretary of State, at his mansion-house, on the early morning of the Sabbath. I have now to enclose to you, as I do, herewith, the result of the autopsy, made this day by Drs. Jeffries, Porter, Jackson, Parker, Warren, and Wyman.

Mr. Webster died as he wished, in the secluded and beautiful spot where he had fixed his abode, and which he had done so much to improve and embellish; in sight and within sound of the ocean, which he loved so well; beneath overshadowing trees, planted by his own hand; surrounded by kind-hearted neighbors and loving friends; in the midst of domestic affections and domestic happiness; in the full possession and exercise, till the last moment, of every power of his mind, and every affection of his heart; and in the arms of his son and only surviving child. He died in the consciousness of duty performed; in the assured belief of the truth of Christianity and "the divine reality of the mission of Jesus Christ."

His remains will be interred by the side of those of his family, whose gentle spirits had preceded his own to their destined rest.

Throughout this community and throughout the nation one sentiment pervades us all. It is, to use his own words with little change, in speaking of a kindred spirit, it is that of the most profound and penetrating grief; mixed, nevertheless, with an assured conviction that the great man whom we deplore is yet with us and in the midst of us.

He hath not wholly died. He lives in the affections of friends and kindred, and in the high regard of the community. He lives in our remembrance of his social virtues, his warm and steady friendship, and the variety, richness, and profound depth of his conversation. He lives and will live still more permanently by his words of written wisdom, by the result of his public acts and example, and by his imperishable expositions of international law, which have stamped his name all over the civilized world with the character of a commanding authority.

His last words have surely a prophetic significance. He "lives yet." "Vivit, enim vivetque semper; atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur postquam ab oculis recessit."

It may be a mournful satisfaction to you, Mr. President, to be assured that the last letter, written with his own hand, was to yourself only the Monday preceding his death.

I have the honor to be, Sir, with the highest respect, your obedient servant,

GEORGE J. ABBOT.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A, PAGE 163.

LORD ASHBURTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

I had thus far left my letter unfinished as there was no immediate opportunity of sending it and in the meantime the President's speech reaches us. On reading what concerns my transactions I could hardly believe my eyes until I read it over deliberately a second time. The deliberate approval of Genl Cass's interference and the insinuation, for so I apprehend I must understand it, that our cruizing article was the result of our consideration of what is miscalled the right of search, the further assertion that the practice of visiting in cases of suspicion is only the assertion of a right of search in a different form. These are startling propositions and I am at a total loss to conceive what could have so entirely confused and upset all facts and all reasoning on this subject since I left Washington. It was not without reason that we deprecated Genl Cass's return during our negotiations, for he seems to have got fast hold of your Cabinet and to have treated this subject so as best to answer the purpose of the knot of mischievous persons in Paris who have been seeking to embarrass their own government and disturb the peace of the world. But I will not pursue this subject; fortunately for me my diplomatic character has ceased, and I may leave the troubles of the world to others. I shall confine myself to defending my own character in disclaiming all allusion to the right of search in our cruizing article and in stating that no demand was made on me growing out of that grievance, and no intimation given me from any quarter that the last explanation of what was to be the conduct of our cruizers on the African coast, was otherwise than satisfactory. I need hardly tell you that any thing I may say or do on this & all subjects connected with America will be always to promote peace and allay irritation, but I can not deny that your Presidential speech has made European politicians of all parties & all countries stare with unusual surprise.

There is another paragraph on a subject with which I have no concern upon which I can not refrain from adding a few words, with a view to correct an evident mistake. You are aware that I studiously avoided during my mission all interference with, or even discussions about, your Federal or state finances, loans or Tariffs.

Until my return home I did not know that a gentleman had been sent to Europe by your Treasury to negotiate a loan. This gentleman asked an interview with me but before the appointed day came round he returned home, despairing I believe of success. I did not therefore see him, but I should certainly, if I had seen him, have given him the best advice and assistance in my power.

But what I wish to observe upon is the very mistaken notion which if we mistake not words, seems to have obtained that there must have been some sort of combination among capitalists to force some settlement of the state debts by refusing credit to the federal government. I think you must know enough of the world of business to know that this can have no foundation. Any single individual losing half his fortune in state debts may object to risk the other half with the General Government, — but there can be no combination among these capitalists, & any one would employ his funds, if he could do so advantageously, without caring one straw about what had happened to his neighbors. It is true that the greater number do not discriminate; and Massachusetts, New York, & federal credit which in my opinion is as good as any in the world, are mixed up in the public mind with Michigan, Missouri &c. There is necessarily much ignorance but there has not been, nor can there well be, any conspiracy. I shall be watching anxiously, though with little personal interest, what you do on this subject of credit. If you are wise you will set it right as fast as you can, for your means for the purpose are superabundant. Good credit is indispensable for a country acting upon the wise principles of using it for emergencies only. At this moment money is raising here for Canada, with British guarantee, at 108 pc^{t} for a 4 per cent stock. Your federal Government could borrow here any sum at the same rate but for the late loose practices. I wish our finances were on as sound a basis as yours might be, but then nobody, whatever may be the difficulty, talks or thinks of repudiation. All this however is as well known to you & those about you as to me, so I will spare you further useless commonplace on the subject. My object in touching it at all was to explain the mistake about combinations or conspiracies.

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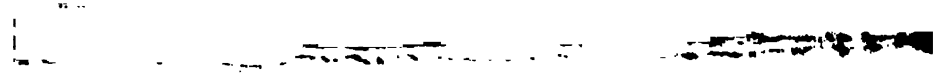

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